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## MR. JEFFERSON.

We feel it to be our duty to publish the following Review of an article in "The New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal," of March, 1837. The person to whom it relates has filled a large space in the eyes of his countrymen. The New York Review is conducted with no little ability, and makes a great figure in the Republic of Literature; and the Reviewer, who has taken up arms, in defence of Mr. Jefferson, against the attacks of the New York Review, appears to be a champion of no ordinary power. All together, the article comes commended to us in a manner, which does not permit us to deny the use of our columns—and it will probably attract a large share of the attention of our readers. We admit it to be somewhat *spicy* in its composition; but if the New York Reviewer should feel himself under any obligation to make a reply, we will cheerfully extend to him the hospitality of our house. Our columns are open to him; and they are at his service. The Editor of a Periodical like this is not at liberty to consult his own feelings, in what he excludes or admits: but having admitted such an article as the following, it is his duty to render justice by admitting a reply.

We mean not to play the Critic upon the two Reviewers. The attack and the defence are both before the public tribunal; and the reader must judge for himself. The reviews of Mr. Jefferson's moral principles and his intellectual character, will be reviewed in turn by the public. We mean not to decide between them. But there is one circumstance alleged by the New York Reviewer in relation to Mr. Jefferson, upon which we would offer a few explanatory remarks, though our own Reviewer has nearly exhausted the subject. It is a curious literary problem, whether Mr. Jefferson in preparing his own Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, did not commit a plagiarism upon the Declaration of Independence adopted at Mecklenburg, North Carolina, on the 20th May, 1775. It has already given rise to much discussion. Mr. Joseph Seawell Jones of North Carolina has made it the theme of some severe strictures on the Virginia politician. Mr. Tucker, in his "Life of Thomas Jefferson," has defended him against the charge of plagiarism. And the New York Reviewer, in reviewing Mr. Tucker's work, has attempted to refute the Biographer, and to bring back the charges, with other cases of plagiarism, home to Mr. Jefferson. Our own Reviewer has gallantly stepped forward to defend the memory of Mr. Jefferson; and brought up for that purpose a contemporaneous piece of history, which had entirely escaped the researches, both of Mr. Tucker and his Reviewer. But our Reviewer himself has dropped two links in the chain of proofs, which we beg leave to supply.

The charge consists in Mr. Jefferson's borrowing from the Mecklenburg Declaration *four* phrases for his own. We believe this is the amount of the alleged plagiarism.

These phrases are, "dissolve the political bands which have connected"—"absolve from all allegiance to the British crown"—"are, and of right ought to be"—"pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."—We do not adopt Professor Tucker's theory, that the extant copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration is so far spurious, that the compiler of it borrowed from Mr. Jefferson's draft these parallel phrases and interpolated them into the Mecklenburg copy. We are willing to admit the present Mecklenburg copy to be as it was at first written, and we entirely dissent from Professor Tucker's account of the changes and interpolations which he has assigned to that copy. But is Mr. Jefferson, then, the plagiarist? Certainly not, of the three first phrases, and from the Mecklenburg copy.—Mr. Jefferson's copy was drawn out by the resolution of Mr. Richard Henry Lee, as quoted by our Reviewer. That resolution was founded on the resolution of the Virginia Convention of May 15, 1776, instructing their Delegates in General Congress "to propose to that respectable body, to declare the United Colonies, free and independent States." Richard Henry Lee, as one of their Delegates, moved the resolution, as quoted by our Reviewer. The Committee was then appointed by Congress to draft the Declaration; and it fell to Mr. Jefferson, as one of the Committee, to make the original draft, and report to the Committee. When reported, it underwent several alterations. It was then reported to Congress itself, and adopted by that body on the 4th July, 1776. Now, the following facts appear, from a comparison of these several documents: 1st. That the phrase "absolved from all allegiance to the crown," is in the original resolution: 2nd. That this same phrase, as well as the phrase "are, and of right ought to be," are found in Mr. Lee's resolution: and, 3dly. That the other phrase, "dissolve the political bands which have connected," is also to be found in this form in Mr. Lee's resolution, "all political connexion, &c. &c. is and ought to be totally dissolved:" and, 4thly. That even these phrases were not adopted by Mr. Jefferson in his original draft, but that they were interpolated by the Committee itself, to whom he reported;—for, they were introduced subsequently to the report, in the following form, the words thrown in by the Committee being in italics: "That these United Colonies are *and of right ought to be*, free and independent States; *that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved.*"—As to the last of the four parallel phrases, we cannot trace them to any other document. In the Mecklenburg Declaration, the phrase stood, "to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor." In Mr. Jefferson's Declaration, it ran, "and for the support of this Declaration [with a firm reliance on Divine Providence,] we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." [The words in brackets were

introduced by the Committee.] We have not been able to trace the origin of this phrase to any other source, than the Mecklenburg paper; but it may be, if we had the state or other papers of that remarkable age before us, our researches might trace Mr. Jefferson's phrase to some other intermediate channel, or to some common fountain.

It may be supposed, that we are wasting too much time upon this question. But when it is considered how much factitious consequence some things derive from the facts with which they are associated; and how much interest this literary problem has acquired from the curiosity it has produced, and the attention which has been bestowed upon it by the Historian of North Carolina, the Biographer of Mr. Jefferson, the New York Reviewer of the Biography, and our own Reviewer of the Review, we hope we may be excused for the labor we have spent upon it.

We cannot throw down our pen, without laying before the reader the following beautiful and prophetic passage, which formed a part of Mr. Jefferson's draft, and which was stricken out by the committee, we do not exactly see for what good reason: "We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. *We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom it seems is below their dignity. Be it so; since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us too; we will climb it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation.*" What visions of glory rush upon the mind of the American, as he weighs these memorable words, traced by the pencil of Thomas Jefferson more than sixty years ago! How rapidly is the fulfilment confirming the prediction! No nation can boast of sixty years of equal prosperity and glory with those we have already witnessed. And if wisdom should guide our destinies, what new glories await us!

### THE NEW YORK REVIEW'S REVIEW OF MR. JEFFERSON.

MARCH, 1837.

This is very extraordinary—a coarse political and personal article in a religious and literary journal. But besides the manner of it, the subject too, is strangely chosen; for the life of Mr. Jefferson furnishes little to illustrate religious literature—and therefore to form a fit subject for such a work. His life, or the active part of it, was spent in political affairs. It was as a statesman and politician that he appeared to the men of his own times; and it is only as such that other times should recur to his memory. But it is not in this character that the critics of the "New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal" choose to consider him. By them he is made into a drum—a drum ecclesiastic—to animate a battle of religion and politics. They declare in the outset, an intention to examine, not his public acts, but his private character; or as they phrase it, "to study, not the politician, but the man—and the qualities of his head and heart." And this is defended

at the end, by the declaration that the "characters of public men are public property."

The reviewer does not confine himself to the limits he had prescribed; but he canvasses Mr. Jefferson's religion, his morals, and his politics. Whatever may be said of the first, we hardly thought the last made a part of private character. He does not formally divide his subject in this way, but mixes the political disquisition with the moral and religious.

Intending to examine, with some detail, this attack on the illustrious patriot whose principles are the basis of a party, and whose memory is much revered by his country, we shall follow the Review, seriatim, in its own order of topics.

It opens by quoting from Professor Tucker's Life—"It was the fate of Thomas Jefferson to be at once more loved and praised by his friends, and more hated and reviled by his adversaries, than any of his compatriots." And, on this, says, in the style of a certain desk for public teaching, "*The inquiry naturally suggests itself, why Mr. Jefferson should have enjoyed the peculiar love, or felt the peculiar hate of those who knew him?*" The question is meant to be put with some sarcastic point. It appears only for the sneer, for it is never answered; but introducing some refined reflections and obscure reasoning, conducts the critic, on his 7th page, to the discovery, that "If Mr. Jefferson is now less loved than some of his contemporaries, it is because we find less to love in him." He travels thus far in his inquiry, and misses the object of his search by the way. The answer to his question is obvious. Mr. Jefferson was a party-man, the framer of party, the leader of party, and the author of party political revolutions. He had pulled down a great party, though aided by Washington's name, (for they professed to have taken him into their political keeping, and his principles into their exclusive practice,) and he had built up another. Mr. Jefferson, moreover, was no neutral in any thing. He thought of neutrals as Burke has portrayed them in his fine declamation. He was an ardent and bold man, who pursued his ends always with zeal; and in this he was influenced as much by principle as by temper. Regarding party as an association for the establishment of public principle, he esteemed such political connexions highly useful to the state—and necessary to our system. See what he has said of the whig and tory divisions in English politics. All sagacious men practically acquainted with the machinery of popular government have thought with him. Burke has very profoundly developed the same opinions in his Reflections on the French Revolution. Essentially then, and in this sense a party-man, Mr. Jefferson was loved by the men whose political fortunes and opinions he had established, and hated by the opposite party which he had overthrown.

We presume this curious difficulty, which so perplexed the philosophical reviewer, was less embarrassing to the professor. Though he states it with too much solemnity, for so plain a matter.

Mr. Jefferson's religious opinions are next arrayed by his clerical examiner. That is declared the truest test of character, and Mr. Jefferson's "rejection of revelation" pronounced at the bottom of all his "defects." Without religion, the reviewer admits, but hesitatingly and reluctantly, that man "may distinguish the right



from the wrong," but will want "a principle of action sufficiently powerful," &c. &c. to "do the right rather than the wrong." Now we reject, entirely, this dogma, from the reason of life and the philosophy of history; at least in the application and for the use the reviewer makes of it; who asserts that irreligion was the cause of all Mr. Jefferson's "defects;" and among these, numbers cowardice, duplicity, and general laxity of principle. We reply, that these vices, and this depravity of character, (had they existed,) were, in no measure, the consequence of infidelity. It is not worth while to reason about it; the question may be left to men's understandings. Religion is the surest stay of virtue, but men have been, and men are, brave and honest without it.

These, the reviewer's speculations, are not so material as his facts; and they are only referred to, to show the *animus* of his article, and the value of his opinions. He holds always a pulpit-style; for these are not the sentiments of a liberal-minded man of the world, or of one who has been in any way, and from any point of view, a cool spectator of life.

But to return where we left him, investigating Mr. Jefferson's religion. The end of the inquiry is, that he was an infidel, and a noxious proselytizing infidel. Professor Tucker,—who, in this, is charged with being a "partial apologist"—says he was nearly a socinian; that he wrote logically on natural theology, and professed himself a unitarian. All which, is obstinately denied by the reviewer, who no doubt has gone deeper than the professor into the arcana of theological mystics. He is anxious to preserve the unitarians from the taint of such a heresy; and to confine each infidel apart to his own barren patch in the *hortus siccus* of disbelief.

He concludes at last that Mr. Jefferson "had so far as man is concerned, a right to entertain these opinions." Then why does he make or meddle with them? What good comes of such discussions? It is not to stop the spread of these opinions; for he offers no argument, no refutation. Nor was it necessary. Learning and human reason have long poured all their light into the dark places of theology. No benefit can now arise from religious disputings. Every one may think as he pleases, and no man has a right to judge him. But the federalist divine would blazon the infidelity of his subject to bring odium on the man, and discredit on his general opinions. Such a dishonest artifice may have its influence.

The reviewer thinks the attempt to pervert others to infidelity a crime more enormous than the infidelity itself; and reasoning upon this at some length, and after his own way, he plunges down the lowest deep of intolerance. Whoever may think that the practice of virtue is not embarrassed by the knowledge of truth, may rightly communicate whatever opinions he sincerely holds, and enforce them by the reasonings on which his own conviction rests. But Mr. Jefferson, we believe, was no infidel propagandist. Professor Tucker says he was always reluctant to speak of religion. He does sometimes speak, and freely too, on this subject, in letters to his philosophical friends. But no man will lock his thoughts in his own breast. The reviewer asserts that he founded the University of Virginia for a nursery of infidelity, and that the young men were entertained at his table on Sundays with infidel conversation. It is

hardly credible that any man, however inflamed and blinded by religious and political passions, could assert such things. The University was the crowning work of a long life spent with unexampled usefulness in the public service. It had no chaplain, nor a foundation for religious instruction; because, in these matters, Mr. Jefferson meant to leave every one to himself—and not, by a selection, to prefer one sect before another. Had he looked to the sinister designs with which he is so fiercely charged, he might have placed that reverend casuist Doct. Cooper in a chair of French philosophy, or brought his reviewer in a chaplain's desk to preach charity and toleration.

The other assertion about Sunday-dinner conversations, if true, is defended by repeating that a man may say what he thinks. It is opposed by Professor Tucker's general declaration, and by the specific declarations of others.

Having canvassed Mr. Jefferson's conduct and opinions on religion, the reviewer proceeds to hunt up his moral "defects." The first of the catalogue is extreme sensitiveness to men's opinions. The proofs of this monstrous vice are that he complained of newspaper abuse, and that he provided for his own fame by leaving in his letters and his *ana* a history of his life and times. But this is a very solemn parade of trivial and accidental circumstances. The thing itself is, to a degree, the consequence of public life, and the moral and mental habitudes it creates. Mr. Jefferson, though surrounded by the many able men with whom he acted, was always a leader, and predominated with a high ascendancy. No bolder thinker ever urged speculations *extra flammantia mania mundi*—beyond the flaming bounds of nature; and never was popular leader less controlled by other men.

Under this head the reviewer alludes to the style of the *ana*, and the occasional solemn attestations to the truth of the facts there recorded; and here he finds and applies the maxim, that he who swears lightly will swear falsely. If this means any thing, it means to brand Mr. Jefferson with the infamy of a moral perjury. To so foul a charge, no answer need be given.

The next "defect" is excessive self-esteem. The proof, is his letter upon the grant of a lottery privilege to him by the Virginia Legislature. In that letter, his public services are briefly spoken of; but it has always appeared to us, that the reckoning was made with great dignity. The style and circumstances of this letter are made by the reviewer proof of opposite and inconsistent weaknesses—meanness and arrogance. Of course, if it proves the one, it disproves the other.

The next charge—and the stream of calumny deepens and widens as it descends—is "insincerity;" a feeble word, which appears to the writer very insufficiently to mark his meaning, for he changes it, with much nicety and variety of selection, first for "management," then for "duplicity," till the critic reaches his grand and scurrilous climax upon the phrase "basest hypocrisy." Never was painter more fastidious and fickle with his colors, than this moral and critical limner. The ground of all this, is the letter to Mazzei, and the correspondence with Burr. These letters were examined with great severity in a tract published by Major Henry Lee on the entire Jefferson correspondence. The motives to this publication, the style and general ability of the

tract, (unusual in political writing,) and the interest of the public in the subject, invited general attention at the time. The reviewer has culled from Major Lee, and repeated him in a bad form. Mr. Jefferson had addressed to Mr. Van Buren an explanation of the letter to Mazzei, and Professor Tucker has enlarged the defence. The charge was, that by the letter, he had stabbed the reputation of Washington, for whom, personally and publicly, he professed friendship. Mr. Jefferson's defence substantially is—that he never meant to include Washington among the monarchists; nor among the "Samsons in the field, and Solomons in council," and that his letter has no direct mention nor indirect allusion to General Washington, except the passage which speaks of the "executive" as opposed to the democratic party. In this there was no reproach. It was notoriety then, and it is history now. In fact we see nothing in that letter, which General Washington's best friend, if of opposite politics, might not have written in all faith and friendship. The interpretation comes at last to a question of veracity; nor do we see, how, in any possible way, the meaning of such language can be ascertained but by the declaration of the writer. The reviewer finds no force in such testimony; he does, of course, reject the averment of a man whom he would not credit on his oath. In this way, Mr. Jefferson's evidence in this court of critical justice is treated as the law treats a felon whose infamy is proved by a record of conviction and sentence.

The letters to Burr show that at different times Mr. Jefferson thought and spoke of him in a different manner, as he was more or less acquainted with Burr's character and conduct—that he wrote him a letter of compliment, and designed him for a cabinet office. The former, in their situation, was merely a common decency. The latter was in deference to party and public sentiment; a principle which, under our government, must always govern appointments to office. The accidents of political life placed these men together, and they acted together. The politician who would consent to act only with those whose personal characters and conduct squared to his own tastes, would be useless and impracticable, and must soon remove himself from all the means and occasions of public service. He would be forced to retire and leave the way to others. Mr. Jefferson contributed in no degree to Col. Burr's elevation. That was his own work. He built up and pulled down his own political fortunes, without any aid from Mr. Jefferson, beyond the accidental party circumstances of the times. Nothing appears in the connection of Jefferson and Burr, but what is common to the lives of most public men. When Burr afterwards stood as a state-criminal, the conduct of the executive in providing for his trial and pressing his condemnation, was no doubt the dictate of his judgment of Burr's guilt, and of the danger and magnitude of the occasion.

The list of "defects" (the word is the reviewer's) ends in cowardice. This item is thrown in to make up that general sum, that compound mass of qualities, principles, opinions and conduct, which, according to the reviewer, forms private character. He says, indeed, it is "of no moment" whether Mr. Jefferson was a "coward or not." There is a delightful candor in this sort of proceeding. To charge a man with the meanest and most disreputable infirmity, and then say

it is of no moment whether it be true! It is no justification to reply, that the reviewer does not positively assert it; that he only hints it. That aggravates the flagitious intention. The bare imputation has the effect of proof. In this nice point of honor and character, suspicion disgraces. The reviewer does no credit to his own feelings, and shows no modest respect for other men's sentiments, when he pronounces cowardice a thing so very immaterial. Truth and courage are at the foundation of all that gives dignity and elevation to character; they are closely allied to the "whole line of the masculine virtues." High and heroic courage is a godlike quality. I mean not a mere physical rigidity of nerve, a stupid insensibility, but that moral principle which raises us superior to the sense of danger, which is the first—and to the fear of death, which is the most powerful instinct of nature. In modern Europe, and since the time of chivalry, courage and truth have been the point of honor among the cultivated classes. Sentiments interwoven into our language, our manners, our very moral constitution, and the whole framework of society, are not to be blown away by the breath of a sermon, or of a \*\*\*\* review.

In Mr. Jefferson's particular case, it may be enough to say, that he lived amid circumstances sure to unfold that weakness, had it been inherent in his temper; he lived during a national war, and in a very agitated period afterwards, in the thick of party contentions, and all the passions they engender. He never was found unequal to any crisis of affairs, but was esteemed the boldest political leader of the times. His conduct of the campaign against Arnold in Virginia cannot now be examined, for the facts are not known; while it is easy to criminate and difficult to disprove. He received the deliberate thanks of the Legislature of Virginia. And we know no better way to judge of events which have passed, and which are otherwise but imperfectly known to us, than by some respectful attention to the judgment of contemporaries: such modesty is quite as commendable, and as instructive too, as that other spirit which arrogates all wisdom to ourselves, and shows us all other men and times wrapped in ignorance.

The author of the Declaration of Independence is charged with shameful literary dishonesty, in taking ideas and phrases for that occasion from other state-papers and political writings; and for proof of this, the reviewer compares the National Declaration with the Mecklenburg Declaration and with the Preamble to the Old Constitution of Virginia. This Preamble Professor Tucker says was written by Mr. Jefferson; of which fact so positively asserted, the reviewer chooses to doubt; because, he "*infers*," that Mr. Wythe, to whom, it is said, Mr. Jefferson sent the paper, was not then in Virginia, but at Philadelphia. This is his single reason. It was a sarcasm of Junius, that "some men are infidels in religion, who are bigots in politics." The converse may sometimes be true. But this reviewer's skepticism and bigotry are not so well marked and separated. What better proof can there be of authorship? Mr. Jefferson always claimed it, and no one else ever did; and from that day it has been so received in Virginia. That he wrote the National Declaration of Independence, and the Preamble to the Constitution of Virginia, is known by the same kind and amount of evidence.

The subject of this Preamble was identical with



what is now called the list of grievances in the Declaration. The same mind employed to express the same thoughts, must naturally fall into the same mode. To avoid it scrupulously, must be a laborious trifling of vanity and affectation.

In 1819, forty years after the event, the Mecklenburg Declaration came to the knowledge of ex-president Adams, who, surprised and perplexed, wrote to Mr. Jefferson—"How is it possible that this paper should be concealed from me to this day? Had it been communicated, &c. &c. it would have been printed in every whig newspaper upon the continent. I would have made the Hall of Congress echo and re-echo with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence." Mr. Jefferson replied, that, "he believed it spurious." And after giving his reasons, drawn from the character of the evidence which supported it, he proceeds—"When Mr. Henry's resolutions, far short of independence, flew like lightning through every paper, and kindled both sides of the Atlantic, this flaming Declaration, &c. although sent to Congress, is never heard of. It is not even known a twelve month after, when a similar proposition is first made in that body. Armed with this bold example, would not you have addressed our timid brethren in peals of thunder? Would not every advocate of independence have rung the glories of the Mecklenburg Declaration?" &c. &c.

Now we ask how is it possible that this paper, if it reached Congress, was concealed? Did the North Carolina representatives suppress it? With what a weapon would it have armed the whigs! The charge against Mr. Jefferson, supposes that this remarkable paper became known to him particularly and alone of the General Congress; not to Adams and others of that body, at that time more distinguished; that he concealed it, (though how he prevented it from reaching others is inconceivable,) because he found in it four expressions of remarkable rhetorical excellence, which he might use for some future state paper; which occasion did, a year after, present itself in the National Declaration of Independence. This is the reviewer's charge, with all its absurdities and improbabilities. Mr. Jones of North Carolina has made these Mecklenburg proceedings the subject of a book of invective on Mr. Jefferson. But this notion of the plagiarism was too silly for his adoption. The four expressions which constitute all the verbal likeness of the two papers, are—"dissolve the political bands which have connected"—"absolve from all allegiance to the British crown"—"are, and of right ought to be"—"pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." They are a slight temptation to a literary theft. The first is periphrastical and incorrect; the second and third have no remarkable elegance; and a better than the last may be found on any page of any classic of our language. Did Mr. Jefferson think to build a literary fame on four lucky phrases? and was this the ambition of a man engaged in great affairs, and to whose hands were committed the destinies of a people?

Both the professor and his reviewer marked these expressions, and both determined that their appearance in the two papers could not have been accidental. But they differ as to the right of property; the professor giving them to Mr. Jefferson, and the reviewer (equally faithful to his own side) giving them to the Mecklen-

burg writer. Both reasoners easily find what they wish to discover. The first three certainly are not Mr. Jefferson's—they were perhaps in common use at the time. They are the language of the resolutions by which Richard Henry Lee moved the Declaration;—which were—"That these united colonies *are, and of right ought to be*, free and independent states; that *they are absolved from all allegiance* to the British crown; that all *political connexion* between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved," &c.

We have now examined the whole article in the New York Review of Mr. Jefferson. Some of those charges are repeated, and in a more invective form, in the January No. of 1838, in the article on Davis's Burr. These two articles are from the same political clerk and clerical politician. The spirit is preserved, but the style is a little changed with the title of the work. It is no longer the "Quarterly Church Journal." The church device is stricken from their banner; and having thrown off their clerical incumbrances, surplice, cassock, and all, and got a party uniform, these gentlemen return to the old political scuffle with a good deal more fierceness. Our soldier, in particular, flourishes in the field like a Bishop of Beauvais.

We thought the party malice of the federal journalist and political divine was too concentrated for diffusion; that his phial was emptied on Mr. Jefferson. But his January number pours a full stream on Burr; whom he subjects, in the test of character, to the same sort of analysis. First, he settles his religion, then his morals, and then his politics; the whole sparkling with critical eloquence and personal denunciation, much after this fashion. Burr is styled an "unprincipled, and almost peerless villain;" and afterwards, more figuratively, "a wretch whom purity would scarce look at, much less touch." "We would we knew a word stronger than any the language affords, which might express the concentrated wickedness of a thousand villainies compressed into one; some little syllabic formation which might convey with comprehensive brevity the idea of a devil's spirit linked to a brute's propensities; and verily," he proceeds more jocously, "Burr should have the benefit of it." After this *con amore* sketch, where, in his railing, our language breaks down under him, he returns to Mr. Jefferson, and declares, p. 210, that "a good man would long hesitate in his choice, were he forced upon the hard alternative of being either Thomas Jefferson, or Aaron Burr." Here we have the eminent citizen and President of the Republic, who lived and died in the unbounded devotion of the whole American people, branded as a "peerless villain"—"a wretch whom purity would scarce look at"—"a devil and a brute."\* And this is the way a living clergyman talks of a dead patriot. It was not in this style his political enemies wrote his funeral oration; it was not with such sentiments Daniel Webster exclaimed, "We would have borne him upward in a nation's outspread arms, and with the prayers of millions and the blessings of millions, have recommended him to the favor of the Divinity." Let the American people learn from the New York Church Review what a crime-stained monster has been the god of their political idolatry.

One extract more—the conclusion on Burr—to show

\* P. 202, we have a "viper"—"the cowardly chronicle of his posthumous slander," &c. &c.

somewhat more of the temper of the whole. The style is Counsellor Phillips' run mad, but the sentiments are like the rest. It is meant for fine writing, and was, no doubt, a matured and digested passage. It is of Burr. "He lay a shattered wreck of humanity just entering upon eternity, with not enough of *man* left about him, to make a christian out of. [!!!] Ruined in fortune and rotten in reputation, thus passed," &c. &c.—and "when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction."

This is like an hyena; it is the rancorous malignity of a fiend. There is nothing human in this chuckling over a deathbed, a miserable, deserted deathbed, and a dishonored grave. Surely that ambitious, and singularly worldly-minded man must, in his own feelings, in his political prostration, and his deep personal abasement, have sufficiently avenged his enemies. No matter what his errors and crimes were; a feeling man would pity as well as condemn, while he regarded his elevation and his fall; and a just man would decide that his misery was punishment enough. How a man of religion regards all these circumstances, we charitably take it, the New York reviewer is no example.

This article on Burr quotes from Davis a detailed account of the opening of the ballots before Congress in the presidential election of 1801; in which is stated—that the votes presented for Georgia were not authenticated; and that, notwithstanding, Mr. Jefferson passed them for himself and Burr. The reviewer thinks, "there was nothing in Mr. Jefferson's character to render the story *improbable*;" but that the testimony of an anonymous witness is insufficient evidence. He might have found, in the very statement, a conclusive refutation of it, made as sure as human testimony can make any thing. The circumstances are these. This unknown witness of Mr. Davis' "secret history" says he had it from Nicholas and Wells, two of the tellers. If the fact be true, then four perjuries were committed; by the three tellers and the presiding officer—for with all it was a violation the grossest, of their oath of office. Two of them afterwards confess their infamy, in the way of babbling gossip and secret history, to a man in New York, who furnishes it for the enduring record and eternal blazon of Davis' biography. Wells too was a federalist; yet he sinned against his oath, and all his political feelings and interests. Rutledge, of South Carolina—an honorable and distinguished man—he too colluded!! These monstrous improbabilities are involved in this libel. Yet it is welcomed by the reviewer, who calls on Davis to produce his witness!—In the January No. of the Democratic Review, published at Washington, is given a copy of the Georgia ballot, taken from the archives of the United States Senate, by which it appears that the votes *were* authenticated in every legal form, by the signatures of the electors, by the signature of the governor, and by the executive seal of the state. This removes the very foundation on which this great fabric of slander was erected.

The reviewer's estimate of Mr. Jefferson's abilities is as just, and candid, and liberal as his moral strictures. On p. 34, article Jefferson, he pronounces it ludicrous to compare him with Hamilton or Jay. But what was

the general opinion of their countrymen then, and what is that opinion now? Mr. Madison may be allowed as a competent judge. He had tried Hamilton's strength in every form, and did full justice to his ability; but declared, that in the gradation of intellect, there were many orders, between such a mind and Mr. Jefferson's. Judge the men too, by what they attempted and accomplished. Jay, after his treaty, retired from public life. But Hamilton lived on, in political struggles, and political defeats; while Mr. Jefferson triumphed, and from president to president of his party, led the political opinions of his country through twenty-four years. A man who passes through life unimpressive as a shadow, *may* be gifted with higher powers than he who governs the mind of his age; but, of this, we can only reason in the spirit of the Latin maxim, and infer that only to *exist*, which *appears*.\* But these reviewers judge men and things by the illumination of a higher wisdom—which teaches them to know that the race is never to the swift, and to believe whatever is contrary to facts and probable evidence.

The New York Church Quarterly cannot be regarded as the most valuable gift that Divinity has bequeathed to politics. The habit of taking a little verse of text, and wire-drawing it into a sermon, makes weak and diffusive writers. The labor of writing about nothing, disqualifies them to write well about any thing. But were it otherwise,—were it the direct reverse of this review,—no learning or eloquence, not even Milton and Salmasius, could reconcile us to the revival of the vulgar and atrocious railing, which was the old language of church controversy. We therefore hope that the tempting opportunities of this Review, and the ambition of that sort of reputation may not turn the New York ministry into a set of political and pamphleteering clerics.

#### GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

Among the many acts of tyranny and oppression, which exiled from Britain her noblest sons, and which crowded the forests of America with an educated and enterprising population, was the memorable battle of Culloden. The dull pen of history slumbers over the details of that terrific conflict, while romance has caught from it some of the proudest examples of virtue, patriotism and chivalry. The Stuarts' throne was filled by a sullen and phlegmatic race—the unholy union with England; a nation's birthright prostituted to sale by a hireling parliament—the burnings, wastings and judicial murders, under the iron law of the sword, and the heroism of her true, though proscribed sovereign, all conspired to leave a festering wound on the heart of Scotland, and to render her restless and insubordinate under the rule of a foreign king. The battle of Culloden

\* The maxim referred to by the writer is, "*De non apparentibus et non existentibus, eadem est ratio.*"—Things not appearing, are considered as not existing.—[Ed. Mess.]



quenched the last gasp of her independence, and the stern revenge inflicted on the vanquished by the merciless Cumberland, while it filled the nation with woe and wretchedness, expelled from her bosom those sons whom power could not purchase, and whom cruelty could not conquer. In that memorable engagement, the subject of our memoir bore an honorable part in the service of his oppressed country. Having graduated at an early age in the science of medicine, he acted on this occasion as an assistant surgeon, and with a multitude of the vanquished, he shortly after sought a refuge of virtue and a home of freedom in the wilderness of America.

Landing in Pennsylvania, he remained there a short time. From thence he removed to Fredericksburg in Virginia, where he married and became highly distinguished for his skill and success as a practitioner of medicine. An unsubdued enemy—merciless, treacherous and revengeful, hovered around the frontiers of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, repressing settlements—murdering defenceless women and children, and frequently making inroads into the cultivated and open country of the colonies. Joining the army under Washington, which was collected for the purpose of subduing the Indians, General Mercer, then holding the rank of captain, became an actor in those wild, perilous, and spirit-stirring scenes which characterized the Indian war of 1755. In one of the engagements with this wily foe he was wounded in the right wrist by a musket ball; and in the irregular warfare then practised, his company scattered and became separated from him. Faint from loss of blood, and exhausted by fatigue, he was closely pursued by the savage foe, their thrilling war-whoop ringing through the forest, and stimulating to redoubled energy the footsteps of their devoted victim. Fortunately the hollow trunk of a large tree presented itself. In a moment he concealed himself in it, and though his pursuers reached the spot and seated themselves around him, he yet miraculously escaped! Leaving his place of refuge, he sought the abodes of civilization, through a trackless wild of more than one hundred miles in extent, and after supporting life on roots and the *body of a rattlesnake*, which he encountered and killed, he finally reached Fort Cumberland in safety. For his gallantry and military skill in this war, proved in a distinguished degree, by the destruction of the Indian settlement at Kittaning, Pennsylvania, the Corporation of Philadelphia presented to him an honorable and appropriate medal.

The commencement of the American Revolution found him in the midst of an extensive medical practice, surrounded by affectionate friends, and enjoying in the bosom of a happy family all the comforts of social life. Stimulated to action by a lofty spirit of patriotism, he broke from the

endearments of domestic life, and gave to his country in that trying hour the energy and resources of a practised and accomplished soldier. In 1775 he was in command of three regiments of minute men, and early in 1776 we find him zealously engaged as a colonel of the army of Virginia, in drilling and organizing the raw and ill-formed masses of men, who under the varied names of sons of Liberty, minute men, volunteers and levies, presented the bulk without the order—the mob without the discipline of an army. To produce obedience and subordination among men who considered military discipline as a restraint on personal liberty, and who had entered into the war unpaid and unrestricted by command, was a severe and invidious task. The courage—the fortitude—the self-possession of Col. Mercer quailed not to these adverse circumstances, and by the judicious exercise of mingled severity and kindness, he soon succeeded in reducing a mutinous soldiery to complete submission. Tradition has preserved the following anecdote, illustrating in a striking manner, his characteristic promptitude and bravery.

Among the troops which arrived at Williamsburg, then the metropolis of Virginia, was a company of riflemen from beyond the mountains, commanded by Captain Gibson. A reckless insubordination, and a violent opposition to military restraint, had gained for this corps the sarcastic name of "Gibson's Lambs." They had not been long in camp before a mutiny arose among them, producing much excitement in the army, and alarming the inhabitants of the city. Freed from all command, they roamed through the camp, threatening with instant death, any officer who should presume to exercise authority over them. In the height of the rebellion, an officer was despatched with the alarming tidings to the quarters of Col. Mercer. The citizens of the town vainly implored him not to risk his life and person amid this infuriated mob. Reckless of personal safety, he instantly repaired to the barracks of the mutinous band, and directing a general parade of the troops, he ordered Gibson's company to be drawn up as offenders and violators of law, and to be disarmed in his presence. The ringleaders were placed under a strong guard, and in the presence of the whole army, he addressed the offenders in an eloquent and feeling manner—impressing on them their duties as citizen-soldiers, and the *certainty of death* if they continued to disobey their officers, and remained in that mutinous spirit—equally disgraceful to them, and hazardous to the sacred interests they had marched to defend. Disorder was instantly checked, and after a short confinement, those under imprisonment were released, and the whole company were ever after as exemplary in their deportment and conduct as any troops in the army.

A similar incident in the life of Germanicus, must recall to the memory of the classical reader the imperishable page of the Annals, and he will find the glowing panegyric of Tacitus applying with redoubled force to the character of Col. Mercer. In the one case the legions of Pannonia, on the death of Augustus, revolted for the sake of plunder, and the army of Germany which joined them, were inspired by the double motives of revolution and pillage. The virtue of Germanicus refused a crown stained with treason, and he was forced to suppress the rebellion by means degrading to the soldier, and disgraceful to the patriot. He addressed the hearts of an army composed of the refuse of Rome, in the language of sympathy and compliment, and the honor of the soldier did not blush at the cowardice of a largess. Col. Mercer appealed to the sense and patriotism of his rebellious soldiers—to the holy cause in which they were engaged; and while he awakened their remorse by his passionate eloquence, he asserted and maintained the supremacy of the laws.

Colonel Mercer now joined the continental army, Congress having conferred on him the rank of Brigadier General; and throughout the whole of the stormy and disastrous campaign of 1776, he was a bold, fearless and efficient officer. The fatal conflict at Long Island—the capitulation at Fort Mifflin, and the evacuation of Fort Mifflin, were the painful preludes to the disastrous retreat of the American army. From Brunswick, through Princeton, to Trenton, our ragged and suffering army was driven by a powerful and exulting foe, until it was forced to cross the Delaware in search of an uncertain refuge in Pennsylvania. Dispirited by defeat, and disheartened by abject want, desertion daily thinned the feeble ranks of the patriot army, and in that darkest hour of our history the proclamation of General Howe, offering a free pardon, scattered far and wide the leprosy of treason. In vain did the commander-in-chief implore the assistance of the New Jersey and Pennsylvanian militia. Terrified or desponding, they refused all aid, and cautiously withdrew from an army now rapidly approaching the verge of destruction. Flushed with victory, the enemy rioted on the plunder of the country, and calmly awaited the extinction of its humbled foe. The genius of Washington arose above these accumulated misfortunes. He could no longer repress the fatal disease of desertion and treason, which was fast reducing his army to a skeleton. The torrent of illfortune threatening to overwhelm his country, must be rolled back on the enemy, and he resolved to hazard one desperate effort for victory. On the night of the 25th December, 1776, he crossed the Delaware at Trenton—surprised a body of Hessians stationed there—took nearly nine hundred prisoners, and immediately

recrossed the river, having lost but nine of his men.

This bold and masterly stroke awoke Cornwallis from his dream of conquest, and leaving New York, he returned with an additional force, and concentrated his troops at Princeton. A portion of Pennsylvanian militia now joined the standard of Washington, and having persuaded the New England troops to serve six months longer, he again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton.

On the morning of the second of January, 1777, the enemy advanced to attack the American army. On their approach, Gen. Washington prudently retired across a creek which runs through the town, and then drew up his troops. The fords being guarded, the enemy could not pass, and halting, a brisk cannonade was kept up with great spirit by both sides until night. In this critical situation, Gen. Washington conceived the bold design of abandoning the Delaware, and marching silently in the night along the left flank of the enemy into their rear at Princeton. The plan was instantly approved by a council of war, and as soon as it was dark the baggage was removed to Burlington. About one o'clock, on the morning of the third of January, the gallant band—its van led by General Mercer, decamped, and silently threaded its circuitous march along the left flank of its exulting foe. Reaching Princeton about sunrise, General Mercer encountered three British regiments, who had encamped there on the previous night, and who were leaving the town to join the rear of their troops at Maidenhead. A fierce and desperate conflict immediately ensued. The American militia, constituting the front, hesitated, became confused and soon gave way, while the few regulars in the rear could not check the dastardly retreat. Ere the fortune of the day was changed, and ere victory perched on the patriot standard, the heroic Mercer fell. Rushing forward to rally his broken troops, and stimulating them by his voice and example, his horse was shot from under him, and he fell dangerously wounded among the columns of the advancing enemy. Being thus dismounted, he was instantly surrounded by a party of British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately with his drawn sword until he was completely overpowered. Excited to brutality by the gallantry of his resistance, they stabbed him with their bayonets in seven different parts of his body, inflicted many blows on his head with the butt-ends of their muskets, and did not cease their butchery until they believed him to be a crushed and mangled corpse. Nine days after the battle he died in the arms of Major Geo. Lewis of the army, the nephew of General Washington, whom the uncle had commissioned to watch over the last moments of his expiring friend. His latter hours



were soothed by the skilful and affectionate attendance of the distinguished Doctor Rush. He complained much of his head, and frequently remarked to his surgeon, "that there was the principal danger," and Doctor Rush whenever he detailed the thrilling narrative of his patient's suffering, always ascribed his death to the blows on the head more than to the bayonet wounds, although several of these were attended with extreme danger.

In a small house, a few yards distant from that blood-red plain of carnage and of death, far away from the soothing consolations of domestic affection, this distinguished martyr of Liberty breathed his last. The victorious flag of his country proudly floated over a field of triumph, and without a murmur he sank into a soldier's grave—finding a hallowed sepulchre in the hearts of his countrymen, and a fadeless epitaph in their institutions.

The mangled body was removed under a military escort from Princeton to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the coffee-house, with the design of exciting by that mournful spectacle the indignation of the people. The Pennsylvania Evening Post for January 18, 1777, has thus recorded his death and funeral obsequies. "Last Sunday evening, died near Princeton, of the wounds he received in the engagement at that place on the 3rd instant, Hugh Mercer, Esq., Brigadier General in the continental army. On Wednesday his body was brought to this city, and on Thursday buried on the south side of Christ church yard with military honors; attended by the committee of safety—the members of the assembly—gentlemen of the army, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants of this city. The uniform character—exalted abilities and intrepidity of this illustrious officer, will render his name equally dear to America with the liberty for which she is now contending, to the latest posterity."

The battles of Trenton and Princeton, in which General Mercer fought and bled unto death, were the most brilliant and fortunate victories won in the war of the Revolution. The establishment of our independence was now no longer a matter of doubt. Confidence was restored to our disheartened army, and a chord of sympathy was stricken which vibrated throughout all the country. Europe looked with astonishment on the military skill displayed by a raw and dispirited soldiery, and in the indomitable fortitude of her banded chivalry, America felt that her independence was secured.

General Mercer's elevated character, lofty heroism and brutal murder, excited a deep and affectionate sympathy throughout all the colonies. On the 8th of April, 1777,\* Congress unani-

mously resolved, that a monument should be erected to the memory of General Mercer at Fredericksburg, Virginia; at the same time a similar monument to the memory of Gen. Warren was decreed; and Gen. Washington, in an official letter to Congress, thus alludes to these resolutions. "The honors Congress have decreed to the memory of Generals Warren and Mercer afford me the highest pleasure. Their character and merit had a just claim to every mark of respect, and I heartily wish that every officer of the United States, emulating their virtues, may by their actions secure to themselves the same right to the grateful tributes of their country." The fixed popularity of Gen. Mercer, and the cherished affection which the nation bore for his memory, was happily exemplified in the chaste and beautiful compliment of Lafayette. When he was in the United States a few years ago, the conversation in a particular company, turning on the prominent men of the Revolution, one of the company observed to him, that he, Gen. Lafayette, was of course acquainted with Gen. Mercer, not recollecting that Lafayette did not arrive in the United States until after the battle of Princeton. "Oh! no," said the General, "you know that Mercer fell in January, 1777, and I reached the United States in the ensuing spring; but on my arrival I found the army and whole country so full of his name, that an impression has been always left on my mind since, that I was personally acquainted with him."

In Wilkinson's Memoirs, several interesting particulars of the life and services of Gen. Mercer are related, and in alluding to his death, that writer remarks: "In Gen. Mercer we lost at Princeton a chief who for education, talents, disposition, integrity and patriotism, was second to no man but the commander-in-chief, and was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country."

The same author remarks, that an evening or two before the battle of Princeton, Gen. Mercer being in the tent of Gen. St. Clair with several officers, the conversation turned on some promotions then just made in the army. Gen. Mercer remarked, "they were not engaged in a war of ambition, or that he should not have been there, and that every man should be content to serve in that station in which he could be most useful—that for his part he had but one object in view, and that was the success of the cause, and that God could witness how cheerfully he would lay down his life to secure it." Little, adds the writer, did he or any of the company then think that a few fleeting hours would seal the compact.

In the historical paintings of the battle of Princeton by Peale and Trumbull, Gen. Mercer is a prominent and conspicuous figure. That by Peale hangs in the chapel of Nassau Hall at Princeton, and that by Col. Trumbull is in the exhibition

\* It is still a resolution of Congress. How often are justice, gratitude and honor forgotten in the low and vulgar conflicts of party?

rooms at New York. The states of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, among their first acts of legislation, named portions of their territories Mercer, and lately Virginia followed these examples of gratitude and respect. The country in New Jersey, including Trenton, Princeton, Laurenceville, and the battle field of the 3rd January, has been very recently erected into a county by the legislature of that state, and bears the appropriate name of Mercer.

The remains of this gifted and accomplished soldier now sleep in Christ churchyard, Philadelphia. Impelled by filial love, his youngest son in the year 1817 sought his place of interment. The venerable Mr. Dolley, who had attended the funeral, was still the sexton and assisted in the pious search, and near the grave on the southern side of the brick enclosure were faintly inscribed the letters "G. M." A plain and unadorned marble slab now marks the grave, bearing the simple yet expressive epitaph—"In memory of General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton, January 3, 1777."

March, 1838.

## SCRAPS AND CULLINGS,

From the Note Book of a Gleaner.

BY A MARYLANDER.

### BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF NATURE.

Fountain of elegance, unseen thyself,  
What limit owns thy beauty, when thy works  
Seem to possess, to faculties like mine,  
Perfection infinite! The merest speck  
Of animated matter, to the eye  
That studiously surveys the wise design,  
Is a full volume of abundant art.

Wearied and dissatisfied with the vexatious pursuits of ordinary life, there are moments of sober reflection, when the mind of man, recoiling upon itself, seeks in the materials of the universe some evidence of his true estate and high moral destination. The Book of Nature is unfolded to his view, and in its living pages he reads every character that can delight the heart, and every lesson that may direct his understanding.

The Supreme Architect in the exercise of unmeasured power, seems, in the gorgeous display of his works, to have been prompted solely by his benevolence to those beings upon whom he has impressed his divine image. To the human mind, then, there can be no exercise of its wondrous faculties more grateful than a holy contemplation of the sublime machinery which wheels and moves around us.

All nature, upon which side soever it is surveyed, proclaims the superintendence of this Spirit of Benevolence. The lowly plants of the valley and the lofty cedars of the mountain proclaim him; the delighted insects hum his praise; in the fragrance and foliage of

the fields the birds warble to him in grateful accents; the lightning announces his power, and the ocean declares his immensity.

It is not because the beauties of Nature prove the existence of Supreme Intelligence, that the attention of thinking minds is now called to a survey of the harmonies by which we are encompassed; but it is, that the Author of Nature made manifest in his works, may receive from man, "busy about many things," some portion of that admiration and love, which is so lavishly profused upon the fleeting vanities of life.

It is by the calm contemplation of the material world, from man, the connecting link between higher intelligences and things perishable, the sharer of time and of eternity, down through all the gradations of animal and vegetable existence to inert matter in all its stupendous shapes, that we are enabled clearly to conceive, and properly to estimate the dignity of our nature, and the sublimity of our destiny. The mind familiar with such observances seems to catch something of the immensity it contemplates, until lifting its view from the scaffolding to the Architect, the heart is melted into love, while the understanding is lost in admiration!

It is thus, that overleaping the natural boundaries around us, we no longer confine our reflections to the fading beauties before us, but in the fulness of fervent contemplation extend our view to other beauties, which, while they seem to be transitory, are in reality permanent and everlasting. Such are motion and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and all those paraphernalia of nature, which give variety to the decorations of the universe. The ardent fire-worshipper of the East, who at early dawn turns to the pencilled messengers of the Orient which announce the coming of the God—the savage of our own continent, who breathes his lament upon the thickening shades of night for the departure of the Great Spirit at eventide, admire a fleeting beauty. But the christian philosopher, from the heights of science, in the scene that fades before him in the setting sun, traces in the distant heavens all the brilliant colors which are painted for another people and another clime, while he is overshadowed in the stillness of night. He feels that such beauties, though progressive, are absolute in duration, and that the lamp which has been hung out in the heavens can never be obscured, until the hand that created it shall, in the fulfilment of his inscrutable designs, throw time into eternity.

Let us pause for a moment on this elevation, and in the fervor of a chaste imagination, group some of the most beautiful imagery of nature. Would you unfetter the mind, and lifting the curtain of your horizon, form a clear conception of a prospect of the universe? Figure to yourself as existing at the same time all the hours of the day—the balmy breath of the morning, the blaze of noontide effulgence, the holy hour of evening—all the seasons of the year, a weeping day in April and a sunset in yellow autumn—a firmament studded with stars and a night mantled in clouds—meadows enamelled with flowers, forests stripped of their foliage, and fields burdened with golden harvests—the milky-way lustrous in the heavens, and the ocean asleep in its immensity. Merciful Father! how art thou made manifest in thy works!

How is it, that while you behold Hesperus sparkling



on the crest of the western wave, the orisons of another should mingle with the first rays of the morning?

By what magic is it, that this ancient luminary, the sun, which to your view retires to rest weary and glowing in the evening, should be to another the youthful orb that awakes bathed in dew, and arises from behind the gray curtains of the morning? Why is it, that at every moment of the day he is rising, burning in his zenith, and setting on the children of men? Who can look through the stillness of the night to peruse the magnificent volume of the heavens without feeling the nearness of the Deity? Who, that feels his presence and his goodness, will not bow down and adore him?

Thus we have endeavored to group somewhat of the chaste and beauteous imagery of Nature. We will now descend to one of the chords in the harmony which prevails around us.

Let our spirit go forth upon the waters—let us contemplate

### THE OCEAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,  
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,—  
The image of eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

Of all the wonders of creation, from the moment, that obedient to the celestial mandate, the comet submitted, and planet attracted planet across the fields of immensity, the ocean unrepined, untired, unconquerable, has filled the mind of man in all ages with a holy awe, which the other wonders of the universe had failed to inspire. The well ordered mind loves to look back to the origin of matter, when the infant ocean, in the morning of creation, commenced to roll that wild, profound, eternal bass in the anthem of early nature, and made such music as pleased the ear of Deity. It is the book of mystery. It is the temple of contemplation. The vintage, when the showering grapes "reel to the earth purple, and gushing in Bacchanal profusion," is not more rife with sweets, than the depths of the profound with wonders and beauties.

Holy of Holies! where shall we commence thy praise? Whether we calmly look abroad upon its expanse, when, asleep in its immensity, it reflects all nature from its polished surface; or as the soft echoes of its undulating billows is heard in low and hollow murmurs from the caves of its shelving beach, when every breeze is hushed, and its placid bosom is unruffled; or whether we gaze upon it when wrought up by fearful agitation into all the horrors of the tempest, when blackness scowls upon the face of its waters, and its foaming waves mingle with the clouds; it is impossible to conceive anything better calculated to excite in us lofty and sublime conceptions of that Spirit, who weighs in the hollow of his hand the waters of the deep. The level expanse of the ocean when reposing, communicates to the contemplative mind a similar tranquillity; and when its angry billows lift their devouring heads, we are filled with ideas the most sublime, meditations the most solemn. The very nature of the prospect, boundless and unbroken, presents a sensible argument for the

eternity of duration and infinity of space, more forcible than the subtlest reasoning of metaphysics.

The ocean, obedient in its alternate tides, to the celestial influences, and rolling its indomitable surges from clime to clime, with every billow whitened with the commerce of the dweller upon earth, is the most august object under the heavens. Man, in the plenitude of his intellect, in the utmost stretch of his imagination, feeling his inability to comprehend or to conceive the mysteries of the great deep, stands upon its margin, himself an atom in creation, forgetful of his puny mechanism, to bow down the powers of his mind before the grandeur and magnificence reflected in this everlasting spectacle. Who art thou, that taketh up the sea in thy hand, and in whose sight the ocean is a drop; who covereth the earth with the deep as with a garment, and meteth it bounds which it cannot pass? Who will dive into the hungry depths of the ocean to reveal the beauties and the treasures which lie imbedded in its unfathomable recesses?

O boundless deep! we know  
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,  
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow  
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring  
Showers her rich colors with unsparing hand,  
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling  
O'er golden sand!

But if the grandeur of this ocean scenery had been displayed for no other purpose but to awaken the hallowed feelings so eloquently uttered in the sublime sketch with which we conclude, these wonderful mysteries have been wisely ordained. "One evening (it was a profound calm), we were in the delicious seas which bathe the shores of Virginia; every sail was furled; when the sound of the bell broke upon the stillness of the evening to announce the hour for mingling our supplications to the throne of Grace. The officers stood upon the quarter; the chaplain somewhat in advance; the seamen were scattered at random over the poop; our faces were towards the prow, which was turned to the west. The globe of the sun, whose lustre even then we could scarcely endure, ready to plunge beneath the waves, was discovered between the rigging in the midst of boundless space. From the motion of the stern it appeared as if the radiant orb every moment changed its horizon. A few clouds wandered confusedly in the east, where the moon was slowly rising. The rest of the sky was serene. Towards the north a water-spout, forming a glorious triangle with the luminaries of day and night, glistening with all the colors of the prism, rose out of the sea, like a column of crystal supporting the vault of heaven. Religious tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes when my intrepid companions lifting their tarred hats, began in a hoarse voice to chant their simple song to that God who is the protector of the mariner. How affecting were the prayers of these men, who, from a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated a sun setting in the waves! How touching to the heart such invocations to the Father of the distressed! The consciousness of our insignificance, excited by the voice of infinity; our song resounding to a distance over the silent deep; the night approaching with its dangers; our vessel, itself a

wonder among so many wonders; a religious crew penetrated with admiration and awe; a priest august in supplication; the Almighty, diffused over the abyss, with one hand staying the sun at the portals of the west, with the other raising the moon in the eastern hemisphere, and lending throughout immensity an attentive ear to the voice of his creatures; this is a scene which defies the art of the painter and the eloquence of the writer, and which the whole heart of man is scarcely sufficient to embrace.

"We arose at midnight, and sat down upon deck, where we found only the officer of the watch and a few sailors in profound-silence. No noise was heard save the dashing of the prow through the billows, while sparks of fire crested the ripple of the broken waters. God of christians! it is on the waters of the abyss, and on the expanded sky that thou hast particularly graven the characters of thy omnipotence. Millions of stars sparkling in the azure dome of heaven; the moon in the midst of the firmament; a sea unbounded by any shore; infinity in the skies and on the waves! Never didst thou affect me more powerfully than in those nights, when, suspended between the stars and the ocean, I had immensity over my head, and immensity under my feet."

Adoring, own

The hand Almighty, who its channelled bed  
Immeasurable sunk, and poured abroad,  
Fenced with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere  
To link in bonds of intercourse and love  
Earth's universal family.

## THE WEST FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

BY L. M.

### CHAPTER I.

Col. B— of South-Carolina, who had been a subaltern officer of merit during our revolutionary war, having an increasing family, resolved to emigrate in 1787, to Tennessee. He predicted justly, that the rich lands of that region would in the course of a short time be settled by an enterprising and industrious population, and that on such a theatre, he and his children might do better than in an older and a poorer country.

Col. B— was a man of undoubted courage—of a powerful frame, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He was of a generous and unsuspecting nature—honest in all his transactions—and kind towards all his race. He was well educated in the practical matters of life. Almost all his valuable knowledge had been acquired in the camp, in his intercourse with his brother officers and soldiers, amongst whom there prevailed a chivalric spirit, begotten amidst the excitement and heroism that marked our revolutionary conflict. Mrs. B— was a woman of meek temper, a professor of religion, devoted to her husband and her children, of industrious habits and sound judgment. Her oldest child, Emily, was just sixteen at the period of the proposed emigration, her next was a robust boy about fourteen,

her two youngest were girls, one four, and the other two years of age.

The daughter had been educated in Carolina, as well as circumstances would permit. She had a natural taste for music, and was gifted with a melodious voice. Her spirit was lofty, her affections strong, and even vehement. At the period of her departure from her native state, in the autumn of 1787, her health was excellent, her frame rather slender and delicate, her spirits high and cheerful.

Col. B— commenced his journey in November, and reached a landing on the Holston river, in East Tennessee, early in December. He found that all the streams were swollen by recent rains, and the usual trace over the mountains utterly impracticable to one who was moving westwardly, with children, slaves, household furniture and farming utensils. In order to reach his destination near Nashville, Col. B— determined to build a flat boat, to put his family and goods on board, and proceed down the Holston into the Tennessee river, thence into the Ohio, and up the Cumberland, to his intended home. There were dangers on this route. The boat might be stove: the shoals of the Tennessee were to be passed, as well as the boiling suck, which even at this day is the terror of all navigators of that stream. Above all, he might be attacked and overpowered by the Cherokees. Still, there were nearly equal dangers in any other mode of removal. Having taken his resolution, Col. B— proceeded to the construction of his vessel. He was assisted by five young laboring white men, who were emigrating with him, and eight negro fellows. The boat was large, and divided into three apartments: one for his family, one for the young men, and one for the slaves. The building of so large a boat, which was to be planked up at the sides, both inside and outside, and in which there were to be portholes made, whence his well armed force might be able to fire upon the enemy, required time. The timbers were to be hewn out of the standing trees, and the plank was to be sawed by hand.

Still Col. B— was not disheartened. His object was the land of promise, that lay before him to the west. During the whole of December, January, and part of February, the emigrants were busily employed. In the latter month there were appearances of approaching spring. The maples were tapped, poplar trays were dug out in which to catch the sugar water. The little negroes were usefully employed in this work; the negro women, under the direction of the mistress, were engaged in making sugar, a luxury of rare value in the midst of the wilderness.

About this time two gentlemen, followed by a servant who led a pack-horse, arrived at this temporary residence of Col. B— and his family. Having alighted, they approached the door of the cabin, and the elderly one having entered, presented his hand, gave his name Major G— of Virginia, and introduced his son Henry. The sight of these friendly and genteel strangers, filled the bosoms of the emigrants with delight. The elder was about fifty years of age, his hair somewhat stricken with gray. He was clad in apparel which indicated taste and wealth. His manners were kind and courteous, and evidently had been modelled after those of the men of highest rank in the "Old Dominion."



Young Henry G— was about twenty-two, rather tall, athletic, with light hair, fair complexion, a remarkably keen, full blue eye, and the picture of good health. The mountain air of the Blue Ridge had given a deep red to his cheek. The manner of Henry G— was well enough. All his movements assured the observer that the character of his mind was of the positive order, and that he might prove a dangerous adversary in a quarrel. He had been accustomed to the chase in his native state, and was attached to all sports requiring physical exertion. Towards all those with whom he was intimate, he was as open as day. The sentiments which he carried into his intercourse with his young friends, were chivalric and honorable. Towards his father, he manifested the deepest devotion. The two seemed to be on a footing of the closest confidence. The former gave continually evidence that he looked upon the graceful figure of his boy with unutterable delight.

In the course of conversation Major G— stated that he was going to the west to examine some lands, in which he had become interested, and which demanded his personal care. He had left Virginia with the expectation of meeting at some point, near where Col. B— and his family were, a considerable party going to Nashville, having similar views with himself; and who, being completely armed, as he, his son and servant were, might protect each other, in pursuing the trace over Spencer's Mountain, and down the vallies to the head waters of the Cumberland river, from the hostile attacks of the savages. Until the arrival of this party, Major G— would remain at the landing. But it came not as soon as was expected. Day after day rolled away. Col. B—, Mrs. B— and Major G— filled up their leisure in talking over the stirring events of the late war in the south—sometimes a melancholy, and sometimes an exulting theme. Occasionally, they spoke of the country to which they were making their way—the fatness of the soil—the wonderful product which it yielded to reward the cultivator—the serenity of the climate, until these elderly people found their imaginations bodying forth the forms of things unknown, turning them to shape, and giving to airy nothings, names and local habitations.

But, how were the son and daughter employed, during this delay at the landing? Their acquaintance was begun in the very bosom of the wilderness. Not a human being was to be seen who did not reside within a fortress, and who did not cultivate his patch of corn, bearing his rifle in his left hand, and guiding his plough with his right—who did not prime his arms anew before he laid himself down to rest from the labors of the day. That such a girl as Emily B—, under such circumstances, should strike the fancy and rivet the attention of so young a man as Henry G—, was, of all events that could occur in the intercourse of persons so secluded, the most natural.

That a high spirited and lovely maiden should feel anxious to know the mind and heart of such a youth as Henry, was also most natural. That she should even desire to gain his kind wishes, if not his affections, was at least pardonable.

The hunt was resorted to as a matter both of necessity and amusement. Anticipating the exhilarating joys of the chase, on his western tour, Henry G— had

procured his hunting shirt—highly fringed, and ornamented as was the fashion of the time—his powder-flask, shot-pouch, knife, flints, and all other necessary materials. When clad in these, when mounted on his Virginia charger—of course the best in the world, as a Virginian always thinks—when the party were all ready, when the horn was blown and the dogs set up their cry, Emily could not avoid looking upon this scene with secret pride, and with a far tenderer interest than mere approbation begets. On the return of the hunters, whatever game had been taken, was brought by young Henry, and thrown at Emily's feet. If a bear was started from his wallow, the fight of the dogs with bruin,—his gallant and long continued resistance—the number of balls which he received before he fell—the moans which he poured forth before he yielded up his breath, were detailed by Henry to the parents, and particularly to Emily herself, in the most animated strains. That the girl heard them with delight, her kindling eye and approving smile, abundantly attested.

Occasionally the whole party would walk along the bank of the river, but Henry and Emily either pressed on before or lingered behind. But at last the travellers from North-Carolina arrived. The speedy departure of Major G— became certain. It was at once evident to the quick discerning maternal eye of Mrs. B—, that her daughter, always so gay and happy, had suddenly become sad. She could not mistake the cause, nor could she avoid sympathising with her child.

After a halt of two days, that the horses might be rested, and refresh themselves with the green cane that grew luxuriantly round the landing, the party determined to set out. The evening before, Henry made his way to Emily's cabin, and took his seat beside her. After a long pause, he said in a subdued tone, We are going in the morning! There was no reply. Raising his head, and looking into Emily's face, he perceived that her countenance had assumed a deadly paleness. But, in an instant, her color partially returned, and her heaving bosom found relief from her tears. Throwing his arms around her, her head sunk upon his bosom, and her shining brown hair fell in profusion over her face. The confession of a mutual passion was then made. For a long time both were dumb. At last, however, the silence was interrupted by a remark from Henry, full of the tenderest interest, that he feared greatly for her safety in the descent of the river; and she reciprocated this feeling, by suggesting that the party to which he would be attached, might be assailed by the Cherokees in the gorges of the mountains, or at some of the narrow passes, and all cut off. The prospect of these dangers, she said, had filled her bosom with unutterable anguish. But he calmed her fears in some degree, by alleging that they were strong in numbers—well armed—that they would use every precaution, and, that the Indians had not been known to assail any but very small detachments of emigrants, in the unfrequented parts of the country through which they were about to pass.

In the morning all arose before daylight. The horses were saddled, the circingles were buckled over the rolls of blankets which formed part of the baggage of each rider, and which were to be at once the bed and the covering of each man of the party. Breakfast was hastily prepared, and all were soon ready to mount.

Passing with hurried steps to Emily's cabin, Henry simply said that they would meet again at her father's intended home—then embraced her tenderly, and bade her adieu.

Within a week after this sad parting, Col. B——'s boat was launched, and the utmost diligence was employed to fit her for her destined voyage. The deer and bear that had been killed were dried and stored away. A small quantity of corn had been brought on pack-horses from a settlement about sixty miles off. After every necessary arrangement had been made, the voyage was commenced. The steering of the vessel was committed to the young white men—the oars were plied by the slaves. The downward current of the stream accelerated their pace. On each night the vessel was fastened to the shore, and means of defence regularly adopted.

Although Emily was occasionally sorrowful, yet her love of the works of nature was often gratified on her journey. Sometimes, at the narrow parts of the stream, the mountains seemed to imbosom them—then, at some bend of the river, there broke upon her view broad and rich bottoms, that seemed to be burdened by the immensely tall and heavy timber that covered and shaded them. The howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther, attracted as these animals were by the lights on the boat, were heard at the dark hour of midnight. But there were anticipations even in this hazardous and tedious voyage, which sustained the spirits of Emily B——. Hope never deserted her. The land which her father was seeking lay before her, and each day brought her nearer to it. When reached, she might there receive the embraces of a devoted lover. Amongst the negroes on board, the banjou was heard every night, its sounds filling the young and the old with joy.

At last the voyagers approached that part of the country bordering upon the Tennessee, which is high and open. Large flocks of wild geese flew by, wheeling and sailing through the air, and droves of deer were seen approaching the stream—halting now and then to look on the novel sight before them—then bounding off through the woods in mere wantonness and sport.

In the vicinity of Nicojack, on the Tennessee, there resided a considerable number of warriors, who had been active in the depending hostilities, and who had made many successful marauds into the Cumberland country. Unprincipled white men—French and Spaniards as well Americans—had penetrated through the wilderness from Pensacola and St. Augustine into the upper towns of the Cherokees, and had bartered arms, ammunition and blankets for bear and deer skins.

As the boat of Col. B—— was passing a projecting cliff of the river, a short distance above Nicojack, about five o'clock in the evening, a white man and eleven Indians, all warriors, suddenly made their appearance. This white man hailed the boat, and at the same instant raised a pole with a piece of white cloth tied to the end of it, as a token of peace. Col. B—— answered this signal, and causing the boat to be turned a little towards the land, the white man inquired how long it was since he had left the upper country? To which Col. B—— replied about forty days. Then, said the white man, you had hardly heard of the peace, before you left the Holston? To which the colonel said he had not. This man was tall, slender and sallow. He had adopted the

costume of the savages; nearly all his flesh was gone, and his skin looked as if it had been tanned. In his youth, his fore teeth had projected greatly; but some of them had decayed, and two only were now to be seen, which bore the appearance of tusks. His hair was long, and matted together with filth. His forehead was low, and the expression of his eye ferocious. His scrawny legs were bare—the skin upon them looked as if it had been parched. But this miscreant had committed two foul murders in his native state—had fled when pursued, and had become an outlaw. He spoke to the strangers with fluency, in a subdued and even kind tone. He stated that the commissioners from the congress had met the Cherokee chiefs, about four weeks before, at Hopewell, and had concluded a treaty. That all prisoners on both sides had been given up—that only two days previous, sixty women and children had set out from that part of the country, under an escort for Knoxville, to be restored to their friends. That there was to be no more war, and that all the Cherokees were getting ready to plant corn and hunt for deer and bear. No one of the Indians appeared to have arms of any kind.

It was proposed to Col. B—— that he should come ashore and tarry for the night, but he declined, alleging that he had been a long time on his way—that the moon was now full—the water at the right stage, and the weather mild—that he could now travel as well by night as by day. About this time the colonel bade the party adieu, when the white man observed that he and his companions were going a short distance down the river—that they would come on board and see them, to which proposal Col. B—— assented. Passing rapidly from the point of the cliff on which they stood, the whole party descended to a little cove behind, and quickly appeared in a large canoe. The Indians paddled with much earnestness, and the canoe approached the flat boat with great rapidity. They ascended and met Col. B—— with all his family on the deck. The white man extended his hand and saluted all who were clustered around Col. B——. He then introduced, in a formal manner, the principal chief.

The frame of this man was herculean—his age about fifty—his form was perfect. Being nearly naked, the deep and swelling veins of his long arms and legs were prominent to the view. His manner was proud and almost disdainful. On his immense head he wore a crimson turban, with various feathers in it, after the manner of his tribe. His face was painted red and black—his long lank hair was parted before, and thrown to either side of his high, broad and wrinkled forehead. His eye was small, deep sunk, coal black and brilliant. His natural ferocity seemed to have been increased by the frequent glutting of his vengeance in the white man's blood. His prowess in the field had secured him the lofty pre-eminence of principal chief of all his nation.

Col. B—— and his family shook hands in the most gracious manner with all the party. He said something to the Indians, which, on being interpreted by the white man, awakened a dry, sardonic laugh amongst them. Beside Col. B—— stood his oldest boy, holding him by the coat. After a few moments, when all were at a pause, a loud shout was raised. The principal chief in an instant drew forth from under his hunting



shirt a tomahawk, and at one blow "literally parted the head of Col. B—, one half falling on either shoulder."\*

When the Indians reached the deck of the boat, Mrs. B—, as she afterwards said, perceived that the white man was acting the part of a traitor. This conviction satisfied her that her husband's hour had come. Before the cry was raised, she had become dumb. As the body of her father reached the deck, Emily B— uttered a slight shriek and fell by his side. The five young white men were despatched in a moment. The white man seized the steering oar and rounded the boat too, that she might be secured to the shore. The two little girls uttered wild cries and threw themselves into the lap of their mother, who had gradually sunk down. The negroes in their terror had rushed to their apartment below, and were there all huddled together, when the white man ordered the hands to come up. Having done so, he directed them to strip off the clothes of the six who had fallen, that they might be given to the party. This command being executed, he directed that the dead bodies should be rolled into the river. The blood was heard trickling down into the water, from the deck, in small rills—the brains of the departed were scattered here and there—plunge followed plunge, until all were thrown overboard into their watery graves. The boat having reached the shore, the work of plunder was begun. The fire-arms, ammunition, chairs, clothes, cooking utensils, crockery ware, farming tools and wearing apparel, were taken out and placed upon the beach.

In rummaging through the boat, part of a barrel of whiskey was found, which filled the savages with joy. Towards nightfall, Mrs. B., her children and negroes, were ordered to leave the boat, which they did, and gathered themselves up in a group on the shore. Night soon set in: the air became chilly. The sufferers were faint and exhausted. Large fires were kindled, but the prisoners were not permitted to approach them.

Very soon portions of the whiskey were distributed amongst the Indians, and quickly after loud screams and laughter were heard.

As they became more and more intoxicated, the principal chief would rise from his haunches, brandish his tomahawk, and exhibit to the rest how the bloody work had been done upon Col. B. and his companions. To these exhibitions the rest would respond, by loud shouts, which were re-echoed back to the shore from the distant hills. The dogs which belonged to the captured party had crouched near the mistress and her children. They answered these shouts with long, deep, and mournful cries and howls, as if they even knew that the work of murder had been done upon their affectionate master. The fowls which were on board the boat, and which were ever of consequence to the new settlement, seemed to be restless whilst roosting on the low branches near which their mistress sat.

About a mile from the river there was a Cherokee town. It is in this way that the Indians are divided into small communities for social purposes. At nine o'clock the moon rose in all her fulness and beauty, and shed her radiant light upon this scene of desolation and horror. News of the recent capture had been taken to

this town, and the women and children soon made their appearance. They came near to the clustered captives and looked on them with intense and eager curiosity. About ten o'clock, high words were heard between some of the warriors at their fire. The dispute seemed to concern some matter in which they felt a deep interest. The terms in which each spoke to the other were angry and resolute.

At this instant, an Indian woman of small stature, apparently seventy years old, bent nearly double, approached the fire where the chiefs were with remarkable speed. She was heard to speak with great fierceness for one seemingly so debilitated. After a little she was seen leaving the Indians, with both hands full of tomahawks and scalping knives. Having disposed of these, she approached the two little girls, who were sitting at their mother's feet, and said in a softened tone two or three times, *piccininis*. She then seized the children and led them off, beckoning to Mrs. B. and Emily to follow, who obeyed her silent command, to a dark thicket near by, and directed them, in a whisper, to sit down, which they did. This being, who had no clothing but a large Indian blanket, bore the aspect of a hag. All her flesh seemed to be withered away. Her skin did not seem to be any part of her, but to have been thrown over her. There appeared to be a thousand wrinkles in her face. She had the invidious, sinister eye of the savage, and yet a close observer could perceive something of kindness, and much of shrewdness in its expression. It was apparent to Mrs. B. that the chiefs were quarrelling about the possession of the prisoners, and that being drunk, they might at once pacify the difference in their destruction. During this drunken revel the warriors would rise and seize some of the chairs on the beach, sit down in them, throw their legs across, and show the rest how the white men were used to sit in them. These exhibitions would be followed by loud laughter.

The old Indian woman appeared to be in deep trouble: she was perpetually in motion. Two or three times she made her way to the captives by a circuitous route—looked at them—gave a grunt of approbation, and hurried off. She seemed to view the various articles collected on the sand with amazement. Several times she put on the bonnets of Mrs. B. and Emily, held them in her hand and viewed them, but returned them carefully to their places. To all those around her she spoke as one having authority. Towards midnight the warriors were all stretched out and profoundly asleep. Moving along softly, the old woman approached Mrs. B. and her children, and put forth both her dried and filthy hands that were filled with pieces of fresh deer meat that had been broiled on the coals, and were full of ashes, making signs to the captives to eat, and importunately pressing the two youngest children to do so in kind tones. After a few moments she disappeared, but returned quickly with a large gourd in her hand, containing some water mixed with pounded parched corn, of which Mrs. B. partook, and as she afterwards said, was the most delicious draught she ever swallowed.

At last the day dawned: the sun rose in all his brightness and glory. The vegetation was bursting forth over the whole country. The contrast between the condition of Mrs. B. and her family now, and on the previous day, was indescribable. It was manifest

\* The identical words employed by Col. B—'s son in his narrative to the writer.

to her that the captives were to be separated, and that her two little girls were to be torn from her.

But Mrs. B.'s religious convictions were strong and abiding. She cherished a steady faith in the overruling care of a kind providence. The sudden and shocking murder of her husband, would have overpowered her reason, but he was irrecoverably lost; and now her intense anxiety for the safety of her offspring seemed to sustain her.

About seven o'clock, the chiefs who had been overcome by the debauch of the previous night arose, and proceeded to dispose of the spoils. Whilst they were thus engaged, the old Indian woman spoke frequently. Sometimes she was greatly excited and even vociferous; at others she was softened and imploring in her tones. She moved to and fro perpetually, and often looked and pointed towards the prisoners, who by this time had been withdrawn from the thicket.

After a delay of several hours, all the final arrangements were made. The old woman approached with all her speed—her countenance full of eagerness and joy, and seizing the two little girls, raised them from the ground, and attempted to drag them along. The least clung to the mother, and uttered loud cries. She shrunk with horror from the touch of this being, as though she were not human.

The old woman struck the child on the mouth to quiet her; and the mother in an agony persuaded the child to go, because she perceived that it was kindness that moved this singular creature, and that in her care her little girls would at least be safe. At last the woman raised the youngest child upon her back, and firmly grasping the other by the hand nearly dragged her along. Seeing that at last she had succeeded in her wishes, she laughed, and in doing so looked like an unearthly being.

When the children disappeared, Mrs. B. felt as though she had sunk into the depths of despair; but there were others whose destiny was still unknown.

Her manly boy was assigned to a robust and good-natured looking chief, who spoke in a gentle tone to him, and pointed to him to take the road and go forward.

But Emily sat alone in all the bitterness of grief. She was of a tender age, and about to be separated, perhaps forever, from her mother, her instructress, her adviser, friend and companion. She was to be domiciliated in the family of a savage. Her father had fallen prematurely. Her thoughts reverted to him who had parted from her when she was flushed with hope, and sustained by a devoted passion. Filled with terror, lest disobedience should be followed by a violent death—still clinging to life under all these sorrows, Emily B. marched feebly along before the haughty chieftain whom she was to serve, and in whose train there were many ponies loaded with large portions of the plunder found in the boat. This warrior was a young man—a stern looking fellow—his face painted, with feathers in his turban—his tomahawk at his side—his rifle in his hand—a beautiful beaded shot-pouch over his shoulder, with beaded moccasins of great beauty on his feet, and leggins of the same material.

Mrs. B. was attached to a chief whose squaw was along, having with her two of her sons.

The negroes were parted into small lots, and disposed of to those who had captured them.

## THOUGHTS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

I go for Sunday schools. Apart from religious edification, they have at least three distinct recommendations, even to the mere worldling, who looks to nothing beyond the temporal good of man. 1. Their lessons are learnt peculiarly well, and act with peculiar force upon the mind and character, from their coming but once a week. So long a space between the stated mental repasts, causes them to be thoroughly digested; and creates for them an appetite ravenous, yet most healthful. Accordingly, the most rapid advancement in knowledge that I have ever known (considering the quantity of instruction given), has been made by children whose only teaching was at Sunday schools. 2. They afford opportunities for thousands, who (to the shame of Virginia be it spoken) have no other means of knowledge, to acquire much that may be useful. Some of these thousands cannot be spared from home on work-days: some, whose parents cannot afford to pay for their schooling, are not sent to the poor-schools, because pride will not let them consent to be singled out as objects of charity. Sunday schools avoid both these difficulties. The children of the rich and poor meet together there, without distinction—just as they would in those COMMON-SCHOOLS, the want of which has been so long and so justly a reproach to us. 3. Children who go to the Sunday school are kept out of mischief; saved from habits of vice and idleness. I have no morbid horror at the '*desecration of the Sabbath*;' but I do believe, that a child, who spends all of it that is not devoted to needful bodily exercise, in improving his mind, stands a far better chance to be useful, respectable, and happy, than if he had given the same hours to idleness or sport. Compare any number of regular Sunday scholars, with as many children of like condition, who have idled away their Sundays: and see which will furnish the larger number of good-for-nothing, or profligate people; if not criminals.

Thus, whether we look to the welldoing of individuals, or to the good of society, Sunday schools, if not greatly perverted, must receive signal praise.

But, some of them at least, have been greatly perverted: so greatly, as to make them agents of less than half the good, which they might otherwise have wrought.

To pass over their omission to teach writing, geography, or arithmetic—though these might to some extent be easily and most usefully taught—the greatest perversion consists in the sort of books, used. Instead of Sandford and Merton, Evenings at Home, Edgeworth's Early Lessons, or the stories contained in them and in her Parents' Assistant and Popular Tales; instead of Peter Parley's shrewd, instructive stories, or the not less instructive Conversations of Uncle Philip; and Popular Lessons, Sergeant's Temperance Tales, or even that excellent series, the New York Spelling Book and Readers;—a tribe of books has been introduced, many of which no one can with a safe conscience employ as vehicles of knowledge, unless he is of the sect to whom that particular Sunday school belongs. Not content with the New Testament—though, (beautiful as it often is in style, and perfect in morals) that is



a very unsuitable school-book for young children—the caterers for such a seminary provide works not only staggering to faith, but puzzling to intellects ripe in years and long exercised in study. An innocent of eight years old is made to get and say by rote, mysterious doctrines that Athanasius and Arius in the fourth century, a thousand Fathers in the Middle Ages, the Council of Nice, and the Synod of Dort, battled it over in vain; when, like the fallen Angels in Pandemonium, they

‘reason’d high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;  
And found no end, in wand’ring mazes lost.’

Locke on the Human Understanding, is not commonly deemed a very simple book: few persons would think of putting it into the hands of small school-children. But it is easily intelligible, compared with some of the catechisms for Sunday schools. A very sensible member of a leading denomination of Christians lately told me, that one day, after instructing his own class of Sunday scholars in a plain, common-sense way, he perchance listened awhile to the lesson of a neighboring class; and was astonished to hear the little creatures utter mysteries unintelligible to him, and, he could not but suppose, unprofitable to them. The lighter-reading furnished by way of accompaniment to those profound catechisms, is not much better. It consists of Essays, Biographies, and Tales (pious novels), tending mainly to exemplify and illustrate the mystic doctrines aforementioned; with but an incidental bearing upon common life. Even Miss Hannah More’s ‘Two Wealthy Farmers,’ Miss Jane Taylor’s ‘Display,’ and her still more excellent ‘Contributions of Q. Q.’ so full of genuine piety, are scarcely evangelical enough for our Sunday schools.

For my part, this cause has long shut me out from a regular share in those schools. I grew up to manhood, and began to grow gray, teaching in them through six or eight summers: but sectarian books were introduced, which I could not explain and enforce (as books always sought to be, to pupils) without a seeming hypocrisy. Occasional help has since been all that was in my power.

In this thing, sects might profit by a sort of apologue in ‘Evenings at Home.’ A gentleman and his son were walking in a village one Sunday, as the church bells were ringing. The various societies of worshippers were going to their respective houses of worship. ‘Father,’ said the little boy, ‘why do not these people all agree to worship God in the same manner?’ ‘And why *should* they agree? They were not *made* to agree in this, I suppose,’ said his father. Just then, a poor man fell down in the street, in a fit. Numbers instantly hastened to aid him. A Presbyterian sat down and made his lap a pillow for the sick man’s head; a Baptist chafed his temples; a Roman Catholic lady held her smelling bottle to his nose; a Unitarian untied his neck-cloth, and unbuttoned his collar, to let him breathe more freely; a Methodist ran for a doctor; an Episcopalian soothed the poor man’s crying children; and a Quaker held his wide umbrella over him, to keep off the burning sun.—‘Arthur,’ said the gentleman, pointing to the scene,—‘*this* is what men were made to agree in.’

Now the *early* instruction of youth, like the offices of humanity, surely is what men ought to agree in; so far, at least, as to forbear inculcating doctrines which, if intelligible to the pupil, are useful only to prime him for bitter controversy, and cruel intolerance. In the immense fields of confessedly valuable knowledge, there is common ground enough to employ all childhood in traversing, without straying into the by-ways of sectarian mysticism. To explore the several kingdoms of visible Nature, even superficially; to learn somewhat of Man’s constitution and history; to master that sum of all moral duty, comprised in the injunction, ‘Do justice—love mercy—and walk humbly before Heaven;’ are studies to fill many years; studies which no rational being can postpone to such questions as ‘how many persons are in the Godhead?’—and, ‘is *sprinkling* or *immersion* the right mode of baptism?’ Those studies are the *common ground* of humanity; on which all sects should meet, and to them confine early education.

Cannot the wise and good of every Christian denomination (including Unitarians and Catholics) determine, with some exactness, the great principles of religious truth in which they all agree; and then expel from Sunday schools, all books that teach any other religious tenets? The principles thus adopted, with moral duties, and the knowledge of Nature,—\* would present a range wide enough for the most active mind, during the longest life. Hundreds and thousands of volumes might be filled, within that range; schools might go on for hundreds of centuries, to teach what it contains; and leave it, after all, far from exhausted.—Why—why will not those wise and good come to that agreement? Why cannot they make that sacrifice of the spirit of proselytism, upon the altar of their country, and of humanity?

In whatever school that generous sacrifice may be made,—or in whatever one a rational influence may prevail,—Sandford and Merton, with the other books first mentioned, ought to be among the first adopted.

Added to them, should be a recent one of Miss Sedgwick’s; ‘A LOVE-TOKEN FOR CHILDREN.’†

The eight stories which compose this little book, are suited to the capacities and tastes of children; for whom they were written. They show that knowledge of common life and of the young heart, for which the author is remarkable; and they possess that quality, the unfailing test of a truthful and wholesome book—the quality of making the reader feel, that good principles within him have been fortified, and generous impulses aroused, by the perusal. But the highest praise is yet to be uttered. Although these stories bear the manifest impress of decided christian piety, they contain not the slightest indication of the author’s particular creed. The truly virtuous of every sect must acknowledge and admire her, as a co-worker for the great end of Religion—*human happiness*: yet not one of them could claim her exclusively, as a sister, in subordinate points of faith. This is well nigh the beau ideal of a book for Sunday schools; indeed, I cannot help saying, of a

\* By the phrase ‘knowledge of Nature,’ I mean all kinds of moral and physical science, and all sorts of history.

† ‘A Love Token for Children. Designed for Sunday School Libraries. By the Author of “The Linwoods,” “Live and let Live,” “Poor Rich Man,” &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.”—pp. 142. 12mo.

book for any school. It should exhibit not the belief of Calvin, or Socinus, or Fenelon; but the maxims of common sense, and the principles of Christianity: just as the speech of a real statesman breathes not the spirit of party, but the holy dictates of Patriotism and Justice. Such a book ranges within that *common-ground*, upon which all sects ought to meet. Like the spectacle of distress in the apologue, it calls them away from points wherein they differ, to things wherein, if true to their common Master, they *must* agree—to succor the afflicted, to comfort the wounded in spirit, to diffuse all around them the kindly charities of life. Such a book is *this* one.

The best stories in it are 'The Widow Ellis and her son Willie,' 'Our Robins,' and 'Mill-Hill:' and again of these three, 'Mill-Hill' is at once the longest and best. If the Editor of the Messenger can spare room, he will find it well filled by copying one of these stories—'Our Robins'—as a touching and instructive lesson to his young readers.\*

They are all New England Stories. *Emma Maxwell*, the heroine of 'Mill-Hill,' is a being of that captivating, yet unexaggerated loveliness, which the author so well knows how to portray. I subjoin an account of her; given, just after a description of the village burying ground.

'Ask any one at Mill-Hill whose thought it was thus to beautify their burial-place, and you will be answered, "Emma Maxwell's. Emma is so thoughtful about the children, and she thinks, if there are flowers about the graves, it will take off their gloomy feelings, and they won't be so shy about going there. She says it's a teaching-place, for there is always a still small voice comes up from the grave; and besides, since we have tried it, the neighbors all say it's a comfort to do it." Should you proceed in your inquiries, and ask "who planted the trumpet-creeper that winds round and round that old dead tree by the schoolhouse, and who trained the sweetbriars round the windows," you will be answered, "the children did it, but Emma has seen to it." "And who cut out the earth like stairs to 'Prospect Rock' at the top of the hill?" "The boys, but Emma Maxwell put it into their heads." "And who keeps the Sunday school for those little Irish children from the shanties on the railroad?" "Emma Maxwell; who but she would take the trouble, when their folks did not care one straw whether they were taught or not?"

And so you might go on for an hour, and find that Emma Maxwell did good deeds that others, for want of thought (and perhaps faith) rather than time or heart, do not do.

There are persons in this world who would almost seem to be deprived of the natural relations of parents, brothers and sisters, husband and children, that they may do the little odd jobs for the human family left undone by the regular laborers. Emma Maxwell was one of these, God's missionaries to his children. Emma was an orphan. She lived at her uncle's, where, though she paid her board, she rendered many services that lightened the burden of life to every member of the family. Perhaps some of my young readers would like to know how Miss Emma Maxwell looked. She was tall, and not very slender, for she took good care of her health, and had the reward of her care in strength and cheerfulness, and the sign of it in the bright bloom of her cheek. She had a soft blue eye, and one of the sweetest mouths I ever saw. How could it be otherwise? for never any but kind words and soft tones came from it. And she had—do not be shocked, my gentle readers—red hair. Depend upon it, all young ladies, be they good and lovely, and even pretty (and pretty Emma undeniably was), do not have—except in books—"auburn hair," or "flaxen," or even "rich brown." Emma's hair was so plainly and neatly arranged, that no one noticed it except to say that "somehow red hair did not look badly on Emma Maxwell." The light that comes from within can make

everything without look agreeable in our eyes. Many wondered why Emma Maxwell, who, at the date of our story, was full four-and-twenty, was not married, and she "so attractive and so excellent." The mothers said, knowingly, "the *right one*" had not asked her; and the young girls, with all their horrors of an *old maid*, almost hoped that "the *right one*" never would ask her away from Mill-hill.

Emma had escaped that worst evil, sometimes the consequence of the early loss of friends, a diminution of her affections. Hers were "set on things above." Her heart went out to meet every human being gently and silently, like the falling of the dews of Heaven. There was no bustle, no talk. By her fruit she was known. She often resembled those flowers that unseen, give out sweet odors; her kindness was enjoyed, and its source never known.

A railroad was projected, to run by Mill-Hill. The Irish came (as where do they not?) to work upon it. The villagers were very much afraid of so lawless a horde; but Emma Maxwell, in the 'ladies' sewing society,' maintained, that if rightly treated, those people would be found honest and tractable. It proved so. She soon had an opportunity of showing kindness to a little orphan girl among them—*Anny Ryan*, whom she saw weeping inconsolably over the fresh grave of a sister, the last of her family. Emma managed to soothe her a little, and accompanied her to the *shanty*, where lived her only protectors, an Irish laborer and his wife, named *O'Neil*. The description of the dwelling is graphic.—And there are few Temperance orators who might not envy the eloquent power of Emma's appeal to Mike, against the jug of liquor. I beg the reader not to stop till he has read all the following extract:

'Emma had never before seen the inside of a shanty; and, though she was well acquainted with the poorest abodes of our native people, she was astonished to see so many human beings hale and thriving in such a habitation. There was no table, no chair save one broken one; boards fixed on blocks served to eat and sit on. On her first survey Emma concluded there was no bed, but a second view led her to believe that a heap of rubbish in one corner of the apartment had served as a bed, and that there poor Judy had died. In an opposite corner lay a bushel of potatoes. A junk of pork and half a newly-killed calf hung beside the door, while a bountiful mess was frying, and Dame O'Neil was stirring up a cake to bake before the fire. She first perceived the approach of Anny with her new friend. "Be quiet, Mike, and hold your tongues, men, will ye?" she said, to her husband and some half dozen men, who, with a jug of liquor beside them, were all talking in the same breath, "the lady is coming with Anny Ryan. Och, Rose, take the baby's hands out of the molasses. Biddy, move aside the pan of milk that bars the door, will ye? The Lord above bless ye, Miss," to Emma; "ye've had trouble enough with her?"

"Oh no," replied Emma, entering quietly, and accepting with a kind look of acknowledgment the seat offered her; "Anny is trying her best to feel and act right, and that's all we can any of us do, Mrs. O'Neil."

"That's true, indeed, in trouble and out of it."

"She tells me, Mrs. O'Neil, that you have been very kind to her and hers, and now she'll find it a comfort to do for you."

"Lord help the poor child, Miss, if she'll stop fretting it's all I ask of her. She's always ready to do little jobs for me; it's enough I have to do, my oldest being boys—make a bow to the lady, Pat—and no help like to me."

"But rather a hinderance, I should think, Mrs. O'Neil. Here's a school for boys near you, kept by a very good young man, where you can send those two little boys for twenty-five cents a week."

"Do you hear, Mike?" asked Katy O'Neil.

"And where's the twenty-five cents to come from?" answered Mike, "when we are all fed the week through, six of us, besides Anny Ryan, that shall have her full meal if the little reg'lers go starved."

"Oh, there is no starving in this land, my good friend, for the family of a stout working man with a busy wife at home. But

\* We will copy it in our next. No.—[Ed. Mess.]



the mind must be fed as well as the body, or it will not thrive and grow. These are bright-looking boys of yours. They will soon learn to read, write, and keep accounts, if you will give them a chance. Is there nothing for which you spend twenty-five cents a week that you can as well do without?"

"It's the liquor you mane, Miss," said Mike, touching the jug with his foot; "troth, it's not I that cares for it; but, when the other boys drink, I must do my part."

"Perhaps the other boys have no children, and they cannot have the pleasure you will have in giving up drink for the good of your children. I see you love those little fellows—I see it by the way they hang round you; and there, the baby, as if to make my words good, is stretching out his arms to you. Surely, surely, Mr. O'Neil, those that have children to play with when they come in from their work don't need a drink to cheer them."

"And that's true, Miss."

"And then, when Sunday comes, it's good to have a store of pleasant thoughts; and what can be pleasanter than thinking that, instead of drinking up the money you have worked hard for, you have been laying it up, as it were, in these little boys' heads and hearts, to make them richer for this world; and, it may be, Mr. O'Neil, for the world to come? And, besides, ought you not to do this to show your gratitude to Him who gave you your children?—his very best gifts."

"Thank you, Miss, thank you," replied O'Neil, stroking his boys' heads and looking down, much pleased with Emma's proposition, but not quite prepared to accede to it.

"Good-night to you all," said Emma, and "good-night to you, Anny. Don't put your apron to your eyes again, my child; I will be sure to come and see you before many days, and then, Mrs. O'Neil, you can give me your husband's answer. Perhaps," she added, looking at O'Neil's companions, "some of your friends, whose families are not yet here, may have children they would like to send to the school."

"I thank ye, Miss," said one. "And ye'll be as sure to find children where there is a shanty, as bees where there's a hive," said another. Anny followed to the door. "How many days will it be?" she asked.

"Very, very few, and do not forget our talk at Judy's grave."

"Forget! I'll forget everything else, and mind nothing but Judy, and all ye said about her;" and she kissed Emma's gown as she stepped from the door, and murmuring prayers and blessings, sunk down on the ground, and neither moved foot nor eye till Emma turned the road that led up the hill and was quite out of sight. As soon as she was out of hearing, one of the men within said, "There's not many the like of that young woman." "Her heart's blood is as warm as if she were born at home in old Ireland," said another. "And did not she plade for my stranger boys as if they were her own people's children?" asked Mike O'Neil.

The story has too many incidents, and too much good matter of various kinds, to indulge in further quotation: and abridgment is hurtful or insipid. It is deeply interesting; and would of itself be richly worth what the book costs.

*This, this is the sort of books for Sunday schools.*

W.

## POCAHONTAS,

### THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

There once stood, and I trust there yet stands, within the limits of the town of Petersburg, on the north bank of the Appomattox, within a few feet of the margin of the river, a large dark gray stone of a conical form, about five feet in height, and somewhat more in diameter. On the side which looks to the east, three feet above the ground, there is an oval excavation about twelve inches across, and half as many in depth. The stone is solitary, and lifts itself conspicuously above the level of the earth. It is called the BASIN OF POCA-

HONTAS, and except in very dry weather is seldom without water. How often in the days of youthful imagination have I leaned against that aged rock, and as my fancy warmed with reminiscences of our colonial history, have I figured to myself the form of this beautiful princess, meditating the protection of the white man, from the wiles of her ferocious countrymen, and the vengeance of her father, advancing to her ablutions, and perhaps lifting up her orisons to the Great Spirit for the welfare of the white man, as standing by this stone, she looked towards the orient, radiant with the pencilled messengers of the morning.

I know not wherefore it is, but I could never contemplate any of the evidences of the former greatness or present debasement of that doomed race, who, when this continent was one vast wilderness of nature, uncultivated and unfrequented, trod amid its solitude rejoicing in their illimitable sway, that my mind did not instantly revert to the virtues and the sufferings of this amiable child of nature, the Princess Pocahontas. In festive commemoration of the first settlement of the colony, I have stood among the ruins of Jamestown, and shrinking from the voice of revelry, I have lingered among the broken fragments of red stone tablets upon the graves of the early colonists, and my heart has been oppressed with melancholy feelings, when looking upon the dark green vine festooned around the tottering ruins of the church, I have thought of the fate of this Indian girl, and of her perilous services to the white man. At Cobbs, in the county of Chesterfield, one of the most beautiful sites on the southern waters, and one of the earliest private settlements of the colony, how often has its former proprietor, my friend L. and myself, stood beneath the melancholy shade of the cedars, in the midst of the graves of her descendants. One by one we have seen them passing away, and assisted at the last mournful rites. From the cemetery we have passed to the ancient picture-gallery, to look upon the sombre features of Rolfe frowning from the pealed and tattered canvass, and to dwell upon the interesting countenance of Pocahontas, which is still believed to have been her veritable portrait, though denounced by one of her lineal descendants as a "tawny mulatto." The paintings were as large as life, and well executed, though in a state of utter decay. Copies have been taken by Sully, and have no doubt been multiplied as well in Europe as in this country. Often has the tasteful traveller turned from the great southern route, to view these original portraits of Rolfe and Pocahontas, and to tread amid the gravestones of her descendants in the neat and lonely burial-ground.

How often do the incidents of ordinary life transcend the wildest fictions of romance? Who gave to this dark daughter of the red man, nurtured in the wigwam of the savage, and familiar with blood, those gentle emotions, those generous feelings, that delicate sensibility, that maidenly decorum, and yet that princely and exalted heroism, which have ranked this Indian girl among the loftiest of her sex in any age or clime,—in "Paynim land or Christendie!" Even in her girlhood, at the early age of twelve, we find her daring the displeasure of her father; and when the head of Smith, the hereditary foe of her race, was upon the death-stone, and the club uplifted, she threw her infant arms around the devoted white man, and bade them strike at

both. The stern bosom of Powhatan was moved by the appeal, and his vengeance suspended. How often when the colony at Jamestown was famishing, did she supply them abundantly with provisions? Even after she had incurred the displeasure of her royal father, and had been banished from his presence, and after she had been betrayed by her friends, and was seized by Argall, her attachment to the white men continued, until she was finally married to Rolfe, and visited England. How painfully interesting was her interview with Captain Smith in London? She had been told that he was dead, when to her astonishment he called upon her, but such was the repulsive coldness of his manner, that she turned from him, and burying up her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

But the most perilous service which this daring girl rendered to the colonists was in the fourteenth year of her age, when Powhatan having invited Smith to his settlement, on a hospitable visit, designed to massacre that leader and his whole band. Pocahontas eluding the vigilance of her friends, traversed the forest in the darkness of the night, to reveal his intentions to Smith. It was in commemoration of that signal service, that the following unpretending lines were written many years ago, by one who deeply admired the heroism of this untutored child of the wilderness.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF THE EARLY COLONISTS FROM MASSACRE.

"Whether this intervention of Pocahontas be imputed to the softer sympathies of the heart, or to generous sorrow," &c.  
*Burke's History of Virginia.*

Full dark was the night, and the wild wind was high,  
Not a star to be seen on the cloud-covered sky,  
And the eagle had gone to his rest;  
Each beast had retired to covert or cave,  
The colonists slept in their barks on the wave,  
Or they slept on the barren earth's breast.

No sound could disquiet their slumbers so sweet,—  
They dreamed not of danger, yet feared not to meet,  
For the sons of the ocean were brave;  
And Smith was among them, their captain was he,  
And a braver ne'er whirled the sword of the free  
In battle, on land, or on wave.

To Powhatan's presence these strangers had been,  
Through forest and glen, and thro' each desert scene,  
With fearful petition they went.  
And Powhatan told them that peace should be there,  
His words seemed sincere, and his promises fair,  
But they knew not his savage intent.

Virginia remembers how hollow they were,  
As fickle as sunbeam that wantons in air,—  
But the colonists deemed them sincere.  
For tho' Powhatan promised his friendship and aid,  
A treacherous plot to destroy them he laid,  
When no treacherous plot they could fear.

On that very night while the colonists sleep,  
Nor deem it befitting their vigils to keep,  
Each man was to meet with his fate.  
The sovereign savage had led out his band,  
His tomahawk furious each grasped in his hand,  
"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate!"

"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate," as they yell,  
The savage sounds echoed thro' forest and dell,  
"To the white men, death, carnage, and hate!"  
But heed not, brave colonists, death is not near,  
While the royal princess is your friend do no not fear,  
Pocahontas will screen you from fate.

She had heard, when his council surrounded her sire,  
As they met to consult by the wintery fire,  
That Smith and his crew were to fall:  
She had seen him, she knew him, and sometimes her heart  
For his dangers would feel an unusual part,  
And she cherished the colonists all.

Whilst her father was arming his murderous band,  
And exclaiming "exterminate all from this land,  
Who will dare to intrude on our right,—  
Strike, murder, and scalp—light the fires around,  
Bid the war-whoop of death give its terrible sound,  
Not a white man shall live out this night;"

Unnoticed she left them, and hastened away,  
She recked not the mountain, or thicket, or spray,  
Nor darkness she heeded, nor storm.  
All breathless she reached where the colonists were,  
They dreamed not that Powhatan's daughter was there,  
They dreamed not of savage alarm.

Their leader in haste then the heroine found,  
The sky was his cover, his bed was the ground,  
And beside him his armor was laid.  
"Awake thee, brave chief," cried the Indian maid,  
"Awake thee, my hero, or Powhatan's blade  
Will number thy crew with the dead.

"He comes with his tribe to o'erwhelm your whole host,  
His savages wind by the dark river coast  
To surround you, and massacre all.  
Then haste, to his bark let each soldier repair,  
And put off from the land, for the foemen are near,—  
Oh haste, or the colonists fall.

"Nor call me a traitor, because for thy sake  
I have traversed the forest thro' thicket and brake  
To tell thee my father's design.  
To have seen thee expire beneath his fell stroke,  
And thy followers all, my poor heart would have broke,  
And the cold sleep of death had been mine.

"I have saved thee before from his terrible ire,  
When the club was uplifted, and kindled the fire,  
And thy death was decreed by his oath;  
Thy head on the block as my arms did entwine,  
Between it and the club I then interposed mine,  
And I told them to strike at us both.

"Then believe me, my Chieftain, and hasten away;  
I return, or suspicion will blacken my stay,  
And the morning my embassy tell.  
May thy God e'er protect thee, and give thee his aid,—  
Oh, live mindful of me, tho' a poor Indian maid—  
Pocahontas now bids thee farewell!"

#### EXTENSION TO FOREIGN AUTHORS OF THE LAW OF COPY-RIGHT.

A vigorous discussion is going on in New York and Philadelphia, upon the question, whether the benefits of the United States' law, securing to authors the exclusive right to the sale of their works for limited times, should be extended to authors resident in England and other foreign countries?

We confess, it appears to us surprising, that any voice should be found in the negative of this question; besides the voices of those booksellers, who profit by vending foreign books, and of those readers, whose morbid appetites make them ravenous for the worst trash that can be reprinted from the refuse of European literature. The advantages which would result from the proposed extension, are obvious, and great.



At present, works from abroad (because not saddled with the author's copy-right) can be re-published here at half the prices they would require if they were of domestic origin, and were protected by entry and patent according to law. An immense deluge of foreign trash—aye, and poison, too—is one consequence: an incalculable addition to that evil, justly deemed one of the greatest in modern Literature; namely, the needless multiplication of books.

Another consequence is, the exclusion, partial indeed, yet extensive, of our own writers, from the book market; if they avail themselves of the law made in their favor. For they are so far undersold by the re-printers of foreign works, that the latter occupy triple the space in the public eye, to which their intrinsic merits entitle them. Thus not only are European corruptions poured in copious streams into our literature, manners, and character,—but our native authors, deprived of the encouragement so peculiarly requisite in this country to stimulate literary effort, produce little or nothing that 'aftertimes will not willingly let die.' The inducements to that *practice* of composition, which is indispensable to excellence, are withheld. False models are forced upon their imitation: false taste, through a thousand channels, is infused into the minds of both writers and readers: unnumbered opportunities are lost, of disseminating American principles and creating an American spirit: and an improvement shamefully slow, if not a positive deterioration, attends the exertions of American intellect.

A *fair competition* is all that our own authors need. The guarantee they now have, against encroachment upon the fruits of their mental labors by piracies at home, every one concedes to be just. It is equally just, to make that guarantee effectual, by protecting them from an even more hurtful foreign encroachment.

Indeed, the interests of readers and of writers are so variously and indissolubly blended in calling for the proposed extension, that no *point* can be urged in behalf of the one, that does not tell in behalf of the other.

*Justice to foreign authors*, is no despicable inducement to the measure. Many as their readers are on this side of the Atlantic, how great would be the increase of their reward for those emanations of genius which delight and improve the world! How reasonable, that as the fruits of their vigils and toils cross the sea and are enjoyed by distant millions, these too should contribute something to requite the dimmed eyes and hollow, pallid cheeks, without which, that enjoyment had never been!—In this, moreover, as in *all* justice, there would be good husbandry at last. The benefit would be made mutual by foreign governments: they would allow copy-rights in their countries, to our authors. And thus another interchange of good offices—another important link of kindness—would be added to those which are already promising to make the intercourse of nations benignant and fraternal, instead of hostile and destructive.

The last topic alone might serve as text for an expanded and unanswerable argument in favor of the contemplated law. We are content merely to glance at this, as at the other reasons that may be urged.

## MERCHANTS' LIBRARIES.

The New York Merchants have had a Library established for their joint use, since 1821. Connected with it, are courses of Lectures delivered by able men employed for the purpose, on various interesting and useful subjects. The following facts respecting it, are gleaned from a late annual report made by the presiding officer.

The Library opened in February, 1821, with 700 vols. At the end of that year, there were 204 members.

In 1826, its prosperity began to be more rapid than ever before. In that year, 471 members were added to it. In 1830, it took possession of CLINTON HALL, a 'noble edifice,' then 'dedicated to the service of literature, science, and the arts.'

In 1831, 507 members were added, and 750 vols.

1832, 383	"	864
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1833, 382	"	1397
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1834, 393	"	1099
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In this last year, (1834) the whole number of volumes was 9938.

In the year 1837, 2,547 volumes were added. The whole number at present is 15,852. Of the volumes added last year, 381 were donations.

'Great care has been taken,' says the report, 'in the selection of the new books, to procure the most important and valuable works in the several departments of learning, especially in those of history, science, and the arts, which were most in demand. Should the library continue to receive accessions, in an equal ratio for five years to come, it will then be in advance of nearly all the public libraries in the Union, both in the number and the value of its contents; and at the present moment there are few libraries in the country, that contain an equal number of standard publications, of the most approved editions.'

The following statement is creditable to the taste of the merchants for reading; and to their discrimination in their choice of books:

'Upon a careful examination of the subject, it has been ascertained that the average number of volumes drawn daily from the library, is upwards of 450, or upwards of 135,000 volumes annually. Of this large number a great proportion is found to consist of works upon the solid branches of learning, as the physical sciences, political economy, commerce, and the arts. Such is the character of the spiritual aliment which is afforded to many hundreds of our young men, from the accumulated stores of useful learning which our valuable library contains; and whenever we reflect upon the discovery of Lord Bacon, embodied with sententious brevity in the remark, that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," it is difficult to calculate the amount of that moral strength which is thus imparted, and of which society, sooner or later, must reap the full benefit.'

There are now 3772 members: of whom, 3,444 pay \$2, each, annually; 50 pay \$5 each; and 278 are stockholders.

The receipts last year, from initiation fees, lectures, and other sources, were \$6,918.

The subjoined paragraphs of the report display the benefits of the Lectures:

'The results of the LECTURES during the past sea-

son, in a pecuniary point of view, far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of the board; the surplus remaining, after paying all expenses, was \$665 66, as appears by the Treasurer's report. The course of lectures now in progress will undoubtedly yield a further surplus to replenish the treasury of the association.

'It is unnecessary to dwell upon the unparalleled success that has attended this auxiliary branch, which has been engrafted upon the original plan of our institution. The best testimony on the subject is found in the immense crowds that throng the hall during the delivery of the lectures, until additional space is required for their accommodation. Nor can any reasonable doubt exist, as to the utility of this mode of instruction, by which important truths are enforced, and valuable information imparted, in the most effective, as well as the most agreeable manner. We have all listened with emotions of delight and admiration to the impassioned eloquence that has been poured forth on subjects of the highest interest. Literature acquires fresh charms, and the lessons of philosophy sink deeper into the minds, when set forth and illustrated by the animated tones of the lecturer; the attention is directed with a new impetus to the consideration of important topics, and the inquisitive student is stimulated and encouraged to engage with fresh ardor in the pursuit of knowledge.'

Such institutions as this, are needed in all our towns and villages. On a smaller scale, they are practicable in every village of twenty families.

### LINES.

Leaves of an evergreen plant, if written upon with a metallic point, retain the impression. The following lines were addressed to a fair cousin of the writer's, on her requesting him to place his name upon a beautiful plant of this genus, which grew among her flowers, and bore the names of those whose friendship she most valued.

#### TO MY COUSIN.

Permit me, Coz, a dream to tell,  
Was conjured for an hour  
Around my pillow by the spell  
Of some strange wizard power.

Ambition sat upon a throne  
Of gold, and sparkling gem;  
And brilliantly the halo shone  
Around his diadem.

He cast on me a glance of light,  
Then raised his shadowy hand,  
And, lo! upon a towering height  
I saw a column stand.

To earth I bowed my forehead then,  
My every pulse beat high;  
That marble bore the names of men,  
Whose fame can never die!

I marked a pathway rough and steep,  
Which to the column led,  
And, though I had but strength to creep,  
I turned that path to tread.

Just then a maiden caught my sight,  
From all this pomp apart,  
Whose eye so sweetly shone, its light  
Seemed incense from the heart.

She sat within a verdant bower,  
Bespangled with the dew,  
And on the air full many a flower  
Its balmy fragrance threw.

Methought she had been sent to bless  
The thorny paths of earth,  
And teach the flowers that loveliness,  
Which with herself had birth.

On me, methought, her glance and smile  
In blended radiance fell;  
She pointed to a plant the while,  
Which told her meaning well.

Upon its leaves of changeless green,  
Pure Friendship's emblem true—  
The names of those she loved were seen,  
A chosen favored few.

With rapture thrilling in my breast,  
I joined my humble name;  
Ambition's thoughts were lulled to rest;  
What cared I then for fame!

### BLANKS.

#### NO. I.

My earliest recollections of newspaper reading are connected with the name of a mysterious person, who made a conspicuous figure in our little country paper, under the patriarchal title of *JOB PRINTING*. I was at first attracted by the stately capitals in which the name appeared, week after week, before I had begun to take much notice of the "reading matter" printed in small type. As the printer of the *Village Herald* chose to put the name of Mr. Printing in a most conspicuous part of every number, and in the most glaring letter that his fount afforded, it is his fault, not my own, that I began to look upon this eminent public character with a degree of reverence akin to superstition. As my skill in reading grew, and I began to give attention to second-rate, as well as *capital* articles, I found my favorite Job enveloped with a ten-fold mystery. Instead of advertising, as his neighbors did, some commodity for sale, or other business news, his advertisement was occupied with a mysterious announcement in relation to himself, which filled me with astonishment and awe. "Job Printing done at this office, with neatness and despatch!" I was reserved and addicted to solitary thought, and as I found that there were some things which I must not ask about, at least with any hope of a direct reply, I set this down upon the list, and waited till the secret should unfold itself. How a man could be "done" with neatness and despatch, was inconceivable, and as the printer's office was the scene of the performance, I found various excuses for frequenting it, and loitering about it, in the hope that Job might be "done" some day while I was there. But, alas, I hoped in vain, and true to my Pytha-



gorean principle of silence, I returned to the solitary study of Job's stereotype advertisement. At length I was startled by a sudden and important change in this enigma of typography. As I cast my eye one day upon the paper, I perceived at once that Job's advertisement was lengthened. I could not be mistaken, for its previous dimensions were engraven on my memory too deeply to be razed. I soon discovered the occasion of the change. Beneath the usual laconic notice a new sentence had been introduced, composed of seven words: "Blanks for sale and executed to order." I was at once relieved and disappointed; for I found that this idol of my imagination was a *bona fide* trader after all, just like his neighbors, and my reverence for him sank with my conviction of this fact. But, at the same time, a new mystery engrossed my thoughts. The village where I lived was sustained by manufactures, and even at that tender age, I knew its staple products, but the blank manufacture was entirely unknown to me. I could dwell with painful pleasure on the successive steps by which I gradually formed a conception of this novel fabric, but I spare my readers the detail, and hasten to inform them that my chronic doubt and wonder was at length destroyed by my honored father's placing in my hand a sample of the manufacture, which he told me was a "law blank." The joy of the discovery was lost in admiration of the blank itself, especially when I had got possession of a number, and by diligent comparison, had formed a just conception of the genus Blank. The singular vagueness and impersonality of these strange compositions, their punctilious abstinence from all details of time or place, their scrupulous suppression of the names of individuals, and their studied ambiguity even in relation to the sex of the mysterious non-entity referred to, as evinced by the use of *h*—for *his* and *her*; together with the tantalizing humor of the author, in encouraging the reader to expect some most particular and technical announcement, and then leaving a chasm in the very spot which ought to give the information—all these peculiarities of style, while they perplexed me, charmed me too, and I became intoxicated with a fond ambition to employ my time and talents as a writer of blanks. Never shall I forget the day on which I mustered courage to communicate this purpose to my father. The loud laugh of derision which assailed my ear, when I expected his applause and admiration, went like a dagger to my heart; but even that pang was forgotten in the shock which was to follow. I shudder when I think of the cold-blooded irony and undisguised contempt with which my heartless parent heard and answered my appeal to the distinguished reputation of Job Printing as a proof that the blank business was both lucrative and honorable. Never let me feel again what I then felt, on being told that my imaginary man was a mechanical operation, his Jewish name an English noun, his surname a mere participle! Those who have experienced the sudden demolition of long cherished fancies, may, perhaps, appreciate my feelings at that moment. May they never feel the consequences which I felt. My intellectual being had been so bound up in the existence, personality, and future acquaintance of the great Job Printing, that his sudden disappearance from the catalogue of entities, impaired my understanding. Let this be my excuse for incoherence or

absurdity. Being thus unfitted for fresh mental effort, and my best days having been consumed in earnest preparation for my chosen walk of life, I was under the necessity of following, though with a feeble mind and broken heart, the course I had begun. My intervening days have, therefore, all been spent in bringing to perfection the art of composing blanks. I soon found that mere business-blanks had been already perfected by business men; and I determined therefore to devote myself to blanks of a superior order, and if possible to introduce this sort of composition into all the higher walks of public life. That I have not been influenced by mercenary motives, is apparent from the long and weary years of silence, during which I have been laying out my strength in solitude, instead of thrusting my unfinished projects on the notice of the public, or the patent office. Having now approached so near perfection in the manufacture, as to feel secure of the result, and being sensible of the approach of age, I am constrained to guard against unknown contingencies and human fraud, by laying a few samples of my art before the public. I request the use of a few columns, therefore, to exhibit my congressional, academical, convivial, and other blanks, without note or comment, or any thing to recommend, and them beyond their own intrinsic merit. In the meantime I subscribe myself by that name which I have for years assumed. Your friend,

JOB PRINTING.

## THE COPY-BOOK.

NO. II.

### THE BALD MOUNTAIN.

While sojourning in this secluded spot of earth, I joined an equestrian party in a visit to a remarkable mountain about thirty miles distant. The party consisted of eight; three of them "bonny, sweet, sonsie lasses." The first day we rode twenty miles along the bank of the river mentioned before, which we forded, and that night lodged at a farm-house. Next day crossed mountain-spurs and ridges; our road a narrow turnpike winding around the declivities of the mountains, from which we occasionally caught glimpses of the vale beneath; and at night we took up our quarters in a log-house at the foot of the mountain which we had come to visit.

Next morning, taking a guide along, we ascended the mountain until our way became so steep that we found it necessary to dismount and lead our horses.

At length, after considerable fatigue, we came to the top of the near Bald; from this we had an extensive and delightful prospect; the air grew chilly, and all our cloaks were put in requisition. After a short pause, we went on to the far Bald, which we found a good deal higher than the near, and the air as cold as winter. From this point the prospect on every side was vast, various, magnificent.

The smoky haze of Indian summer, threw a soft and dreamy veil over the scene.

Around on every hand lay a wide sea of mountains, furrowed, ridged, peaked, with here and there a black

spot, the purple shadow of a cloud. In the distance we beheld broad plains, and the speck of a village and the meandering course of a stream; while in another direction we recognised the river along which we had rode in the deep ravine of two mountains, glittering like molten silver in the sun.

This mountain is named Bald, from its being destitute of trees on top, which is owing, I suppose, to its height and extreme cold. It abounds in deer and bears, and is much resorted to by hunters.

We descended, and passed the night again at the log-house aforesaid. Next morning we took an early start, and found the mountain air very cold, but my fair companion bore it in so soldier-like a style, I was ashamed to complain much.

As we wound along our spiral turnpike, the sun began to gleam from his chamber in the east; huge clouds of snowy mist were to be seen slowly rising from the chasms beneath. It was October; the foliage of the trees was arrayed in purple and gold and crimson. When the morning beams first stream through these painted leaves of autumn, it is a spectacle of beauty, compared with which the dim lustre of a cathedral window is a mere trifle, a Gothic toy.

#### A PLANTATION IN ALABAMA.

There is not much variety in a cotton plantation: the fields being very large, and only a succession of rows of the cotton plant, or of corn.

Besides the dwelling-house, there are negro-quarters, corn-cribs, stables, sheep-house, carriage-house, smoke-house, carpenter's shop, blacksmith's shop, gin-house, hen-house, turkey-house, bake-house, overseer's house, loom-house, and kitchen. At ten o'clock a horn is blown to call the negroes to their breakfast of bacon and corn-bread. The women, in the winter, are employed in spinning and weaving; each one having a daily task allotted; which she brings in at night. The dwelling-house is usually built of logs: after the lapse of some years, perhaps it is plastered within and weather-boarded without, and thus undergoes a metamorphosis.

On a spring morning you awake at the song of the mocking-bird: mists are suspended over the fields; the trees are in blossom and the flowers in bloom; the bee is humming in the air; the martens have returned to their boxes, and the sun scatters the rosy light of beauty over all the landscape. In the yard the gobbler is strutting with all the pomposity of an alderman, amidst the feathered tribes. About the kitchen is a squad of negro children, sunning themselves. About the house a spoilt boy may be heard crying for bread and butter, or seen persecuting young birds.

#### THE SOIL.

Agriculture in new countries is carried on in an exhausting and improvident manner. It is quite shocking to see the prodigal waste of timber consumed in clearing a plantation in the west. Entire primitive forests are girdled, and rot away, food for the woodpecker species, (which, by the way, is very numerous in this country,) or are at once felled with the axe and burned in heaps: thus many square miles of sturdy oaks and hickories,

the growth of centuries, are reduced in a brief hour to blue smoke and volatile gas.

The land once cleared, is exhausted by an uninterrupted succession of crops; until the proprietor, grown dissatisfied, sells out to some less opulent or less avaricious neighbor, and either retires upon a fortune, or removes to some new Elysium in the woods.

There is nothing new under the sun: the same wasteful process has been at work in all the southern states; in which, perhaps, none of the soil retains its original fertility, except the deep alluvial banks of the rivers, and even they begin to feel the effects of wear and tear. The consequence of all this is twofold; first, the poverty of the soil has driven a portion of the population to emigrate; second, a reaction has ensued in the system of agriculture; and the means are employed to renovate the constitution of a soil worn out by cultivation, until "the wilderness again blossoms like the rose."

#### LINES TO A LADY.

Oh give me a tress of that sunny lock,  
Which waves o'er thy forehead fair,  
Like the clustering vine on the polished rock  
With its tendrils bright, that seems to mock  
The soft breeze that kisses it there.

Or weave me a chain of its silken fold,  
As light as the gossamer's wing,  
Though soft and slight be its meshes of gold,  
My faithful heart will it ever hold  
Safe by the slenderest ring.

Then give me a tress of that golden hair,  
For thy lover so faithful and true!  
Thro' far distant lands in my bosom I'll bear  
That little tress as a talisman rare,  
To restore me to hope and to you.

She severed a tress of her beautiful hair,  
For a lover so warm and so true,  
And the gay ringlet glittered with one bright tear,  
As he placed in his bosom a pledge so dear,  
And she sighed on that bosom, Adieu!

#### REFLECTION

On the Deceitful Appearances of Human Affairs.

Oh! thus 'tis ever, in this world of woe!  
Life's stream runs smoothest—most unchecked  
When its bright waters onward flow  
Toward misfortune's cataract.

Thomas Goff, in the reign of James I. was highly praised as a tragic writer. In one of his tragedies, Amurath, the Turk coming on the stage, and seeing "an appearance of the heavens being on fire," breaks forth in the following strain:

"How now ye Heavens! grow ye so high and proud  
That ye must needs put on these curled locks  
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?"



## THE GAME OF CHESS.

By the Authoress of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Losing and Winning," "Fashionable and Unfashionable Wife," &c.

"I can scarcely believe my senses," said Mr. Chauncey, as he was one morning sitting with Mrs. Atkins; "I can scarcely believe my senses, when I see my old classmate, whom I left just out of college, and my little friend, Susan Leigh, whom I found sitting on her father's knee, when I called to take leave before my departure for Europe—now married—settled—established in life! It seems impossible! I have always thought of you as a child!"

Mrs. Atkins smiled. "You forget that we are all six years older than when you left us; and perhaps you forget, too, that I was the youngest child, and had the privilege of sitting on my father's knee much longer than daughters are wont to do. You and Charles are about the same age, and I am but five years my husband's junior. Do you feel too young to marry?"

"O, no,—I am now six-and-twenty—one year your husband's senior; and now that my wanderings are over, I should really like to marry soon, could I find a woman possessing those qualities I wish in a wife, who would unite her fate with mine."

"I conclude your taste has become fastidious, from your observation of beauty and accomplishments in Europe," said Mrs. Atkins.

"No—not exactly so—but from close observation of domestic life, I design to be guided by judgment, rather than fancy in my choice; and sincerely hope I shall never be so much fascinated by the charms of any one, as to be unable to form a correct opinion of her real character."

"You will not find it particularly easy to fall in love *designedly*," said Mrs. Atkins, laughing; "nor to save yourself from falling in love, by the efforts of reason and judgment. Of one thing, however, your remark has satisfied me—at present you are completely heart-whole."

"That is certainly true; and it is equally true that I am perfectly willing to fall in love with the first lady I meet, with whom there is a reasonable hope of living happily."

"You really contemplate the subject with the most enviable *coolness*," said Mrs. Atkins, again laughing. "I do not recollect to have heard any young gentleman talk of love and matrimony with such perfect calmness and self-possession. How charming it will be, should the lady of your choice exercise as much judgment, and have as little enthusiasm as yourself! Truly, nothing would be likely to disturb the even tenor of your way!"

"It is very possible to talk of fire without growing warm," said Mr. Chauncey, smiling. "But

seriously, I hope to love my wife, should I ever marry, with my whole soul. What misery to have one with such discordant qualities, as would alternately kindle and quench the flame of affection! The heart must soon wither under such a process! It is my full belief, that

*L'hymen et ses liens*

*Sont le plus grands ou des maux ou des biens,*

and I would therefore use circumspection in a matter of so much consequence. Let me rather pursue the journey of life alone, than to feel a doubt whether the society of my wife will increase or diminish my happiness! Should my heart ever be warmed to love," he added, while his eyes beamed in a manner that showed how deeply he could love—"Should my heart ever be warmed to love, may its fire be unceasingly fed by the same gentle hand that first kindled the flame—and may it burn brighter and clearer, until lost in that world, the only element of which is love! May my wife be a gentle spirit to accompany me in the path to heaven, and lure me back to it, if tempted to stray—and not a scourge to drive me thither as the only place of refuge from herself!"

"You have grown so solemn, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins, "and seem to look for a wife so free from human imperfections, so angelic, that I am almost afraid to tell you that I am expecting a visit from two of my young friends, with one or other of whom I had hoped you might be pleased."

"I do not expect freedom from human imperfections, Mrs. Atkins; but I do hope for freedom from gross defects. But who are these friends of whom you speak?"

"The eldest, who is not far from my own age, is my cousin, Augusta Leigh—and the other is Abby Eustace, my favorite school-friend, who is two years younger."

"And can you tell me nothing concerning them but their names and ages?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"No—positively I will tell you nothing else, except that either of them is pretty enough for a man who does not make beauty his first requisite in a wife; and each has fortune enough for one who does not marry expressly for money. This is all I will tell you; but as they will be here in the course of a week, you will have opportunity of studying their respective characters for yourself."

After a few minutes' thoughtful silence, Mr. Chauncey said—

"No, Mrs. Atkins, I think I shall not be fastidious; I think I shall be able to overlook imperfections in my wife, as I hope she would be willing to do in me. Qualities and acquirements which many might deem indispensable, I could dispense with; but there is one quality that I consider of primary importance—and next to pure and firm principles, that is what I shall seek for in my choice."

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

"You will forgive me if I do not answer that question. I wish to observe and judge for myself, and shall be more likely to judge correctly, if it is not known for what I am looking."

"Well," said Mrs. Atkins, "you appear very moderate and reasonable in your demands—and yet, were I an unmarried lady, I should be more afraid of you than of any young gentleman I have seen. Really, you are so calm, and reasonable, and scrutinizing, as to be quite terrifying. Give me the creature of impulse—of passion—of enthusiasm, who will be too much carried away with his own feelings, to be able to investigate my character too nicely; whose warm imagination will clothe me in virtues and attractions of its own rosy hues. Surely," she added, after a momentary pause, "Surely had Charles been of your temperament, I should never have known the happiness of being his wife!"

One day, about a week after the preceding conversation had taken place, Mrs. Atkins was seated in her parlor with her two friends, who had arrived a day or two before, when Miss Leigh, raising her eyes from the work that was in her hand to an opposite window, inquired who the elegant looking young man was, conversing with a lady, on the other side of the street.

"That?" said Mrs. Atkins, advancing to the window—"that is Mr. Chauncey, one of Charles's old friends."

"Horace Chauncey, who recently returned from Europe?" asked Miss Leigh.

"The same," answered Mrs. Atkins. "He will give us a call, presently, I dare say, as he comes here very often."

Before Mr. Chauncey arrives, there is just time to sketch a hasty outline of the portraits of the two young ladies. Miss Leigh was tall, well made, and commanding in her person. Her face was brilliant, with black eyes, and dark hair, but rather pale than otherwise, except when tinted by some degree of excitement. Miss Eustace was rather below the medium stature of woman, beautifully formed, and the most cheerful, happy looking creature in the world. Her eyes, shaded by long silken lashes, were of an undefinable color, and were dark or light, as intellect and feeling were awakened, or lay quiet. Her face was blooming; yet the color was so constantly changing its shade, that it seemed but the attendant on a heart "alive to every touch of joy or woe."

Mrs. Atkins was right. In a few minutes Mr. Chauncey came in, and was made acquainted with the young ladies. When Miss Leigh's name was mentioned, she calmly raised her eyes, and answered his civilities with the self-possession that is common to well-bred young ladies, on being made known to a stranger; but when Miss Eustace's

turn came, her color was heightened to a burning glow, and a slight and rather tremulous courtesy, was the only answer she made to the few words of compliment he uttered.—"Has he forgotten!" thought she, as she resumed her seat—"Can he have forgotten?"

Mr. Chauncey lengthened his visit to nearly an hour, but it differed not materially from other visits of a similar kind. The conversation was of a general and desultory character, and carried on in a lively manner by Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and Miss Leigh—Miss Eustace never uttering a word, except when directly addressed. On taking leave, Mr. Chauncey promised to profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit them very frequently. He was literally *in search of a wife*; and it was his wish to become really *acquainted* with those young ladies he met, in whom there was nothing which from the first moment told him that an union with them was impossible. The two friends of Mrs. Atkins were certainly not of this number, and his study of their characters soon became deeply interesting: that of Miss Leigh, because she had a great deal of character; was free, entertaining, even fascinating in conversation, with a heart overflowing with kindly feelings, and a head filled with noble sentiments and independent thought; that of Miss Eustace, because he had to judge her by her countenance, as she was extremely retiring and taciturn when he was present. Her face, however, was no very dull study; for of her, if of any one, it might perhaps have been said—"her body thought;" and occasionally, when he met her eye, there was a flash across his memory of something he had long before seen, or felt, or dreamed—an undefinable sensation of pleasure, but too evanescent to be caught or retained.

"How do you like Susan's guests, Horace?" Mr. Atkins inquired one day, after Mr. Chauncey had seen them a number of times.

"How am I to form an opinion of Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey. "She indeed looks very much alive, but never utters a word when she can avoid it."

"How!" said Mr. Atkins. "I have never discovered that she is not as conversable and entertaining as Augusta, and far more playful."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chauncey. "But it has certainly not been so when I have met them. I think Miss Leigh peculiarly brilliant and pleasing in conversation. She appears to be a fine—a noble girl."

"They are both fine, noble girls," said Mr. Atkins. "It is not every day that we meet those who are equally so."

Mr. Atkins had not often been at home when his friend was at his house, but Mr. Chauncey's remark led him to notice Miss Eustace particularly whenever he witnessed their succeeding in-



interviews. One evening Mr. Chauncey was with them, and Mr. Atkins chanced to be seated a little apart from his wife, her cousin, and Mr. Chauncey, who were, as usual, in the full tide of conversation, when Miss Eustace, on rising to leave the room, passed near him. He caught her hand, and drawing her toward him, said, in a low tone—

"Where is your voice this evening, Abby?"

"My voice!" said Miss Eustace.

"O, I am glad you have not lost it—but why have you not spoken for these two hours?"

"And have I not?" asked Miss Eustace.

"Scarcely," answered Mr. Atkins.

"Then I suppose it was because I had nothing to say," said the smiling girl.

"But you are not usually so silent," remarked Mr. Atkins.

"Perhaps it would be better if I were. But truly, though you may doubt it, there are times when I had much rather listen than talk."

"Especially when my friend Horace is exerting his colloquial powers! hey?"

"Just as you please, sir," said Miss Eustace, again smiling, but with some little appearance of embarrassment, and withdrawing her hand, she left the room.

Mr. Chauncey did profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit her very frequently. Miss Eustace interested him. He loved, when not too much engrossed in conversation himself, to watch the bright, the cheerful, the intellectual, the ever varying expression of her countenance. Her eyes seemed fountains of light, and love, and happiness; and the dimples about her mouth and cheeks, the very abode of joy and content. There was something about her to soothe and exhilarate at the same time. But Miss Leigh soon awakened in him a deeper, a more engrossing interest. Her talents, which were neither concealed nor displayed, commanded his admiration; her compassionate feelings and elevated principles won his esteem; so that scarcely three weeks had elapsed from the commencement of his acquaintance with her, ere he was more sedulously aiming to learn how he might render himself acceptable to her, than to ascertain whether the *indispensable quality* for a good wife, was a component part of her character.

One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and the young ladies, were to go out on horseback. The three former were ready and waiting in the parlor, when the two latter came from their chamber.

"You have very becoming riding-caps, young ladies," said Mr. Atkins, "but I think neither of you have put them on quite right. Come, Abby," he added, playfully, "let me adjust yours more to my mind."

"O, do," said Miss Eustace, holding up her

blooming face; "make me look as pretty as you possibly can."

"There!" said Mr. Atkins, after drawing the cap a little more on one side; "I will leave it to the company if that is not a great improvement. Now, Augusta, let me try my hand at yours."

"No, thank you, sir," said Miss Leigh, elevating her head, while her color was somewhat heightened—"I will wear my cap according to my own taste this morning, if you please."

"O, I beg a thousand pardons for my presumption," said Mr. Atkins—"Your taste is certainly much more correct than mine—I really beg your pardon."

Miss Leigh made no reply, but gave her hand to Mr. Chauncey, who was waiting to receive it, and the little party immediately started on their excursion. For awhile they all were rather silent, and seemed entirely engrossed in the management of their horses; but the weather was charming—their exercise exhilarating; and ere long each one was enjoying a fine flow of spirits. They rode several miles, and on their return home encountered a company of Irish people, men, women, and children. They looked way-worn and weary; and the faces of some of the children even wore an expression of anxiety and depression, as if they felt all the force of the friendlessness, the helplessness of strangers in a strange land. Mr. Atkins and his friends stopped to talk with them a few minutes, and bestow charity according to each one's ability or inclination, and then rode on.

"O, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Leigh, in a low tone, after riding a little way in silence, "what pitiable objects those people were! As good by nature, and undoubtedly, some of them at least, much more amiable in disposition than myself—why is it that there is so vast a difference in our lots? How is it that I can ever be ungrateful or perverse, while thus distinguished by unnumbered and undeserved blessings!" Her tone was that of the deepest sympathy and humility, and her eyes were swimming in tears as she spoke.

Had Mr. Chauncey uttered the thought of his heart, he would have told her, that she was the most amiable, the most lovely, the most deserving among the whole family of man! And his eyes did utter it, so far as eyes are capable of utterance, though his tongue only spoke of the vast disparity that Infinite Wisdom sees best to make in the outward circumstances of his creatures in this world. When about taking leave at Mr. Atkins' door, Mr. Chauncey received a pressing invitation to return to take tea, and spend the evening—an invitation he promptly accepted.

At an early hour in the evening Mr. Chauncey was seated amid his circle of friends in Mrs. Atkins' parlor. Before tea was brought in, and while at the table, conversation flowed as usual;

and it was conversation:—the exercise of the mind—the collision of wit—the interchange of opinion—the expression of sentiment;—and not the idle and frivolous chit-chat, nor the oftentimes mischievous and envenomed gossip, that is sometimes so miscalled. After the tea-things were removed, and the ladies had settled themselves to their several employments, Mr. Chauncey, at the request of Mrs. Atkins, read aloud the best of Mrs. Opie's tales, namely, "White Lies." Mr. Chauncey's voice was rich and mellow, his intonations and emphases perfect; so that whatever he read produced the full effect that the author intended. His present little auditory paid him the compliment of the most profound silence, till he finished the tale, and closed the volume.

"That is a faultless story," said Mr. Atkins. "Do you not think so?" All, except Miss Eustace, expressed their approbation of it in warm terms. She remained silent.

"What says my little Abby to it?" said Mr. Atkins. "Do you dissent from the common opinion?"

"I think it highly interesting and instructive," Miss Eustace replied, "but not faultless."

"Pray point out the faults," said Mr. Atkins. "Let us have the benefit of your *critique* upon it."

Miss Eustace blushed, and begged to be excused. She was sorry she had expressed any feeling of disapprobation. But Mr. Atkins persisted that she should point out the defects she discovered, in which he was joined by the rest of the circle. Blushing still more deeply, Miss Eustace said—

"Clara could not have felt true friendship for Eleanor, or she would not have manifested such indelicate joy, when the latter was proved so base."

"Clara's own explanation, that she had a dearer friend, at whose escape she rejoiced, was a sufficient apology."

This opinion, though differently expressed, was uttered by every one at the same moment, Mr. Chauncey excepted.

"That, as I think, is another defect," said Miss Eustace. "Was there no indelicacy in her permitting that dearer friend to see that she loved him, and calculated on the offer of his hand, while he yet had made no declaration of attachment to her?"

"Her amiable sincerity would atone for that fault, if it could be called a fault," said Mr. Atkins.

"Hardly, I think," said Miss Eustace. "I always was sorry the passage was written, especially as it was written by a woman, and have ever been inclined to *jump* it when reading the tale. I like not that female delicacy should be sacrificed, even at the shrine of sincerity. But Mrs. Opie not unfrequently sins against the more refined and retiring delicacy of her sex."

"In what other instance do you think she has done it, Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, in many," Miss Eustace replied. "Any one who understands the true female character, and who will read her works carefully, will easily detect them."

"O, name them—name them, Abby," said Mr. Atkins.

"Yes, name some other," said Mrs. Atkins.

"There is one in 'Madaline' that now occurs to me," said Miss Eustace, "that struck me as grossly indelicate; and, indeed, not true to nature. Madaline says of herself, 'that she sang *louder* than usual one evening when she supposed that Mr. Falconer was listening behind the hedge, that he might hear her.'"

"Was that false to nature, as well as indelicate, Abby?" asked Mr. Atkins.

Coloring more highly than ever, while her silken lashes fell over her eyes, as if to conceal their deep expression, she replied—

"I should have supposed that the idea of the proximity of one so dear to her, under such circumstances, would have rendered it impossible for her to sing as *loud* as usual, if indeed she could sing at all."

Mr. Atkins, who was seated by her, whispered in her ear—"What happy fellow taught you so much of the effect of the tender passion, Abby?"

This question covered her whole face and neck with a glow of carmine; but in a low, and somewhat tremulous tone, she said—

"May not instinct teach a woman how she should probably be affected under such circumstances?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Atkins—"but for all that, I do suspect you most grievously."

All the little party continued to converse in the most animated manner, Miss Eustace excepted. She was making a feather screen for Mrs. Atkins, and she now applied herself to her work with the most persevering diligence, and in perfect silence.

"Do let us hear the sound of your voice again, Abby," said Mr. Atkins, in an under tone. "You have now maintained the most profound silence for more than an hour. Pray speak once again."

"I will," said Miss Eustace, "for I am just going to ask Augusta if my screen will do."

"I can tell you that it will," said Mr. Atkins, "it is very handsomely made."

But Miss Leigh differed from him in opinion. "It is not so pretty as it might be, Abby," said she. "The different colored feathers are not so arranged as to produce the best effect."

"Are they not?" said Miss Eustace. "I have been trying to make it as pretty as possible. But you are correct, Augusta," added she, after holding the screen in different points of view; "it is really a gaudy looking thing. I will give it to some child who needs a fan, and will be delighted



with its gay colors, and make another for my friend."

"O no, Abby," said Mrs. Atkins, "you shall not take that trouble. This is really a handsome screen."

"So I thought," said Miss Eustace, "until Augusta helped to open my eyes to its glaring defects. No, no—I will make another for you. Should you carry this, it might be thought that a Sachem had robbed some fair one of his tribe, and laid the spoils at your feet. I should take no pleasure in giving you anything so ill-looking—in such bad taste."

"Just as you please, dear," said Mrs. Atkins, "though I am sorry that you should give yourself so much trouble."

"I shall not esteem it a trouble," said Miss Eustace, as she resumed her seat, and at the same time her taciturnity.

Miss Leigh was peculiarly happy this evening. Mr. Chauncey did not, it is true, converse with her any more than usual, nor say anything to her that he might not have said to another; but there was something in his manner, in the tone of his voice, and in the expression of his eyes, when he addressed her, that betrayed his admiration, his growing preference. Mrs. Atkins observed it with much pleasure. She truly loved Miss Eustace, and would not have been *dissatisfied* had she become the object of Mr. Chauncey's choice; yet her cousin Augusta was the one she had in her own mind selected for his wife. But Mr. Atkins saw it with something like regret. Though he really thought that Miss Leigh was, as he had said to Mr. Chauncey, a fine, a noble minded girl, yet she was not his favorite of the two young ladies. He loved Mr. Chauncey with a warm attachment; and Miss Eustace, according to his opinion, was the very person to secure his happiness.

After Mr. Chauncey took leave, Mr. Atkins and Miss Eustace chanced to be left alone for a short time, when the former abruptly said—

"You really vex me, Abby."

"Vex you! how? I am very sorry," said Miss Eustace.

"Why, here is my friend Horace, who is decidedly the finest fellow I ever knew, whom you are permitting Augusta to carry off, without one effort to contest the prize!"

"Effort! Mr. Atkins?" said Miss Eustace. "Would you have me *make an effort* to attract his attention?"

"No—not exactly make an effort; but I would have you do yourself justice—would have you let him see a little what you are. Why cannot you talk as much when he is here, as you do at other times?"

"You are now laughing at me!" said Miss Eustace. "I have been quite ashamed of myself,

ever since I was drawn on to say so much about Mrs. Opie's works."

"The only time you have spoken this evening!" said Mr. Atkins. "Truly you have great cause to be ashamed of your loquacity! Why, Augusta said more words to him in half an hour to-night, than he has heard you utter since you have been here!"

"It may be so," said Miss Eustace; "but you may depend on it, Mr. Atkins, that I will never speak a word when I should otherwise be silent, nor say anything different from what I should otherwise say, to secure the attention, or meet the approbation of any gentleman in the world!"

"You are incorrigible!" said Mr. Atkins. "And another thing—either you dislike Horace, or are attached to some other man. I suspect the latter. I have watched you a little this evening, and noticed a shade of sadness—of melancholy, on your brow, that I never saw there before. I do not wish, my dear Abby, from idle curiosity, to pry into the secrets of your heart,—but tell me—is not my suspicion correct?"

"I do most truly assure you it is not," Miss Eustace had just time to reply, ere Miss Leigh re-entered the parlor, and the former immediately left the room.

"O, how thankful I am," thought she, as she shut herself in her own chamber—"how thankful I am that he framed his question as he did! otherwise what could I have done? Dislike Horace Chauncey! Love some other man! O, would the former were true! Would I had passed through the same Lethe in which he seems to have been plunged! But no matter—I will soon go home, and then strive to grow forgetful myself; for never will I try to refresh his memory! Sad! said Mr. Atkins? I will not be sad—at least no one shall see me so—I will not be so if I can help it!" Humming a cheerful air, which, however, lost something of its sprightliness, though none of its melody, as she warbled it, she returned to the parlor.

As day succeeded day, the visits of Mr. Chauncey became more frequent, and the interest Miss Leigh inspired more obvious. The seat next her he always, if possible, secured; if that was occupied, the back of her chair frequently afforded him a support. He interested himself in all her pursuits—looked over the book she was reading—examined and admired her work,—and never seemed completely happy unless near her, and having some object of mutual interest.

Meantime, despite Miss Eustace's resolution, she was frequently sad; and notwithstanding her efforts at concealment, which led her to appear unnaturally gay, Mr. Atkins saw it. He was observing her closely, but silently; not even suggesting to Mrs. Atkins that any change was coming over her friend. But he noticed that the moment

after the frolic or the joke was passed, a seriousness rested upon her features, as unnatural to them as frivolity was to her manners. When Mr. Chauncey was present, she indeed appeared not much different from formerly, except that her cheek was less frequently dimpled with a smile, her eyes were more intently fixed on her work, and her silence, if possible, was more profound than ever. Sometimes, when a pang of peculiar bitterness shot through her heart, she would resolve on closing her visit immediately; but when she had hinted such an intention to Mrs. Atkins, that lady seemed so much hurt, and so strenuously opposed such a measure, that she abandoned the idea. Yet how could she stay three months longer,—which was the term originally fixed for her visit,—witnessing that which she witnessed—that which was constantly enhancing her disquietude? Often in the retirement of her chamber, she would take herself severely to task. “How foolish—how worse than foolish I have been, thus year after year to let one idea engross my heart, without ever looking forward, for a moment, to a result like this! Common sense, common prudence, common discretion would have taught me better! Yet I consulted neither; but permitted my foolish imagination to indulge itself at the expense of my peace. Childish infatuation! But I will thus indulge myself no longer. This attachment shall be rooted out! He and Augusta will make a noble couple. I see it—much as my heart rebels against it. They will love and be happy! What if she will not study his every wish, as I could not help doing, and lose her very being in his! he will love her; and the observation of her shining qualities, will leave him no time to regret the absence of trifling and minor attentions or virtues. I *must*, I *will* forget this dream of years, which else will involve me in misery, if not in guilt. Too much already has my heart been divided between heaven and earth! and richly do I deserve this suffering, for permitting a creature, however exalted in virtue—and O, how exalted he is! how far above all others that I have seen! yet how wicked I have been to permit him to engross so much of that love, which before His sacred altar, I promised should be first of all for my God! Father,” she cried, while she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, “draw my affections to thyself, though my heartstrings should be severed!”

Both Miss Leigh and Miss Eustace were much attached to Mrs. Atkins, and were frequently employed in making some fancy article—some elegant trifle, to leave behind them as tokens of their regard. Miss Eustace had finished a screen, which could not but satisfy the most delicate taste, and was now engaged in embroidering a white satin reticule for her friend; while Miss Leigh was making a pyramid of various kinds of shells,

as an ornament for the mantel-piece. This last was quite an arduous undertaking, as many of the shells were exceedingly small, and required great skill and taste so to arrange them, as at once to match them with precision, and display their beauty to the greatest advantage.

All the little circle at Mr. Atkins’ watched the progress of this pyramid with interest, and with admiration of its beauty, and the taste of the fair architect. Mr. Chauncey was almost a daily witness of its increasing height, and certainly not behind any one in the praise he bestowed on it. He would sit for an hour together, assorting the shells, and admiring the delicate fingers that fitted them in their places so neatly; above all, admiring the power that enabled the architect to carry on a work that seemed to require so much care and ingenuity, while her mind seemed quite free to engage in any subject of conversation, however foreign to her employment.

One morning as Miss Leigh was seated in the recess which was devoted to her use while erecting her pyramid, Miss Eustace came, as she frequently did, to overlook her for a few minutes. She looked on in silence for some time, and then said—

“It is the most beautiful thing, Augusta, that I ever saw. But is it quite perpendicular?”

“Perfectly so,” said Miss Leigh.

“Perhaps it is the position from which I now view it, that makes it seem to lean a little toward your right hand,” said Miss Eustace.

“It undoubtedly is,” said Miss Leigh; “for it is precisely perpendicular.”

“It is really the most beautiful thing I ever saw,” repeated Miss Eustace; and soon after took a seat on the other side of the room.

She had been but a short time settled to her work, when Mr. Chauncey made his appearance; and just passing the compliments of the morning, he drew a chair towards Miss Leigh’s table, and seated himself beside her.

“What are you doing, Miss Leigh?” said he, in a tone of surprise, as soon as he had had time to observe that instead of adding shells to the fabric, she was deliberately removing them: “Have you made any mistake?”

“Abby has been finding fault with my work,” she replied. Her words seemed to almost choke her, and her eyes sparkled with unusual fire, while a very bright spot burned on her cheek.

“Fault! what fault?” asked Mr. Chauncey.

In an instant Miss Eustace was beside the table, and catching the hand that was about to remove another shell, she cried—

“Dear Augusta, what do you mean! you must not remove another shell from this beautiful fabric!”

With a motion not perfectly gentle, Miss Leigh withdrew her hand from Miss Eustace’s grasp, and in silence proceeded to remove the shell.



"Do persuade her, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Eustace, with eagerness, "Do persuade her to let alone this work of destruction. I only asked her if it was quite perpendicular; and no doubt it was my point of observation that made it appear otherwise. Dear Augusta," she added, throwing her arms around her friend's neck, "do desist from your present purpose. I wish I had kept my foolish tongue quiet. You know not how sorry I am that I made the remark!"

But Miss Leigh would not yield. Releasing herself from Miss Eustace's arms, she returned to her work of demolition, while she said—

"I shall take it to pieces, *Miss Eustace*. I like not that anything should go from beneath my hand that is not perfect!"

"That is a right principle," thought Mr. Chauncey, "and is an excuse for——" He stopped short, for he found himself in danger of having his judgment warped by the emotions of his heart. Fixing his eyes on the pyramid, he fell into a train of musing.

"It is quite perpendicular, is it not, Mr. Chauncey?" said Miss Eustace, supposing his mind engrossed by the object he seemed so intently viewing. "Is it not quite perpendicular?" she repeated.

"It is not," said Mr. Chauncey, roused by her reiterated question to examine the pyramid with a critical eye—"it is not; though I did not notice its declination till led to look for it. The defect, however, is so slight, that few persons probably would notice it."

"You will not take it to pieces, Augusta?" said Miss Eustace, in an entreating tone.

Miss Leigh removed her work to a greater distance from her, and turning it slowly round, examined it carefully.

"Yes, I must take it down, Abby—at least thus far," said she, placing her finger on the pyramid. "The defect is not so slight as Mr. Chauncey says. Every one will observe it. I should have done so myself as soon as I had completed it. I am very glad you noticed it so seasonably, notwithstanding my petulency—my ill-humor. Will you forgive me, Abby?" she added, as she looked up with an expression of regret on her features, while she held up her lips for a kiss.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Miss Eustace, as she placed her lips on those of her friend with the warm kiss of affection.

Mr. Chauncey drew a long breath, as if relieved from an oppressive burden.

Yet notwithstanding this speedy reconciliation, Mr. Chauncey's visit was not pleasant as usual. Miss Leigh seemed too intent on taking her work to pieces, to converse with her usual vivacity. Nor did her countenance wear exactly its most agreeable expression. In a few minutes after the mutual kiss had been given, a look of uneasiness—

of discontent, settled on her features,—and a certain something lurked about her eye and brow, which, to say the least, was not attractive. There was something, too, in the closing of her mouth, that rendered her far less beautiful than usual. All this might have arisen from the unpleasantness of the task of taking to pieces that which she had put together with so much care and pains. But be the cause what it might, Mr. Chauncey was paralyzed by the effect. He made one or two efforts at conversation, as he found silence very embarrassing. He tasted not that rich enjoyment which he sometimes had, while sitting in perfect silence beside the object of his admiration. But his efforts to converse were unavailing, as Miss Leigh answered only by monosyllables. He wished Miss Eustace would do something to break the spell; but she had resumed her seat and her work on the other side of the room, and was silent and unobtrusive as usual. Mrs. Atkins at length came in, and Mr. Chauncey hoped that relief was now at hand; but instead of this, the unpleasant explanation of Miss Leigh's retrograde work must be made.

"What a pity it is!" said Mrs. Atkins. "Why did not some one of us observe it sooner, to save you so much trouble, Augusta?"

To this Miss Leigh made no reply, but with her mouth more firmly closed than ever, continued for a few minutes longer to undo her work. Increasing dissatisfaction, however, was legibly written on her countenance, till at length, closing her hands over the pyramid, she said, "This is too irksome!" and at the same instant pressed her hands together, and reduced the fabric to a complete ruin.

"O, how could you do so?" cried Mrs. Atkins.

"I will make one for you, Susan, after I go home," said Miss Leigh. "I could not go on with this—all satisfaction in it was forever destroyed!"

If Miss Leigh ever appeared lovely and fascinating—if she ever appeared to be all that a woman should be, it was for the fortnight that succeeded the demolition of the pyramid; and Horace Chauncey at length surrendered himself to the force of her attractions. And yet his heart had not the perfect consent of his judgment; or rather, he feared that if his judgment were perfectly well-informed, its sentence would be against him. "And yet, what have I to fear?" thought he. "The strong attachment of her friends speaks volumes in her praise, even did she need such testimony in her favor. And do I not, myself, constantly witness the vigor of her intellect—the correctness of her opinions—the delicacy of her feelings—the tenderness of her sympathies? What can I ask more? Where else can I find as much?" He sighed deeply as he added—"Mrs. Atkins spoke truth—I have become fastidious. I am ex-

pecting that perfection on earth, which is to be found only in heaven. And am I so perfect myself as to have a right to expect perfection in a wife? Alas, how many defects will you have to overlook in me, Augusta, should you ever be mine! and mine you must be! I can—I will hesitate no longer! This very evening you shall know the wishes of my heart!" He immediately opened his writing-desk, filled a page with the avowal of his attachment, and closed by the offer of his hand.

On entering his friend's parlor in the evening, Mr. Chauncey found the young ladies engaged at chess; Mr. Atkins seated by them, watching the progress of the game, while Mrs. Atkins was occupied with a book in another part of the room. He was so often with them, that he came in and went out almost like one of the family, so that a bow and a "good evening" were all that was necessary before he mingled in the group, and became a participator in whatever was on hand. He now stationed himself behind Miss Leigh's chair, and fastened his eyes on the chess-board. For some time, however, he could not fix his mind on the game, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the important letter that seemed to burn in his pocket.

"Our fair friends are so equally matched," said Mr. Atkins, "that there is much interest in watching the contest."

"Have you frequently played since you have been here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey.

"Very seldom," Miss Leigh replied.

"I thought so," said Mr. Chauncey, "or I must before this have found you thus engaged."

"They played last evening," said Mr. Atkins, "and had a warmly contested battle."

"And who was conqueror?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"O, Augusta," said Miss Eustace, looking up, "but much against my will, I assure you. I never tried harder for victory in my life."

"Then you bore your defeat admirably," said Mr. Atkins. "For my part, I thought you quite indifferent about it, you appeared so well satisfied after you had yielded the contest."

"O, yes,—*after* I had yielded," said Miss Eustace. "The time of trial, you know, is when one fears that they shall be obliged to yield. After all, there is about as much satisfaction in being beaten as in beating; for one can scarcely help sympathizing with an antagonist who has fought bravely but unsuccessfully."

"I am happy to learn that you so much enjoy being beaten," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"You think I shall soon have that enjoyment again?" said Miss Eustace, "and I shall, indeed, unless I pay more attention to the game."

For a full hour from this time they made their moves in perfect silence—victory sometimes lean-

ing to the one side, sometimes to the other. The two gentlemen were as much interested as the fair antagonists; but they had taken different sides. Mr. Atkins' sympathies all being enlisted for Miss Eustace—Mr. Chauncey's, of course, for Miss Leigh. Both, however, were too gentlemanly too express their feelings by word or sign. But at length the game seemed drawing to a close, and again in Miss Leigh's favor, when a skilful move on Miss Eustace's part, turned the whole face of the battle. Miss Leigh, however, seemed not aware of it, so intent was she on the manœuvre she had been performing. But Mr. Chauncey's heart beat quick, as he saw all her danger; and when she placed her fingers on a piece, to have moved which would have decided her fate at once, his self-command forsook him, and uttering an emphatic "Ah!" he turned suddenly from the table. He could not endure to witness her defeat!

Miss Leigh suspended her movement, but she was too much excited to see clearly, and after a momentary pause, she made the fatal move. The next instant she saw her error—it was too much—and at the moment when Mr. Chauncey resumed his post, with a flaming cheek and flashing eyes, she swept her arm across the table, exclaiming—

"I will never play another game of chess while I live!"

Miss Eustace looked up with an expression of anxiety on her features; Mr. Atkins with one of undisguised displeasure; while the countenance of Mr. Chauncey spoke amazement and consternation. Miss Leigh instantly left the table, and walked toward the fire, followed by Miss Eustace.

"Who is the victor to-night, Abby?" inquired Mrs. Atkins, raising her eyes from her book.

"Neither," said Miss Eustace, in a very soft and low tone; "we did not finish the game."

"You know better, Miss Eustace!" said Miss Leigh; "you know you were yourself victorious, and I will never play another game of chess while I live!" Her voice, though but slightly raised, had the tone of passionate excitement; and her words were scarcely uttered, ere she burst into a paroxysm of tears. Miss Eustace again looked up with an expression of distress—stood suspended a moment as if in doubt what to do, and then silently left the room.

"Are you petrified?" said Mr. Atkins, as he turned round, and observed Mr. Chauncey, standing immovable beside the chess-table, his eyes riveted upon it.

The question of Mr. Atkins roused him, and drawing out his watch, he said, while his voice betrayed much emotion—

"It is later than I thought—I must bid you good night!"

"O, not yet, Horace," said Mr. Atkins. "That unlucky game of chess has engrossed the whole



evening. Come, sit down. Susan will throw aside her book—Augusta will get over her defeat—and we will have some rational conversation.”

“You will excuse me this evening,” said Mr. Chauncey, and uttering a hasty “good night,” he left the room.

He was scarcely conscious of anything until he found himself in his own chamber at his boarding-house. Stirring the decaying embers that lay on the hearth to make them burn more brightly, he snatched the lately written letter from his pocket, and laid it upon them. He watched it as it consumed, until the last particle was reduced to ashes, and then, drawing a long breath, he uttered an emphatic—“Thank heaven!”

An hour afterwards he rang the bell for a servant, gave some directions, and at five the next morning, while the stars were yet bright in the heavens, he took a seat in the mail-coach, that whirled him rapidly away from the scene of his danger.

“What has become of Mr. Chauncey?” inquired Mrs. Atkins, the second evening after the decisive game of chess had been played—“He is staying from us much longer than usual, I think.”

Miss Leigh looked up with a face of anxious inquiry, as Mr. Atkins replied—

“Indeed I don’t know what has become of him. I have not had a sight of him since Tuesday evening. Perhaps,” he added, laughing, “perhaps he died of the fright you that night gave him, Augusta!”

Coloring the deepest crimson, while the tears forced themselves to her eyes, Miss Leigh replied—

“At least my hasty temper will frighten all your friends from your house, Mr. Atkins, should its effects not prove any more fatal. O, could my friends know how much my ungovernable passions cost me, they would *pity* as much as they *blame* me!”

“O, do not talk of it, dear Augusta,” said Miss Eustace, taking her hand. “Forget it all, as we do—or remember it only to strive after more self-command for the future. You remember how much we admired the sentiment we read yesterday—

‘Qui sait se posséder, peut commander au monde.’”

“O, yes—but all my efforts at self-possession are useless,” said Miss Leigh, almost sobbing—“I can never remember till it is too late; and then mortification and self-upbraiding are my just reward. I would give the world, Abby,” she added, as she parted the hair from her friend’s placid brow—“I would give the world, had I your equanimity of temper!”

“Well, let us talk no more of it,” said Mr. Atkins. “To-morrow I will look after the truant, and learn the cause of his absence.”

He had scarcely done speaking, when a servant brought in the letters and papers which had just arrived by the mail. Looking them over, Mr. Atkins caught up one, exclaiming—

“This is curious!—this must be Horace’s handwriting, and the post-mark is Boston!”

“Pray open it,” cried Mrs. Atkins—“What does he say?”

“Why, he says,” answered Mr. Atkins, after rapidly running the letter over—“he says that he writes to bid us a ‘good-bye,’ that he could not come to utter in his own person.”

“Good-bye!” cried Mrs. Atkins—“pray when did he leave town?”

“At five the next morning after he left us,” said Mr. Atkins.

“And how long is he to be absent?” Mrs. Atkins inquired.

“Uncertain,” answered her husband. “The length of his absence will depend on circumstances. Perhaps we shall not see him again these three months.”

“This is very singular!” remarked Mrs. Atkins. “Does he say what called him away in such haste, to be gone for so long a period?”

“Not a word. The letter seems to have been written in great haste. I have never seen such a scroll come from beneath Horace’s hand. He must have been in great haste.”

Mr. Atkins then proceeded to open other letters, and nothing further was said of Mr. Chauncey, or his abrupt departure. Yet a glance at the faces of the trio of ladies would have proved that the subject was not dismissed from their thoughts. Mrs. Atkins, with half-closed eyes, sat looking at the fire, with an air of abstraction which showed that she was endeavoring to unravel the enigma. Miss Leigh’s features wore an expression of blank disappointment; and after an unsuccessful attempt to conceal or control her feelings, she retired to her chamber. The heightened color in Miss Eustace’s cheek was the only thing about her face that bespoke emotion; but an eye, fixed intently on the frill that fell over her bosom, would have seen with what force and rapidity her heart was beating.

“Gone!” said Miss Leigh, as she closed the door of her chamber; “Gone for three months! From me—forever! The die is cast!” She wept in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification. She had for many days been hourly expecting the offer of his hand—the hand she most strongly wished to possess. She had felt confident of his attachment—she had told her cousin of her expectations. She had read his affection, his admiration, in his eyes, in the tone of his voice. Had she been deceived! Had he tried to deceive her? O, no—Horace Chauncey was above deceit. He had loved her!—but like a fool—or rather, like a fury, she had forced him from her! It must have

been so—that game of chess had sealed her fate! Such was the train of thought that accompanied her tumultuous and compunctious feelings. Her peace, her happiness, her self-respect were gone; and the most bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, was the full consciousness that she had brought on her own misery—that she deserved her wretchedness!

From this period, all enjoyment of her visit to Mrs. Atkins was at an end. She dragged out a week or two, every solitary moment of which was spent in bitter self-upbraiding, and then took an abrupt departure for home. Miss Eustace would have accompanied her, but to this Mrs. Atkins would not listen for a moment. "No, no, Abby," said she; "it must not be! I cannot part with you both at once; and one day must not be taken from the time that your mother allotted for your visit, unless by providential appointment.

"Whom suppose you I saw alighting from the stage-coach just now?" said Mr. Atkins with much animation, as he came in to tea one evening, about a fortnight after Miss Leigh's departure.

"Horace Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins.

"Horace Chauncey!" repeated Mr. Atkins—"How came you to think of him?"

"Because there is no one likely to arrive here, whom I should be so glad to see," Mrs. Atkins replied.

"Well, you are correct in your conjecture," said Mr. Atkins. "It was Horace, and he has promised to look in upon us for a few minutes in the course of the evening. But you need not look so much moved, Abby; for I dare say nothing will happen to drive him away to-night."

"There is nothing pleasant in the recollection of the last time I saw him," said Miss Eustace. She blushed as she was speaking at the disingenuousness which led her to permit Mr. Atkins to ascribe her emotion to a wrong cause. She felt as if

*"L'art le plus innocent, tient de la perfidie."*

But it was not art—it was nature. The love in a woman's heart likes not to be looked upon, at least not until it may with propriety be expressed. It is a little treasure which she feels to be all her own—a treasure she has a right to conceal from all eyes. Timidity, delicacy, natural female reserve, are the causes of this concealment, rather than want of ingenuousness. In the most perfect solitude she would blush to clothe in sound the words "I love," though she might constantly be conscious of the fact—constantly have her eye fixed on the image of the beloved object engraven on her heart. The woman who can, to a third person, speak freely of her love, loves not as woman is capable of loving!

As expected, Mr. Chauncey came in before the evening was far advanced, and though on his first appearance, his manner was not quite as calm and

collected as usual, his embarrassment soon wore away, and his visit, instead of being one of a few minutes, was lengthened to a couple of hours.

"You need no new invitation to favor us with frequent visits, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins, as he was taking leave; "those you formerly received were for life."

Notwithstanding the kindness and delicacy of this remark, Mr. Chauncey for awhile was less frequently to be seen at his friend's than formerly. He was not a pining lover; but he had received a shock from which he could not at once recover. His was not a heart that could long continue to love, after the beloved object had ceased to command his respect. To marry Miss Leigh, to look to her to make his home the abode of peace, serenity, and joy, was impossible; and after this full conviction of his judgment, to spend his time in sighing for her loss would be puerile. Yet apart from every selfish consideration, he did mourn, that a woman possessing such qualities as she possessed, and who might be all that the heart or the judgment could require, should be spoiled by the indulgence of one baneful passion.

Even at the time when he yielded himself most completely to Miss Leigh's attractions, the contrast between her temper and that of Miss Eustace would force itself upon him. At the moment of the destruction of the pyramid, the feather screen came fully before his memory; and the different expressions of the two young ladies' faces, when Mr. Atkins ventured to propose some improvement in the mode of wearing their riding-caps, were vividly painted to his imagination. He strove, however, to persuade himself, that it was unreasonable to expect in one person a combination of all the excellent and lovely qualities that are divided among the sex; and he endeavored to believe, that that candor which was so ready to acknowledge a fault, was even more desirable than uniform sweetness of temper. But the veil had been rudely torn from his eyes; his sophistry had all been overthrown—and after one struggle, he was himself again—restored to the full conviction, that one great defect will spoil a character.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Chauncey's visits at his friend's house were as frequent as ever, though the character of his enjoyment was changed. He was no longer engrossed by one exciting object, and there was a new quietness breathing about his friend's fire-side, that rendered their rich moral and intellectual pleasures truly delightful. Formerly his visits had had all the excitement of pleasure; on returning home he had needed repose; now they had the soothing effect of happiness, and if he went weary, he returned home refreshed.

During several of his earlier visits, Miss Eustace was as silent as she had formerly been; but gradually her friends were drawing her out by



addressing themselves to her, or asking her opinion; and Mr. Chauncey himself was becoming interested in eliciting her remarks. She did not awaken his admiration, like Miss Leigh; but he soon became sensible, that if what she said was less shining, it was generally better digested; and if she had less wit herself, she more heartily enjoyed the wit of others. If he did not leave her society dazzled by her brilliancy, he found that what she said called forth thought and reflection; and if her observations had less force and fire than her friend's, they would better bear examination. Her lustre was mild, not overpowering; and her influence upon the heart and mind, like the dews of a summer's evening descending on the flowers—noiseless, gentle, insensible—but invigorating and refreshing.

That dreamy recollection, too—that strange association of certain expressions of her countenance with some bygone pleasure, which he had experienced on their first acquaintance, but which had been lost sight of while he was engrossed by Miss Leigh, was returning with increased force upon him, and awakened a peculiar interest. It was something undefinable, untangible; but still something that gave a throb to the heart whenever it crossed him. Yet so quiet was Miss Eustace's influence; so different the feelings she awakened from those excited by Miss Leigh, that his heart was a captive while he yet suspected not his loss of freedom.

One evening on entering his friend's parlor, he found Miss Eustace alone, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins having gone out for an hour. She was standing at a window, partially screened from view by the heavy folds of the window-curtain. She took no notice of his entrance, supposing it one of the family who came in; but he immediately joined her, remarking—

"You seem lost in thought, Miss Eustace. Will you permit me to participate in your reflections?"

"I was looking forth on the beauties of the evening," said Miss Eustace.

It was a glorious night. The moon, clear as a pearl, was riding high in the heavens, and looking down on the earth, which seemed hushed to perfect peace—and every star that could make itself visible in the presence of the queen of night, was sparkling like a diamond.

"It is indeed a night to awaken admiration, and inspire poetry," said Mr. Chauncey. "Has not the muse visited you?"

"I believe not," said Miss Eustace. "The influence of such a night on my heart is like that of music; I think it is *feeling*, not *thought*, that it inspires. O, could one communicate feelings without the intervention of words—could they throw them on paper without the mechanical drudgery of expressing them, what a volume would there be

to read!" She raised her face towards him while speaking, beaming with the inspiration of the soul.

"Who is it! what is it! that you are perpetually bringing athwart my imagination—my memory?" said Mr. Chauncey, abruptly. "I seem to have had a pre-existence, in which you were known to me!"

Miss Eustace made no reply. The suddenness of the question made her heart beat tumultuously—painfully; and the intensity of her feeling produced a sensation of faintness; but she supported herself against the window-frame, and her agitation was unnoticed.

"I have it—that must be it!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncey, after a moment's abstraction—"Gen. Gardner!—Years ago, when quite a boy, I spent a week at his house. He had a lovely little daughter—her name, too, was Abby—I have neither seen nor heard from her since; but she strongly resembled you! The same lovely expression animated her features! Am I not right?"

Scarcely able to command voice enough to speak, Miss Eustace replied—"I believe Gen. Gardner never had a daughter."

"O, you must be mistaken!" said Mr. Chauncey. "It has all come as fresh to my memory as the events of yesterday. My father went a long journey, took me with him as far as the General's, and left me until his return. I was with his lovely little daughter, daily, for a week; and remember asking her before I came away, if she would not be my wife when she became a woman!"

"Most true!" thought Miss Eustace, trembling from head to foot, "and you followed the question by a kiss."

"You are acquainted with the General's family," continued Mr. Chauncey, "and yet you say he never had a daughter! But you must be mistaken! He certainly had one then, if he has one no longer!"

"I cannot be mistaken, sir," said Miss Eustace, in tones that were scarcely audible, "as I have passed much of my time there from infancy."

"Then it was yourself," cried Mr. Chauncey, "your own self that I saw there! Am I not right? Do you not remember it?"

"I do," Miss Eustace had just voice enough to utter.

"And did you remember me when we first met here?" inquired Mr. Chauncey, with eagerness.

"I did," said Miss Eustace.

"And why," he cried, "why did you never speak of our former acquaintance? Why could you not kindly recall my early enjoyment of your society?"

Miss Eustace could make no answer. She felt as if about to betray her heart's most hidden secret; as if Mr. Chauncey would read her whole soul, should she attempt to utter another syllable.

Her trembling limbs could no longer support her, and with an unsteady motion she crossed the room, and seated herself on the sofa.

The attachment of Miss Eustace to Mr. Chauncey was rather an *instinct* than a *passion*. She was but eight years old when she met him at Gen. Gardner's, and she had never seen him since, until they met at Mr. Atkins'; yet the little attentions he then paid her, which were the very first she had received from one of the other sex, and which had a peculiar delicacy for the attentions of a youth of sixteen, made an indelible impression on her feelings. The strange question he asked her was ever awake in her heart—the kiss he imprinted ever warm on her cheek! She would have felt it profanation to have had it displaced by one from any other lips. But though she had never since seen, she had very frequently heard of him; and the sound of his name, a name she herself never uttered, was ever music to her ear; and for the ten long years during which they had been separated, his image had filled her whole soul. For Abby Eustace to have loved another would have been impossible! Her love for Horace Chauncey was a part of her very being!

Mr. Chauncey did not instantly follow Miss Eustace to the sofa. He wished to look at his heart—to still its emotions ere he went further. But one look showed him that he loved her wholly, entirely, undividedly; the sight of her agitation encouraged his hope—and advancing to the back of the sofa, and leaning over it, he said, in the softest tone—

"Now that you *are* a woman, may I repeat the request of my boyhood?—Will you be my wife?"

Miss Eustace spoke not a word, but her eyes met those of her lover;—language on either side was unnecessary—both felt that they loved and were beloved—that they were one forever!

Something more than a year after this eventful moment, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey were spending a social evening with their friends, in the same pleasant parlor in which their hearts had first been opened to each other. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Atkins made known the fact, that her cousin, Miss Leigh, was on the verge of matrimony.

"I pity her husband," said Mr. Chauncey.

"Pity him!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins; "for what? I dare say he considers himself one of the most fortunate fellows alive!"

"Undoubtedly he does," said Mr. Chauncey; "but it will be a miracle if he ever enjoys domestic happiness."

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Atkins. "Surely Augusta has many valuable and attractive qualities."

"I grant it," said Mr. Chauncey, "and acknowledge that I once felt their force. But should

a woman combine in her own character all the valuable qualities in the world, she could not secure happiness to her husband, were they allied to a temper like hers."

"Is not that going too far, Horace?" asked Mr. Atkins—"Is it not laying *too much stress* on temper?"

"I think not," answered Mr. Chauncey. "Early in life my mother often spoke to me of the importance of good temper. Her remarks, which made a deep impression, led me to careful observation—and I am convinced, that could we accurately learn the detailed history of any one, from the cradle of his infancy, to the grave in which he was laid at threescore years and ten, we should find that *temper*, his own, or that of others, had occasioned three-fourths of the unhappiness he had endured. Neither poverty nor toil, pain nor sickness, disappointment nor the loss of friends,—neither, nor all of these together, have caused so many hours of bitterness in this sorrowing world, as ill-temper. It is the *scorpion* among the passions—its stings the deepest, the most envenomed wounds that are inflicted on human happiness!"

"I rather think you are right, Horace," said Mr. Atkins, after sitting for a few minutes in silent abstraction—"I rather think you are right; and if so," he playfully added, "I really sympathize with you on account of Abby's unhappy temper!"

"Abby's unhappy temper!" repeated Mr. Chauncey, while his eyes beamed with unutterable complacency and love as they rested upon her. "Look at her, Charles. Picture to yourself that face inflamed and distorted by passion! Imagine your own wife so disfigured! Is not the picture horrible? Who ever imagined a woman as she should be, without investing her with meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance, as the genuine characteristics of her sex? When destitute of these, she denies her nature—counteracts the very design of her creation!"

"But you will grant," said Mr. Atkins, "that some women are born with much stronger passions than others: will you make no allowance for these?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Chauncey. "I have no belief in ungovernable passions. I would as soon excuse a thief for his stealing, or a drunkard for his intemperance, as a sensible woman for indulging a bad temper, on the score of natural infirmity. At the point of danger, a double guard must be placed. Every woman owes this, not only to herself, but to her friends. She was made to lighten care; to soothe corroded feelings; to console the afflicted; to sympathize with the suffering; and, by her gentle influence, to allay the stormy and conflicting elements that agitate the more rugged nature of man! Instead of this, shall she permit her own angry passions to be the whirl-



wind that shall raise the storm? The woman who does this, should be disowned of her sex, like those who abandon themselves to any other vicious inclination. An ill-tempered man is a tyrant;—but an ill-tempered woman is a monster!"

### TO MY SISTER.\*

'Tis but a few short months since we have met,  
And yet those months seem ages! How old Time  
Delights to linger on his flight sublime,  
When between hearts that love, its course is set!  
Sure age must flag his tardy wings; and yet  
No breath of murmur shall escape from me,  
For at each stroke—howe'er prolonged—I get,  
Though farther off, yet nearer still to thee.

They come before me now, my childhood's hours,  
When life was young, and all its plants were flowers;  
Its buds of joy, just opening into morn,  
Their stems too tender to retain a thorn;  
Its quiet sports, when days serenely spent,  
To sleep, at night, a ready pinion lent;  
When time flew on as laughing streamlets flow,  
Their waters making music as they go;  
And now, as then, of all, the brightest hue,  
That these delights were ever shared by you.  
I see thee now, as often, terrified,  
When ventures rash displayed my boyish pride;  
Forgive me, since such tremors o'er thee ran,  
A boy's first vanity—to seem a man.  
I hear thee still in modest accents plead,  
So early couldst thou prove a friend in need,  
"If mother pass this one transgression by,  
Brother, indeed, will be a better boy;"  
The answer too, that oft thy tears beguiled,  
"If mother spares the rod, 'twill spoil the child."  
All this—and more—within the flying hour,  
Has linked the present to the past with power,  
And ever shall on memory's tablet play,  
Freshly, as one eternal yesterday.

But, with our childhood, gone are childhood's bowers,  
Thus vined with clustering joys, and strewed with  
flowers.

The noon of life, succeeding to its morn,  
Withers each rose, but sharpens every thorn.  
A stranger's fire is kindled on the hearth,  
Where, with the hours, kept pace our infant mirth.  
He who our father was while life was his,  
Has gone to Him who, now, our Father is;  
A righteous man! if thus our hearts may read,  
In the entail of blessings on his seed.  
His honored relic lingers to alloy  
Her children's grief, and double all their joy;  
And they, in turn, to soothe her widow'd mind,  
While he has gone before, are left behind:  
So aptly Heaven, to each afflicted state,  
A double blessing doth accommodate.

\*A detached passage of this article, under a somewhat different form, is in private circulation among a few friends of the author. Should it meet their eye, it may, perhaps, be recognised.

And wilt thou marvel if, thus left alone,  
I early learned to make thy heart my own?  
With thee a robe of grief or joy to wear,  
And with a brother's blend a father's care?  
Thy every step my earnest eye has view'd,  
From girlish glee to thoughtful womanhood;  
Well pleased, as thus intently it survey'd,  
To see thy Maker by his work displayed.  
And now, as memory folds her placid wing,  
The sweets all shower'd which it was charged to bring,  
And to hope's vision yields thee as thou art,  
I find thee changed in all, except in heart.

Though metaphysics might have spared thy brow,  
Nor changed its mood from simple to complex,  
If view'd directly, or by sense reflex,  
Thou shalt be ever dear to me as now.  
I scorn the feeling by which man would bow  
Down woman's spirit, to plum-pies and tarts,  
And by her skill in culinary arts,  
Square every virtue that her heart doth know.  
It must be that this self-exalted race,  
These mighty masters of this terrene world,  
Fear lest their Dagon from its pride be hurled,  
And her meek statue lifted on its base.  
Spirit of her, whose harp so lately rung  
Its lofty symphonies through Albion's isle,  
By honor'd breezes wafted here the while,  
Where did thy mantle fall, mother of song!  
Do not sweet sympathies, of right, belong  
To the sweet solace of man's rayless hour,  
The grace, too oft the victim, of his power,  
Yet loving on through thousand ills a-wrong?  
I am ashamed that man's elated sense  
Of his weak might and vain omnipotence,  
Should spurn the contact of a meeker mind,  
Not less exalted, though far more refined.  
It shames me that these self-styled kings of earth,  
These demi-gods by boast, if not by birth,  
Should need, to fortify their vaunted crown,  
The fulminating virtues of a frown.

But 'tis not thus my heart would have thee shine,  
Nor treasures Fame one wreath it wishes thine;  
Her temple keys too oft the vulgar hoard,  
And they who entrance seek have their reward.  
No! while one virtue lingers to impart  
Its glowing graces to the quicken'd heart;  
While yet one sorrow lingers to be soothed,  
Or care has thorny pillows to be smoothed;  
While nobler toils present a nobler prize,  
And hope through faith points upward to the skies,  
Let holier zeal inspire a loftier aim,  
The Book of Life—and not the scroll of Fame.

Much do I owe thy love; thou ne'er hast known  
What spells have bound me 'neath thy gentle tone;  
The soft subduings of thy tender eye,  
When passion's tumult drown'd thy meek reply.  
Born to be ever hardened by a frown,  
'Twas love could melt my iron nature down,  
And love's own quiver, to her silken string,  
Would oft, unconscious, lend a double sting;  
Passion might veil and pride belie the dart,  
But could not still its motions in the heart.

These arts can draw the soul, and such as these,  
Gently as wind-harps answer to the breeze.

Oh what were we, if when our waywardness  
Had left no work for time, upon the brow  
Of one, whose frailty was too oft to bless,  
But who no more shall bless or grieve for, now;  
If, when the watch-light of a mother's fears  
Had warn'd unheeded and gone out in tears,  
The quenching of that unrequited flame  
Left love no fountain for the heart to claim;  
If not one tendril linger'd to entwine  
The wayward oak with some devoted vine,  
Whose gentle foliage might, at least, conceal  
The harsher features which it could not heal;  
If o'er our steps, to pray for their return,  
No sister's tenderness were left to yearn,  
And, with the patriarch's earnestness, to wield  
The only blade that forces heaven to yield?  
Who but would hug the shadows of the tomb,  
If life were such an emphasis of gloom?  
Oh! who could deem himself outcast of heaven,  
If such the plea that he might be forgiven?

And now, farewell; may all that God can give  
To glad thy spirit, mingle with thy cup.  
I wander sadly; not unblest of hope,  
Yet not upheld;—my heart doth love to grieve;  
There is a sadness which itself doth weave  
Bright presage of the future, and whose dart  
Brings oil, to soothe its passage through the heart,  
At once a blessing and a wound to leave.  
Thus, when the present seems a thankless waste,  
I water with a tear the flowery past;  
And every bud of promise childhood knew,  
Resumes its foliage with a freshened hue;  
Above their graves my favorite flowers lie spread,  
Their only thorn—the thought that they are dead.  
How strangely doth our stream of being flow!  
Joy starts the tear at morn—at evening, woe;  
On the same stem despair gives hope the lie;  
One certainty is man's—that man must die;  
A transient star—his cradle and his grave,  
The two great transits which his glories have.  
A few short days,—at most, a few brief years,  
The grave will hide our joys, and heaven our tears;—  
If, haply, when life's billows beat no more,  
Our barks be haven'd on that cloudless shore.  
But toils await us ere the course be run,  
And conflicts must precede the victory won.  
Thou know'st the hopes, thou knowest the armor given  
To them who fight on earth for crowns in heaven:  
Then be these hopes, and be this armor thine,  
And as thy conflict, thy reward, divine.

Camden, S. C.

B. W. H.

### HISTORICAL WRITERS.

M. Le Long, in his historical catalogue, has produced the names of more than twenty thousand writers of French history. Bundu mentions thirty thousand "Scriptores rerum Germanicarum."

### MORE OLD POETRY.

#### THE PURPLE ISLAND.

How many bards gild the lapses of time!  
A few of them have ever been the food  
Of my delighted fancy. I will brood  
Over their beauties, earthly or sublime!

John Keats.

"Something about Sonnets" led me into a pleasant search among the old poets, and the paper I now offer you is the result of that search. In sending you these articles, I claim the humble merit, only, of a diligent, though I would hope for the award, also, of a tasteful, compiler,—offering little or nothing of my own, but the simple thread that ties together the rare flowers, plucked elsewhere.

In these days, when magazine poetry is a drug, and a drug, too, of the cheapest and most purchasable kind, it operates as a relief to the reader to turn over the pages of those "many bards, gilding the lapses of time," and to cull from them forgotten extracts,—the germ, quite often, of many a full-famed modern poet: and I cannot but recommend it as a plan to be adopted in conducting a literary work, to devote a certain portion of every number to this special purpose.

Among the English poets of "the olden time," PHINEHAS FLETCHER has ever been a favorite with me, and his "Purple Island," of all his works, prized most highly. This poet was born in 1584, graduated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1604, entered the church, and held a living therein for twenty-nine years. He is often confounded, when spoken of at this day, with JOHN FLETCHER, the collaborator of FRANCIS BEAUMONT, in the composition of dramatic works, and the contemporary of our bard. To my judgment the genius of Phinehas seems immeasurably superior to that of John Fletcher. His brother, GILES FLETCHER, was also a poet of equal celebrity, though few of his works are preserved. Phinehas died about the year 1650, not far from the age of 66.

"THE PURPLE ISLAND" is an allegorical description of *Man*, who is therein personified. The first five Cantos contain an account of the structure of the human frame, with all its functions. Therein are described all the physical faculties of man, their several and collective uses, their fitness, order, and exquisite workmanship. This portion of the poem has been objected to by some critics, as entering with too much minuteness into a subject, which it is the more appropriate task of the anatomist, than of the poet, to describe. I do not admit this objection, however, as being of sufficient force to deter any lover of fine poetry from a perusal of these five Cantos.

The poet next proceeds to a fine personification of the Passions, and the Mental, or Intellectual qualities of Man. This is both the work and the worker of inspiration. The soul kindles and flames as the eye and mind peruse it. It is a test, this poem, of a capacity, in the reader, for the enjoyment of true poetry. The two last Cantos are superlatively grand. *Eclecta*, or the Intellect, as the leader of the Virtues, or better Passions, defends "The Island" against the attacks of the Vices. The latter are conquered by the interference of an angel, who comes to the aid of *Eclecta*, at



his earnest prayer. This prayer is, perhaps, the most beautiful portion of the poem.

The Purple Island was written while Fletcher was yet very young: but it gives its author an indisputable right to the very highest rank on the scale of British Poets. Milton was evidently indebted to him for many of his beauties,—as, in his turn, was he, perhaps, indebted to Spenser, in no inconsiderable degree. Be these things as they may, that all the praise I have awarded him is but a feeble tribute to his merits, the extracts I shall transcribe from *The Purple Island* will abundantly prove to the reader.

## POETICAL FLAGIARIES.

Tell me, ye Muses! what our father-ages  
Have left succeeding times to play upon?  
What now remains unthought on by those sages,  
Where a *new* Muse may try her pinion?

If the author of this poem wrote thus, what shall the bards of modern days say, while penning their opening apostrophe to the Muses? But here is something more in the same vein.

## FALSE TASTE IN POETRY.

But wretched me, to whom these iron days  
(Hard days!) afford nor matter, nor reward!  
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,  
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barred.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song,  
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm,  
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,  
Like summer-flies about their dunghill swarm.  
They sneer,—they grin. "Like to his like will move."  
Yet never let them greater mischief prove  
Than this,—"who hates not one, may he the other  
love!"

Here follows a gem.

## HUMAN CHANGES.

But ah! what liveth long in happiness?  
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies;  
And cannot be removed, for weightiness;  
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,  
And seldom comes, and soon away will go;  
Some secret power here orders all things so,  
That, for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe!

## LOVE OF GOD TO MEN.

Oh, thou deep well of life! wide stream of love!  
More wide, more deep, than deepest, widest seas!  
Who, dying, death to endless death didst prove,  
To work this wilful rebel-island's ease!  
Thy love no time began, no time decays,—  
But still increaseth with increasing days,—  
Where, then, may we begin, where may we end, thy  
praise?

Thus far the first Canto.—The following is a curious specimen of the skill with which the allegory is sustained.

## THE VEINS.

Nor is there any part in all this land,  
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks,

In azure channels, glide on silver sand:

Their serpent-windings, and deceiving crooks,  
Circling about, and watering all the plain,  
Empty themselves into the all-drinking main,  
And, creeping, forward slide, but never turn again.

The above extract is the only one I shall make from Canto the second, which is full of curious anatomical description, carried out with equal truth and beauty. For similar reasons, I shall pass over Cantos the third, fourth, and fifth, at present, and commence my extracts, once more, with the following sparkling stanza from Canto sixth.

## HEAVEN.

There, golden stars set in the crystal snow,  
There, dainty joys laugh at whiteheaded caring,  
There, day no night, delight no end shall know,  
Sweets, without surfeit, fulness without sparing,  
And by its spending, growing happiness:  
There, God, himself, in glory's lavishness  
Diffused to all, in all, is all full blessedness.

Here is an animated landscape. What a flower-garden!

## SPRING-TIME.

The flowers, that, frightened with sharp winter's  
dread,  
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,  
Yet, in the spring, in troops new mustered,  
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:  
The early violet will fresh arise,  
And, spreading his flowered purple to the skies,  
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies!

The hedge, green satin pinked and cut, arrays;  
The heliotrope, to cloth of gold aspires;  
In hundred colored silks the tulip plays;  
The imperial flower his neck with pearl attires;  
The lily, high her silver gingham rears;  
The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears;  
The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears.

Come we now to the seventh Canto. Here is a touching sketch.

## PASSING AWAY.

Why shouldst thou, here, look for perpetual good?  
At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining:—  
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,  
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining!  
There, now, the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,  
And loving pelican in safety breeds.

And now for a series of pictures, painted by a master-hand. The first who sits to the mighty linner is

## HYPOCRISY.

His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,  
So oft the world, so oft himself deceives,  
His heart, his hands, his tongue full oft belies;  
In 's path (as snail's,) silver, but slime he leaves.  
He Babel's glory is, but Zion's taint;  
Religion's blot; but Irreligion's paint:  
A saint, abroad,—at home, a fiend,—and worst, a saint!

The next sitter is akin to him whom we have been observing. Mark the delicate discrimination the artist makes between them.

## DISSEMBLANCE.

His painted face might hardly be detected :  
*Arms of offence he seld' or never wore ;*  
 Lest thence his close designs might be suspected :  
*But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,*  
*He steals his dagger, with false, smiling art,*  
 And sheaths the trait'rous steel in its own master's heart.

Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing  
 In love's sweet twines, his target broad displayed,  
 One, with 's left hand the other's beard embracing,  
 But, in his right a shining sword he swayed,  
 Which, unawares, through th' other's ribs he smites ;  
 There lay the wretch without all burial-rites :  
 His word, "HE DEEPEST WOUNDS, THAT IN HIS FAWN-  
 ING BITES!"

The "word" is the motto of the shield each of these personified passions is supposed to bear.—What a portraiture is this of SEDITION !

A subtle craftsman framed him seemly arms,  
 Forged in the shop of wrangling Sophistry,  
 And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,  
 Tempered with lies, and false Philosophy.  
 Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain ;—  
 His seven-fold targe a field of *gules* did stain ;  
 In this two swords he bore,—his word, "DIVIDE, AND  
 REIGN !"

The next is a full-length. This impersonation is perhaps as strong and apt as any in this brilliant gallery.

## ENVY.

Envy came next : Envy, with squinted eyes :  
*Sick of a strange disease,—his neighbor's health !*  
 Blest lives he, then, when any, better, dies !  
 Is never poor, but in another's wealth !  
 On best men's griefs and harms he feeds his fill,  
*Else his own maw doth eat, with spiteful will,*  
 Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill !

Each eye through diverse optic slyly leers,  
 Which, both his sight and object's self bely :  
*So, greatest virtue as a mole appears,*  
*And molehill faults to mountains multiply.*  
 When needs he must, then faintly yet he praises,  
 Somewhat the deed, much more the deed he raises,  
 So, marring what he makes, and, praising, most dis-  
 praises !

*His missile weapon was a lying tongue,*  
*Which he, far off, like swiftest lightning, flung !*

Here is a sketch ; a family group. Mark the exquisite delineation of the difference between these kindred personations.

## DETRACTION AND THIEVERY.

And at the rear of these, in secret guise,  
 Crept Thievery and Detraction ; near akin :  
 No twins more like : they seemed almost the same.  
*One stole the goods,—the other, the good name.*  
*The latter lives in scorn,—the former dies in shame !*

The thief's death is surely better than the detractor's life.

Turn we now to Canto eighth. Here is the fifteenth stanza. I grieve to pass over some admirable descriptions,—but my "article" is growing rapidly upon my hands.

## AMBITION.

Ah, silly man ! who dream'st that honor stands  
 In ruling others,—not thyself ! *Thy slaves*  
*Serve thee, and thou, thy slaves !* In iron bands  
 Thy servile spirit press'd, with wildest passion  
 raves.  
 Wouldst thou live honored ? Clip Ambition's wing !  
 To Reason's yoke thy furious passions bring !  
*Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king ?*

What affluence of description characterises the following sketch of

## FLATTERY.

His art is but to hide, not heal, a sore :  
 To nourish pride : to strangle conscience :  
 To drain the rich, his own dry vaults to store :  
 To spoil the precious soul : to please vile sense :  
 A carrion-crow he is,—a gaping grave,—  
*The rich coat's moth,—the Devil's fact'ring knave.*

In Canto ninth, you may read what I will call

## THE LESSON OF THE LARK.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,  
 With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light ;  
 The earth she left, and up to heaven is fled :  
 There, chants her Maker's praises, *out of sight.\**  
 Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be,  
 Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree,  
*The further up they climb, the less they seem and see !*

There is a whole library of human philosophy in that Alexandrine !

Here are three pictures that should adorn the cabinet of every Christian. Humility and Faith !

## HUMILITY.

— with sweet and lowly grace  
 All other higher than himself esteemed ;  
 He in himself prized things as mean and base,  
 Which yet in others great and glorious seemed.  
 All ill, due debt ; good, undeserved, he thought ;  
*His heart, a lowroofed house, but sweetly wrought,*  
*Where God himself would dwell.—*

## THE SAME.

*So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found ;*  
*So precious gold in deepest centre dwells ;*  
*So sweetest v'lets trail on lowly ground ;*  
*So richest pearls lie closed in vilest shells :*  
 So lowest dales we let at highest rates ;  
 So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates,  
*The Highest highly loves the low, the loftiest, hates !*

## FAITH.

By them went FIDO, marshal of the field ;  
*Weak was his mother, when she gave him day,*  
*And he, at first, a sick, and weakly child,*  
 As e'er with tears welcomed the sunny ray :

\* "Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."  
*Shakspeare.*



Yet when more years afford more growth and might,  
A champion stout he was, and most puissant knight,  
As ever came in field, or shone in armor bright!

In Canto the tenth is this admirable description of

## COWARDICE.

He is as cowardly  
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die!

The following is a most graphic touch. I give it without its proper connection, as I find it in Canto eleventh: it is a study for Landseer.

## THE GENTLE GREYHOUND AND THE CURS.

As when a gentle greyhound, set around  
With little curs, which dare his way molest,  
Snapping behind:—soon as the angry hound,  
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,  
And, shaking in his fangs, hath well nigh slain;  
The rest, feared with his crying, run amain,  
And, standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark, in vain.

Here is a beautiful simile, by which the poet would describe

## THE REVIVAL OF THE WOUNDED.

So have I often seen a purple flower,  
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping  
head:  
But soon refreshed with a welcome shower,  
Begins again her lively beauties spread,  
And with new pride her silken leaves display:  
And while the sun doth now more gently play,  
Lays out her swelling bosom to the light of day.

The twelfth Canto, and the last, contains many splendid stanzas which I would fain transcribe, but there are limits to one contributor's monthly share in a Magazine, as well as to the patience of its thousands of monthly readers: and I must close with the two closing stanzas of "The Purple Island."

## HEAVEN'S DELIGHTS.

There, sweet delights which know not end nor measure.  
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding;—  
*No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;*  
Pleasure full-grown, yet ever freshly-breeding;  
The soul still big of joy, and still conceiving:  
Fulness of sweets exclude not more receiving,  
Beyond slow tongue's reports, beyond quick thought's  
perceiving!

There they are gone: there will they ever bide:  
Swimming in waves of joy, and heavenly loves:  
He, still a bridegroom, she, a gladsome bride:  
*Their hearts like spheres in love still constant moving:*  
*No change, no grief, nor age can them befall,*  
*Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,*  
*Where all days are but one, and only One is All!*

If this attempt to add to the interest of the Messenger, by extracting some of the beauties of the elder bards, shall be received with favor on the part of the readers of these pages, it will give the writer much pleasure to renew it in some future numbers.

J. F. O.

## EXTRACTS FROM

## GLEANINGS ON THE WAY.

BY J. Q. P. of N. C.

America—Coup d'œil of "my tour"—Philadelphia—its plan—  
Public Buildings—Ladies—Flowers and Music—Intercourse  
with strangers—University—Hospital—Ball at Mrs. C\*\*\*—  
Sleigh-riding.

America! happy, fortunate, prosperous America! As the child loves its mother, so I love thee. Ere I was let loose from the prison-walls of a university, I had promised to tread your rich and productive soil; to see your young and vigorous people; your cities, towns and villages; to roam through your unknown forests; to glide down your beautiful and majestic rivers; to climb your lofty mountains and behold the surrounding scenery. The grand, the curious and beautiful of foreign climes may induce many of thy sons to leave their blessed homes, ignorant of the beauties of their own country, but they offer not the same attractions to me. Give me to see the sublime and beautiful in nature—the rocks and torrents, forests and mountains, hills, vales and grassy plains that are found in my own lovely land—give me to know and love my country, and I ask no more.

I have visited in "my tour" the fertile fields of the sunny South, and enjoyed in that land of ease and elegance the kindness and hospitality of the people. I have halted in Philadelphia—the city of beauty—where more elegant figures and lovely faces are seen than any where in the Union; eat my icecream at Parkinson's; become acquainted with the intelligent and accomplished of that most delightful city, and charmed with their society. I have travelled through the beautifully cultivated country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and lingered on the banks of the romantic Susquehanna. I have bravely ascended and descended, on inclined planes, the Alleghany mountains, and refreshed myself at the "Summit House." I have embarked at Pittsburg, floated down "La Belle Rivière"—the Ohio, and stemmed the powerful current of the Mississippi. I have wandered over the extensive prairies of the West, and lodged in the wigwam of the red man. In the light canoe of the Indian, I have moved, with a quick and equal sweep, over the still and quiet waters, lit by Heaven's beautiful lamp, and fancied myself in some *paradisiac* scene. I have skimmed over the sail-covered lakes of the North, felt my "*littleness*" at mighty Niagara, drank my glass of water at fashionable Saratoga, and read the last literary work in Boston. I have glided down the grand, romantic and classical Hudson, landed at New York—the great commercial emporium of our country, promenaded Broadway, and forced my steps through the dense masses of living beings which throng that elegant street. I have listened to the last piece of music sung by a charming lady in the "Monumental City," stood within the Senate Chamber at Washington and heard the eloquence of the nation. I have surveyed from the Capitol, in Richmond, the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country, bathed my limbs in the Hot Springs of Virginia, touched at "Old Point Comfort" and luxuriated on oysters, fish and a pure and healthy sea breeze. I have passed through scenes interesting and charming;

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gazed on spots sacred to American freemen; parted from friends dear in my memory.

PHILADELPHIA.—This neat and beautiful city is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, about six miles above their junction. You are landed at Chesnut street wharf, and introduced, at once, into the most fashionable part of the city. The first things remarked, are the neatness and cleanliness of the streets; the stores, which are well finished and showy; the gentlemen, who are good-looking and well dressed, and the many handsome female faces met at every step. Contrasting their complexions with the Southern ladies, you will find them not so fine and delicate, but more showy in the distance. Their feet are large, which is almost a characteristic. The Southern lady may justly boast of the neatness and delicacy of her hands and feet.

The plan of the city is plain, simple and convenient. The principal streets are those which extend from the banks of the one to that of the other river—these are crossed by others at right angles, thereby dividing it in squares. Chesnut is the most fashionable. The houses are built of good brick, plain, comfortable and well furnished. The Girard Row, Portico Square and Colonnade are the most attractive fronts. The most serious objection is the monotonous appearance of the buildings, which is tiresome to the visiter, but this dull and *quaker-like* style is being laid aside for one more finished, beautiful and elegant. From spring till winter, the Philadelphian is making improvements about his lot—not satisfied with his house, he pulls it down and builds again, or tears away the brick and adds a marble front, or repaints the doors, windows, &c.

The number of trees which border the streets, gives an air of freshness and coolness to the city and adds much to its beauty and comfort. The public squares are large and in good order, and want only a few trifling additions to make them most delightful promenades, both during the day and night.

If water were kept leaping and playing through and above the green grass, which carpets the walks on either side, and if, during the night the brilliant gas lights were substituted for those of oil, then would Independent and Washington squares soon be rid of those who now visit them, and the respectable citizens and strangers could here promenade without the risk of being insulted at every step. Owing to this arrangement of streets and public squares, the air circulates freely and contributes to the health of the city.

The public buildings are of a fine order, but I visited only one with much interest—the Old State House, which stands unnoticed and unhonored, with its front posted with bills of "Theatre," "Magic," "Diorama," "Constable's Notice," "Lost," &c. To me, it served to recall many interesting and delightful associations, and I felt sorry that it is not more highly prized. It should be the boast of every Philadelphian, that in this plain and venerable pile once sat the immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence—that on these steps was first declared that we were free and independent—that here the "Father" of a now flourishing and extensive country was first seen sitting in the Presidential chair, directing the destinies of a new and freeborn nation. But no such feelings as these glow in their bosoms, and they never point to it as the dearest proof of their freedom. How often will they speak of Fairmount

Water Works and Girard College, and ask if you have seen these places, but never wish to know if you have visited the Old State House—entered the room which Washington in by-gone years had entered—trod the steps which he once trod—had pointed out the seats of those immortal men whose names are as imperishable as time. I am better satisfied and shall be more pleased to say that I have seen the Old State House in Philadelphia—entered the room in which the illustrious patriots of the Revolution pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," in defence of Liberty, than to be able to paint the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Schuylkill—Fairmount Water Works, with its pumps in operation, forcing the water high up in basins, and the manner of conveying it from thence by *hydrants*—the canal on the opposite side, with its boats of coal, the wealth of Pennsylvania;—to know that a Mr. Girard, who lived a poor and miserable life that he might die rich, bequeathed a handsome sum of money for the erection of a college and the education of youth.

The Churches, Banks, Hospitals, Penitentiary, Exchange, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Academy of Fine Arts and Mint are the most interesting and conspicuous buildings. Having seen this, you now visit Fairmount, situated amid the romantic scenery of the Schuylkill. The basins are on a high hill and the water is raised by machinery propelled by the waters of the Schuylkill. You ascend to these basins by means of wooden steps and when at the top, you are repaid by a most charming view of the City, Penitentiary, Girard College, Pratt's Gardens and the picturesque country around. These works now at a very trifling expense supply the citizens with pure and healthy water, and in cases of fire, afford sufficient water to extinguish the flames before they can make any advance.

I have said that the ladies of Philadelphia are handsome. This is not all. They are intelligent and accomplished. The number of select and well conducted schools give them great advantages, and their education is not finished at *fourteen*, in order that they may "come out," as is too often the case in the South. Their manners are pleasant and agreeable, and their conversation interesting and instructive. They want the liveliness, the vivacity, the simplicity, the ease and expression of the Southern lady when engaged in conversation. They have the *substance*, but want the *soul*. Hence the conversation of the latter, although not so instructive, is more attractive and winning. All who have been so fortunate and happy as to converse with both, must acknowledge the superiority of the Southern in this particular. There is a *something* which fascinates, chains and insensibly wins. The Philadelphians dress in better taste than any people in this country. Their dresses are neater and their colors better chosen; hence their appearance is the more finished.

The ladies are very fond of music and flowers, both of which speak very favorably of their taste and refinement. In walking the streets, you will see beautiful collections of flowers at their windows, and you will find some of their private gardens most extensive. I have been often charmed with their music, and it is delightful to attend the musical *soirée* given by Mrs. Capt. R. and Mrs. B. alternately on Tuesday evenings. At these parties, you hear the best vocal and instrumental performers and meet the most select society. As



instrumental performers of a high order, we may mention Mrs. W., Misses N. and P.—and as vocalists, Mrs. Capt. R., Mrs. B. and Misses W. and G.

It has been said that the Philadelphians are cold and reserved in their intercourse with strangers, but it holds true only with those who have visited that city and left it without remaining sufficiently long to become known. Strangers who bring letters of introduction, or persons whose family, education and manners are such as to entitle them to move in their circles, will, when acquainted, have the most marked attentions paid them. There is no city in the Union in which the gentleman is better received. If he pass the ordeal, he is safe and happy in their society; if found unsuited and rejected, he will find it advisable not to attempt the purchase, as he will most certainly fail.

The Medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is an institution well known through our country, and stands deservedly high both at home and abroad. The antiquity of the school and the great names connected with it, have placed it at the head of medical schools on this side of the Atlantic. With it, are associated the names of Rush, Wistar, Barton, Dorsey, Physick, Dewees, Chapman, Jackson, Hare and Horner—names illustrious in the history of medicine and as benefactors of mankind. It has been gradually extending its course of instruction, and its resources are constantly accumulating. The chemical laboratory is inferior to none in the world, and the anatomical museum is the most perfect in this country. To it, is attached the Philadelphia Hospital or Alms-House, the most extensive and best arranged building of the kind.

The winter has been uncommonly gay. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Brough have astonished and delighted the musical world in the operas of Masanello, Fra Diavolo and La Somnambula. They have fine voices, sing with great taste and power and give the greatest satisfaction. The parties and balls are very frequent. To-night, we attend the brilliant ball at Mrs. C\*\*\*, Chesnut street, where we shall meet the aristocratic and fashionable.—At 10 o'clock, we made our obeisance to Mr. and Mrs. C\*\*\*, and stepping aside so as to give room for those who were behind, we were soon lost in the crowd. The music from Johnson's justly celebrated band invited to the dance, and we were soon engaged in the graceful cotillion, the voluptuous waltz and elegant gallop. The dancing continued until twelve, at which time the ladies were conducted to the supper table, which was heavily loaded with all the luxuries of good eating. At one in the morning, the company began to disperse, and at two I found myself comfortably fixed in my lodgings, which I left at ten, fatigued and suffering from headache and fever.

I delight in sleigh-riding. It is glorious sport, when, with ladies on either side of us and with horses well trained and gentle, we dart away at the rate of twelve miles an hour to see some dear friend in the country. It is sweet to leave behind the pent-up city with its dull anthracite coal fires, and seek the country and seat ourselves beside the cheerful wood which blazes and crackles on the family hearth. And then too, comes the cold bread and sliced ham, cakes and wine, and other refreshments a thousand times better than the same things on our own tables. And now too is the time we love

to dwell upon the past, and make it seem as the present. All is life, all buoyancy, all pleasure, and we return to our homes better and happier beings than when we left them.

Elizabeth City.

## THE SLEET STORM,

AT WASHINGTON.

By the author of 'Love at the Shrines,' &c.

As I lay in my bed this morning I heard a low noise upon my windows, and extending my arm from beneath its folding of blankets, I drew aside the curtain, to see which of winter's messengers was summoning me to arise. Like a wild urchin scattering shot from his father's pouch, the delicate flakes of sleet tapped against the panes, and made music upon the brittle and responding surface. I was fairly awake. There was no sunlight in the skies, but a dull, heavy atmosphere fell over the face of nature, and veiled the distant houses in a dusky cloud. Still the spattering against the windows continued, and I answered the summons by a spring from my bed, and was soon equipped.

How cheerfully our hearth burns on a sleety morning, when the servant is industrious. You descend from the regions of Lapland, where furred wrappers and ermined cloaks are necessary, into the region of delicious comfort.

The breakfast room is warm, and you meet your rosy child, with its rich cheeks crimsoned with health, who runs to you from her cricket by the fire, and presses her sweet warm cheek to yours. You take her in your arms, and both together gaze upon the whitened fields; and how the merry heart laughs, as she sees the old cow sliding down the hill, like a mahogany table—her four legs stiff as icicles. She chirps and laughs with delight, when a little boy catches the sliding old quadruped by the tail, and accompanies her on her slippery journey, until they arrive in safety at the bottom of the hill. The wiry, woolly dog has crept from his lair in an old basket, where he has slept all night, covered up in a green baize crumb-cloth which he has cabbaged, and he looks around him with a knowing eye as if he was considering his chance for an upset. He is a droll, sly and quaint chap, and though quite young, has his wits wonderfully developed.

The only place that he will stand a chance for a fall, will be the outside steps that descend to the kitchen. Bob, the ostler's, shoes, may have iced their angles, as he passed in from the stable.

No sun yet—and the clock is on the figure of nine. Is yonder white world of ice to stand all day long? The skies forbid.

How the urn smokes again, and the aroma of the coffee ascends in fragrant spires and pervades the room, as if the odor of some Deity descending from Olympus. The hot rolls melt the butter, as I hope the sunbeam, warm and vigorous, will ere long march over the stubborn ice, and conquer its huge surface with a smile.

The sleet hurries on apace from the near hanging clouds, and the very trees seem to shiver as the ice-bolt

splinters about them. How gloriously will he infold them, and cloak their dusky bark with an armor as pure as the crystal of the spring. Two months hence, and the buds will cluster upon those boughs, and the wild birds hide themselves in the fragrant leaves—the gentle breath of May will whisper to them, and the soft sun will rejoice amid their verdant foliage; but will they then wear an aspect so lovely as that with which they are now bedecked? Like ten thousand chandeliers of diamond spars flashing every ray from the light, the limbs throw out their glassy tracery upon the sky, and the wind that whistles through them, clatters them together with a soft and singular sound.

The grass is prouder to-day than it has been for a long and weary time—it is stiff in its conceit; and should the old cow that slid down the hill just now, attempt to clip it, how it will pierce her nose with its sharp and beautiful spear. The grass is in its panoply of silver mail, and is ready to tilt against anything. Now it is more beautiful than the lily of the valley, and it lifts its head that the wind may tread over it and hear its mellow song.

The horses poke their bony heads out at the stable-door and snuff the cool air, and shake their trembling ears as the sleet darts between them. Armed with my cane, and wrapped in my coat, I step forth to dare the whistling messengers from the clouds. Whew! How they scatter themselves over my face and cut their horizontal way over the tips of my ears. I place my faithful cane carefully in the ice, else away I would dart and roll over, to the edification of every market-woman that might feel herself secure in woollen straps passed under the soles of her shoes.

Progressing along with all the apparent infirmity of age, though I am but in my younger youth, I reach at last the crowning point of my toil—to ascend that knoll on this side and descend it on the other, is like the passage of the Alps.

Warily my cane is placed, as if I trod upon the loftiest summit of Mont Blanc, and saw beneath me the deep glaciers wherein 'tis almost death to gaze; I stick the point of my square-toed boots into the ice and clamber up. The steep is won—but now for the descent. A wild boy on his skates dashes past me, and away he goes like a rail-car, down the steep; he has passed the fence corner, and the rogue has stopped on his iron heels, to watch the descent of Bonaparte. Lord how the wind whistles around me, and how smooth and clear looks the shining declivity—there is not the slightest shrub to break the monotonous fridity of the view, nor the grateful furrow of a cartwheel, and down that inclined plane go I must. Shall I sit down and slide it out? The laughing eyes of the skater, peeping over the fence, forbids the idea. The work is commenced—the cane once more planted—the umbrella poised above my head; for the sleet storm is pouring upon us all in feathery glory, and I am off. It is in vain that I try the slide—the equilibrium of my boyhood is gone, and the just precision of my eye, from want of practice, fails me at this momentous crisis. A slip—merey—and all is over. My heels have kicked defiance to the clouds, and my head has smitten with an audacious force its mighty mother. The umbrella inflated with its own conceits has fluttered away, and is beyond my reach. But I am down, and the occasion

is favorable. There is no bone broken, and away I go upon my back as gently as a sleigh spinning along with four in hand. I heard that wicked urchin's mirth as my heels slipped from under me, and as I glide majestically along, I hear his splintering approach—he shoots by me like an arrow, and a broad grin is upon his handsome face. He has my blessing, bright boy, and though I may stumble frequently in life, may thy course be as it was this morn, happy and secure. He brought me my umbrella, and has brushed the ice from my back.

As I wend up the avenue, hundreds of boys fly past me on their skates, for the pavements and roads are all covered with the ice. Here it is safer walking, for they have roughened the surface with their fluted irons, and I pace along as merry as the rest.

Like an alderman picking his way to a turtle dinner, see that solemn steed, how he minces his steps, and hear him how he snorts, as a flying skater, like a summer swallow-bird, flashes before his frost-webbed eyes, and his poor rider shakes his whip at the boy, who chuckles in his sleeve, and returns to the attack like a Bedouin Arab of the Desert.

The blacksmith's shop is crowded with company, and the beaded perspiration falls from his forehead and hisses on the glowing iron. The two white horses are to be frosted first, for they belong to Mr. ———, and he wants them to pay a visit of some importance to the President. The blacksmith, with a nonchalant air, snatches up the huge foot of an honest cartman's horse, who earns his bread by his daily toil, and hammers away right merrily upon him. The white servant of the great man has to pocket the insult, but his turn will come next. Thanks, honest smith! The poor wood-carrier will bless you this night, when he pours his earnings into his wife's hand, and sends his eldest boy out to buy milk for the evening coffee.

I stand by a man who is digging lustily away at something beneath the sleet: chop—chop—chop—the ice breaks off in cakes, and he draws forth the last evening's paper. He will chop logic over the sage editorial; for bent must he be on learning, that would thus stand in the shivering air, and pick two inches deep in ice for an evening's journal. The editor was highly complimented by the labor.

How the hours wear on—how slowly the hands point upon the face of my time-piece, and yet how swiftly do our thoughts mount upon the four winds, and seek the hearthstone scenes of our friends. Alas! that they are distant from us.

We hear the wind chuckling around the gable-ends of the houses, and almost screaming with delight, when it cuts a corpulent biped across the bridge of the nose with its icy sword.

The night draws on apace—slowly the curtain falls, and dim and indistinct sneak on the dying moments of the day—the grass has not bent an inch, and the tall trees shake their heads ominously, as much as to say, "We'll have a cold time of it out here to-night." Where are your elegant blankets that the gods have sent you?

Will the mice stir abroad to-night? The cat is rolled up in her night-clothes and purs away like an old crone spinning wool. The wiry-headed dog barks ever and anon in his sleep, for he is haunted by visions of sacked towns and dismantled larders.



Oh! how the wind bellows without—"discoursing most eloquent music." The shutters are fastened—the doors are not locked, for some sufferer may knock, and I would not deny him the comfort of my blazing fire. The curtains are not drawn down in such a night as this, for many a poor houseless wretch passing by and seeing all dark, would pass on, and he might find his bed in the deep hollow a few yards beyond my door.

The sleet day has ended in a cold and starry night. The fretted limbs are swaying about in the powerful blast, and as yet I have heard of no accidents. The boys could have met with none, for they were not forced to the deep waters for their skating frolic; and though they, doubtless, have had some delightful tumbles, they are none the worse for that. Fine fellows, how soon the skates are thrown aside, after their first appearance at the barber's.

And now it is growing late; the wand of Morpheus has been passed more than once across my eyes, as the nodding reader will have perceived, and once more I am permitted to snuff my bed-room candle, and don my nightcap.

Washington, Feb. 16, 1838.

### THE SLEET.

Awake, awake, the sun is up, awake and sally forth,  
We've had a rain of jewelry from out the frozen north;  
The earth is robed in dazzling white, each tree is hung with  
gems,  
And diamonds in ten thousand shapes are hanging from their  
stems.

Each bush and every humble shrub, with precious stones is  
strung,  
And all the purest, brightest things, by handfuls round are  
flung;  
The emerald! and the amethyst! the topazes! behold!  
And here and there a ruby red, is sparkling in the cold.

The chrysolite and jasper see, and that bright Sardine stone  
The holy Patmos prophet saw, upon the Heav'nly throne;  
Here all the gold of Ophir shines, with all Golconda's store,  
And who could ever number up the countless myriads more?

The holly in its darkest green, with crimson fruit looks gay,  
Enchased in solid silver too, how rich is its display!  
In green and gold the shaggy pine seems almost in a blaze  
With all the sun's reflected light, yet soften'd to the gaze.

The cedar! ah thou favor'd tree! in scripture it is told  
They laid thee in the house of God, and cover'd thee with gold!  
But great as was King Solomon, he, nor the house he made,  
Were dress'd in such magnificence as thou hast here display'd!

The beech tree stands in rich array of long and shining threads,  
Its brittle boughs all bending low to earth their drooping heads,  
And now and then some broken limb comes crashing from on  
high,  
And showering down a world of gems that sparkle as they fly.

The lofty oak—the hundred limb'd Briareus of the trees!  
Spreads out his pond'rous icy arms, loud crackling in the breeze,  
And as the roused up lion 'shakes the dewdrops from his mane,'  
So does the woodland monarch shake his crystals o'er the plain.

But time would fail to tell of all that bright and starry host  
The north-wind brings 'to witch the world' from out the realms  
of frost:

The meanest thing—the most deform'd—the dry and sapless  
bough,

The bramble rude, the rugged thorn, are pure and spotless now.

'Ye counsellors of earth!' come forth, 'ye princes who have  
gold!'

Your diadems, ye kings! bring here,—the jewell'd crowns ye  
hold;

Come woman in thine ornaments, in all their costly sheen,  
And let them be the loveliest ones that ever graced a queen!

This grass that's trodden under foot, this weed with branching  
arms,

Thus glittering in the morning sun, hath fifty-fold their charms;  
Then cast your baubles vile away, and bend in solemn thought  
To Him, who hath this gorgeous scene, from storm and tempest  
wrought.

Yet this fair pageant soon must fade before the breath of noon;  
And by the fiat from on high, your wealth shall fade as soon.  
Oh lay not worthless riches up, which 'moth and rust' assail,  
But those which at the Judgment day, through Christ, will then  
avail.

What though the sun so soon must melt this frostwork and its  
forms,

He speaks them into life again, who rides amid the storms;  
So 'in the twinkling of an eye,' at his last trumpet dread,  
Our bodies, fashioned gloriously, shall rise up from the dead.

The sun goes up his destined way—how few do heed my calls!  
In tears the vision melts away, 'the baseless fabric' falls.  
I too, could shed some tears, alas! that this sweet scene is  
pass'd;

For scenes as sweet, it brings to mind, which fled away as fast.

NUGATOR.

\* Job, chap. 3d.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF A SCIENCE.

By the author of 'Love at the Shrines,' &c.

#### THE ANIMAL MAGNETIZER.

How the following wild and eccentric story came into my possession, is a matter of no great import. It came by the right of inheritance, among a golgotha of garret furniture, such as trunks and boxes of all sizes and of every form. On opening one of them, I was struck by a singular looking roll of paper tied up very neatly with a faded piece of brocade, and it was not long ere I found that the writing was that of a very celebrated ancestor of my family, and I set to work to decypher the outré letters, for the benefit of your readers—simply remarking that I have excluded all portions of the record, that appertain to the scientific part of animal magnetism; apprising the general reader however of the fact, that in the early days of the art, the operations were accompanied with music—this remark is relevant to the understanding the story.

#### THE STORY.

It is night—the weary wind pants around my windows—the fire glows in the hearth, and every now and then, a small cloud of smoke puffs down the chimney, driven out by the blast. It is a sad night, and the world is hushed, and the deep silence is only broken by the baying of the mastiff chained with a double chain to the portal.

How mysterious and awful are these gigantic walls—

those dark recesses—and that old and rusted armor hanging upon iron nails, how it fills me with ideas of the glorious past.

I am now an old man—the silver is about my head, and I am not what I used to be, when I bounded along the liveliest of all the proud ones, that have sunk away forever.

But why should I pause upon the threshold of that which I promised you I would relate? Often and often have I put you off with promises, and now as I feel the cold shiver of old age, I think it high time to gratify your curiosity. In this brief record, you will find ample materials for wonder and admiration, and when I shall have been gathered to my fathers, read it to your children, as a singular event in the life of one of their ancestors.

It is a dreary task to go back to the days of our youth—almost sinful in age to chill the sunshine of such a memory, with his breath iced and feeble; but yet for your sake, my beloved, I will go back upon the dreary travel, and conjure up once more the emotions of my youth, and stir the smouldering cinders in my heart.

It was your mother of whom I shall speak. Her character was gentle, pure and credulous. She had no guile, and when I wooed her, she did not shun me, but met my advances as nature prompted, which was modesty and truth to her. She was to me life—soul—divinity. I sighed for the morning, that it might bring me to her presence—for the night, that I might worship her in all that glorious impregnation of mystery incident to my country.

When I won her it was in the spring, and I remember it so well, so wonderfully well. I see again the moon and stars shining down upon the short crisp grass, and silvering every blade with a rich and fretted scabbard. I see once more the leaves trembling in the gentle breeze, the dark old trees beneath which we used to sit and count the throbbings of our hearts, one against the other. She was guileless as she was beautiful; she loved and was beloved; there was a tacit understanding between our hearts—they had met in the yearning confidence of their strength, and whispered calmly and thoughtfully to each other—there was nothing unexplained. Truth was the sun; the several and many thoughts common between us, the stars to our little world. We moved together, but not apart from the rest—we loved the world, and had our friends—we danced and we sung and whirled along the giddy mazes of society, but we had our world—one single step and we were in it, and it was a paradise.

In those days a wild theory had been started by some of our many dreamers, and all Germany had been tortured by the cruel and hideous doctrine. Crowds followed its professors through the streets, and mystery and majesty and a dreadful awe hung upon their actions and their words.

The science was one that had never before been heard of—it broke suddenly over the heads of our learned men like a thunderbolt, and swept onward into every avenue of the public curiosity. I shared the common wonder, and in my ardent spirit, there was awakened a most painful desire to master its secrets.

In this state of mind, the city in which I lived was visited by one of these strange beings—these teachers of the dark and weird lore, and I hastened to his pre-

sence. I stood upon the threshold of his room—he rose at my appearance. I could not move—for his eyes, large, dark and brilliant, were riveted upon me. There was a fascination in them like a snake's—so surpassingly beautiful were they. His forehead was high, white, and without the trace of a wrinkle, and his dark ringlets fell back upon his shoulders, and added to the wildness of his countenance—and yet he was gentle in every look—a languor—a softness, almost an effeminacy, which soothed the abrupt and startling effect of a first view of him. He spoke to me, and his voice was melodious as the softest music—so low—so gentle. I became acquainted with him, and found him melancholy but not morose—but he looked as we fancy the poets look—those priests of nature. I saw him perform his magnetic wonders on multitudes, and he seemed to sway them as a god. They breathed low and softly when he spoke—their limbs quivered when his large eyes were fixed upon them, and when he moved about the room their hearts would pant like the bosom of love—by a motion of his hand he gave them life, by a glance he could palsy them into a livid and ghastly corpse. Where was the magic of this wonderful being? I watched him like an eagle, but there was ever the same subdued manner about him. He glided across the floor like a woman in a sick chamber; he looked at you, and your very soul bounded and leaped beneath the swimming glance of the philosopher. His habits were secluded and studious. He pored over large tomes and rich-clasped books, and at times his brow would darken as if a tempest of wrath was brooding over him, and again his color would revive, as if ideas like rose leaves, had expanded in his soft and enchanted soul. I became a regular attendant at his rooms, and witnessed some strange scenes in the course of his practice.

It was a weird and ghastly occupation, that of this early magnetizer. He so calm and melancholy—the patient so pale, haggard and ghostlike; and there I have seen him stand gazing on the pallid face until the tears would rush into his eyes, and his whole frame would tremble as with an ague fit.

From a deep interest in the philosopher, I became a warm student of the philosophy. It excited and filled me with visionary thoughts, but I had never allowed myself to be magnetized. An awful dread of putting on the semblance of death prevented me. I did not wish that man should see how I looked when I should be laid out on the final plank—for I knew they would tell Imogen, and her heart would be filled with horror. A shudder would benumb every fibre of my body at the idea of the experiment, and an indistinct shadow waved me back. But I tottered towards the trial; I longed with an eager desire which maddened me to restrain, and yet I dreaded the result. Was it the secret influence of that mysterious man, conveyed through those strange and gloomy eyes, that swayed me to and fro? I fancied that I frequently saw him gazing at me with an earnest look. At this singular period of my life, old impressions returned upon me with renewed force. One in particular, which from its horror, and from the effect it now exercised, I will relate. It stalked before me whenever I entered the magnetizer's—I heard its clanking bones—I smelt its odor of the grave.—When I was a boy some ten years old, an uncle who was a



medical man, lived in my father's house, and was addicted to the relation of marvellous stories, many which have been since published. He would talk of goblins and spectres until the blood of both old and young would tingle in their veins, and he completed his conquest over my imagination. I slept in a small bed at the foot of my uncle's, and long after the family had retired, he would continue to pour into my ears his dreadful adventures. On one night in winter, we had all been shivering with the cold and my uncle's stories, that I kissed my parents and without a light went to my uncle's room. There were a few chunks burning in the hearth, sufficient to light the frightened boy to bed. I was soon undressed and stood over my little bed, and as I made the attempt to hide beneath the bed-clothes, I struck against something hard—it rattled with a hollow sound, and starting back, the ruddy light of the fire streamed full upon the spectacle. I sprung upon the floor, rushed down the stairs, and bursting into the room, shrieked, "The Skeleton! the Skeleton!" My uncle had placed this object in my bed, had laid it out with all its bones and eyeless skull and stinking skin scarce dry, to frighten me! How strong then was the impression of that object upon my mind, when after seeing others in the pallid sleep, I leave to your imagination.

Morbidly aroused to penetrate the science, I continued to pore over every work that touched upon the subject. I thought frequently that I might unveil the awful art by tracing it to magic, and the character of its professor would have given color to the charge. He seldom or never spoke to the crowd, but there was a stern and haughty reserve, that forbade familiarity and inspired the spectators with something akin to fear. To me, however, he was generally kind, but no information would he impart. Inscrutable—dark and obscure, he stood among the crowd and exercised his power as he pleased.

Meantime my love ran on smoothly and with greater depth and fervor, without those common obstructions, deemed requisite to give its monotonous glory a piquancy and zest. Of course you will imagine that much of our conversation turned on the engrossing subject of magnetism, and she listened fearfully to my comments upon its subtle mysteries.

One evening we determined to visit the magnetizer's together, though I did not remember at the time of forming the engagement, that I had made a professional appointment with a sick friend. I told her the urgency of this visit, and proposed that she should go on to the magnetizer's with her cousin Ernest, where I would meet her in an hour. We parted, and ere that hour had flown away, I had closed the eyes of an old and dear companion—he had died in torture.

Filled with the gloomy impressions from the melancholy scene through which I had just passed, and whose horrid details I will not shock you with repeating, I directed my steps to the room of the magnetizer. The torches were lit along the streets, and the mighty wing of night hung heavily above—a few stragglers passed me, and I hastened on. The cool air in part revived me. I saw the light shining through the tall windows of the exhibition room. It was his gala-night, on which he proposed to exercise to the full the powers that he possessed. The skeptics had dared

him to the combat—he was to strike into a trance the body and the soul, and I rushed onward with a feverish anxiety to witness the grand and crowning scene of the sorcerer.

Suddenly I heard the notes of a soft and voluptuous air. It was a mysterious voice that gave it vent. It seemed to arrest the power of respiration, and a faintness overcame me—it was as if the fragrance of Heaven had found a tongue to syllable its sweets. The melody, for it was more than music, came from a darkened part of the magnetizer's house.

I was arrested, and my heart went slowly and sickly down, and burning thoughts, and deep and languishing yearnings of love took possession of me. A dimness was overspreading my eyesight, and I could hear no other sound but that bewitching voice—that divinity of solitude, and I saw no other object but that dark and solemn house. A numbness seized upon my limbs, and I was fainting, when gradually the air grew fainter and fainter; it appeared to sob, and then all was still as the tomb. The trance was broken. The sickening, but delicious sensations with which I had been filled, departed, and I bared my forehead to the cold breath of the winds, and proceeded.

Would that I had never waked from that glorious enraptment!—would that I could have been arrested and fixed forever in the world of melody created by that voice!

I entered the Hall of Experiment, but every space was crowded. I climbed to the topmost bench of the amphitheatre to see where Imogen and her cousin were. Several dark looking men, on whose shoulders I placed my impatient feet, glared at me with threatening eyes. I gained at last a position where I could command a view of the entire assembly. I glanced eagerly around among the dense mass for my beloved, but nowhere could I find her. I gnashed my teeth, and the blood went swiftly through my body. At length, in a distant part of the room and near to the magnetizer, I saw them sitting together. Oh God! how beautiful she looked! Her auburn locks were parted on her ample brow, and fell in ringlets on her shoulders; a delicate rose was entwined in her hair, and her cheeks were glowing. Had she too been spelled by that superhuman melody? If she had heard that glorious and voluptuous music, what had been her feelings? A cold shudder smote me through the heart, when I saw her dark-eyed cousin gaze earnestly in her face, and then his eyes fell with an abstracted and vacant air, and he appeared absorbed in thought. Had he too been poisoned by the intoxicating melody? He was transcendently handsome, and he had a languid look, that is more dangerous to the female heart than all the flashing eyes and eloquent tongues in the world. I could not reach the pair, and terrible emotions crowded to my brain when I reflected upon the effect of that terrible but delicious symphony. I burned with an inward and almost frantic fire, and several times I was upon the eve of screaming aloud at him, when he cast those baneful and languid looks upon her face. I tore my hair in my silent, but tormenting rage, and there I was doomed to witness the exaggerated scene, without the power of making them know that I was watching them like a hungry serpent. I was absorbed in the one vision of the hated cousin and the beloved girl. I

saw him speak to her with his mouth close to her ear. What he said was urged vehemently. She smiled timidly. Oh that smile! it dispelled every gloom. She shook her head, but he opened his large—his lustrous and splendid eyes, and gazed reprovingly and beseechingly into hers, and in a moment an alarmed and dubious expression flitted over her face, and she averted her look. I could have plunged my dagger into his heart, but I trembled and stood still, while a murmur ran through the crowd, and suddenly the *Enigma* stood upon the platform. He was clothed in a full suit of black velvet, and his forehead shone like a star; his hair fell down in long wavy curls, and his face was pale and his eye dim as an ashen corpse—but even in death beautiful. Had he been communing with that melodious being, and was he just from the conference?

A pin might have fallen and been heard among that absorbed and entranced assembly, and for a moment my attention was diverted from Imogen and her cousin Ernest, and directed in concentrated curiosity towards the operator.

There seemed a sound from afar off, like the dying cadence of a harp, but none heard it distinctly, yet all were startled at its mystery, and then all was still as the grave.

I once more turned towards Ernest and Imogen, and she was deadly pale, while he was flushed and his actions were agitated and nervous. Then was renewed within me the hell that I had before felt.

The magnetizer turned his full eyes from the crowd towards the twain—they were sitting near to him, and a sudden change was visible on his face.

In front of him were the skeptics, or philosophers, who had taunted him to this final trial, and every solemnity had been put in requisition to sustain him in his hour of need. I tried to force my way through the crowd. I could have torn them to pieces, but they moved not, and so I was constrained to be a mere spectator of that scene, which taxed every fibre of my heart to bear.

Suddenly the magnetizer waved his hand upwards and gazed upon Imogen. She was not looking at him at that moment, but no sooner had he made the gesture, than with a quick start she turned towards him. I was struck mute with horror and amaze—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could neither call aloud nor make a sign.

Horrible sight! In a second, like a stroke of lightning the truth flashed across my mind, and I saw that Ernest had staked his hope of success with Imogen upon the magnetic influence of the master.

The gestures were continued, when all at once the powers of speech and motion came back to me, and I shrieked aloud to the dreaded sorcerer to stop. He did not appear to notice my summons, but proceeded. Again I shrieked and swore that I would strike him dead if he did not desist. *Imogen did not hear me!* She sat like a statue hewn out of the solid rock, with her eyes like those of a corpse, and her mouth open. Her cheeks were deadly pale.

I was possessed at that moment with the strength of a giant. I rushed forward—I trampled under foot those whom I overthrew—I swept with my arms a passage through that solid mass, and stood by the side of the magician. Ernest sprang to me, and we stood face to

face. With a blow I struck him to the ground, and grappled the arch-fiend by the throat. When he turned from his pallid and piteous victim upon me, his eyes glared—his hands were clenched together like the talons of a bird of prey, and he uttered in a sepulchral tone my name. "Restore my Imogen," I cried, "or I strike you dead!" He smiled, and I waved my dagger over his head. His eye followed my gesture, and quick as thought, while the crowd were rushing like a dark and giant wave towards us, that godlike voice from the distance, broke upon my ear. My arm dropped—the dagger fell from my grasp—a clammy perspiration oozed from every pore. I reeled from the intensity of intoxicated sensations, and leant against the wall.

The music continued, and with it seemed to come a perfume that filled the whole room. Not a person moved, but all looked on in fearful amazement at the wonderful spectacle.

There sat my beloved, my adored Imogen, as I have described her, with the terrible sorcerer towering proudly and triumphantly over all. The music paused but for a second, and yet that second was a life to me—not a moment to lose, but I darted forward and regaining my dagger, I plunged it into the body of my foe. I seized Imogen by the hand and tried to wake her. To all appearance she was dead—not a word—not a sigh—not a movement even of a muscle. I called aloud to the bleeding Magnetizer to reillumine the victim of his art, but he replied not.

He alone could rescue her. He who had darkened her spirit could revive the soul, and give it back to life and love. I knelt by his side—I raised him in my arms—I pointed to Imogen, and begged him to wake his hand once more, and wake her from her ghastly sleep. He smiled bitterly, and shook his head with a ferocious smirk of exultation.

Driven to despair, I dashed him away from me, and cast myself upon my knees before the inanimate body of my betrothed; but I gazed upon the vacant eye, and called to the deafened ear.

While kneeling before her, I heard a scream, and then a confused murmur of alarm, and the next moment I saw the figure of a dark and majestic woman standing above the magnetizer. She stooped and raised his head upon her knee and whispered to his ear. He slowly raised his eyes to Imogen and waved his hand. The eyes of my beloved moved—her lips unclosed—she drew a long breath, and rising from her chair fell into my opened arms. The crowd, held back through fear and superstition, now raised a loud shout of joy, and when I looked round for the strange being who had wrought this sudden change, I saw nothing but a small black pool of blood. The enchanter and the enchantress had left the hall.

Here the manuscript is continued with scientific arguments upon the science of magnetism, which may hereafter be published. At present they are too wild and singular for this age. So prone is the youth of our country to indulge in daring speculation, that I will not feed their morbid appetite by a present disclosure.

Petrarch declares that in his youth he saw the works of Varro, and the second Decade of Livy.



## NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Lines written on seeing a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, standing alone, just after sunset, on one of the cliffs of St. Helena, gazing in a pensive mood on the wide waste of waters before him.

Napoleon! Child of Destiny! What train  
Of agonizing thought employs thy brain,  
As o'er the Atlantic wave, with down-cast eye,  
And thoughtful brow, thou look'st despondingly?  
Does hope of conquest still within thee live?  
Or o'er thy fallen fortunes dost thou grieve?  
Thy thoughts seem fixed, amid the twilight's gloom,  
On other days, perchance, or on the doom,  
That war's uncertain chance, and England's hate,  
Or the unchangeable decree of fate,  
Has brought on thee. And dost thou seek some balm,  
The fever of thy o'erwrought brain to calm?  
Art thou at last convinced there is a God  
Who rules earth's countless nations with his rod;  
Protects the meek; exalts the lowly born;  
And sinks the proud beneath the poor they scorn?  
Or dost thou still on fickle chance rely?  
On changeless fate, and blindfold destiny?  
And dost thou vainly hope again to see  
The star of fortune rise triumphantly  
From out the sea, and claim for thee that throne,  
Which thou, with empty boast, didst call thy own?  
—The Star of Austerlitz, that led thee on  
To fields, where thou thy blood-stained laurels won?  
Great chieftain, say, shall it rise no more,  
To call thee back from St. Helena's shore,  
And blind the nations with its dazzling beams?  
Vain hope! the envious clouds that round thee rise  
Have quenched its beams, nor shall thy wishful eyes,  
Ere see its light again flash on the sky,  
The sign and token sure of victory.  
Napoleon, say, can'st thou not penetrate  
The misty cloud, that darkly shrouds thy fate?  
Nor learn the moral of thy life; nor see  
Of fame, of wealth, of power, the vanity?  
Where has thy greatness fled? Where is thy crown?  
Where are the kings that trembled at thy frown?  
Has wisdom to thy soul no entrance found?  
Has conscience with its sting no power to wound?  
Dost thou remain, still haughty, stern and proud,  
As when before thee Europe's Sovereigns bowed?  
—When France with all its legions, ready stood,  
Battling for thee to shed its richest blood?  
Napoleon, say, hast thou not felt remorse,  
When backward gazing on thy heedless course?  
When on thy couch reclined at midnight hour,  
And reason o'er thy mind asserts her power,  
Do not the ghosts of men in battle slain—  
Of millions slaughtered on the ensanguined plain,  
Thy boundless love of power to gratify,  
Full oft before thee rise reproachfully,  
And call for vengeance on that guilty head,  
For which so oft the innocent have bled?  
Proud man! thy thoughts were sad enough, I ween,  
As from the barren cliffs of St. Helene,  
Thou didst survey, heart-sick, the Atlantic wide,  
Around thee rolling still its briny tide.  
O'er those dark waves full well thou must have known,

Freighted with thee no ship would ere be blown,  
By summer gales. O'er that wide sea, gaze on,  
Gaze still with hopeless eye, Napoleon!  
No more shall Austria hear thy cannon's roar;  
No more o'er Alpine heights thy eagles soar;  
No more shall Gallia's hosts thy voice obey;  
Nor at thy feet her crown Hispania lay;  
No more for thee shall youthful warriors bleed;  
Or conquered hosts to thee for mercy plead.  
Thy sun has set—that sun, whose morning beam  
Made thee like more than mortal champion seem.  
Slowly it sinks behind the darkened west;  
The nations now from fear of thee may rest;  
The cliff whereon thou stand'st shall be thy grave,  
The sea-bird's cry—the murmur of the wave,  
Thy requiem shall sing along the shore,  
And Europe hear thy battle-cry no more.

## A TREATISE ON

## THE ART OF NAMING PLACES.

### INTRODUCTION.

An eminent writer having favored the readers of the *Literary Messenger* with some valuable hints upon the art of naming horses, I am encouraged by his example to submit a few suggestions on a kindred subject, but one of still more general interest—I mean the art of naming places. My design is, first, to show what is the prevailing practice in America; secondly, to point out its disadvantages; and thirdly, to propose a better method. In a country where new towns and townships, states and counties, are daily springing up, the practical importance of the subject I have chosen, needs no demonstration. To those ladies and gentlemen, in all parts of the union, but especially the new parts, who have votes or influence in naming villages or tracts of country, I respectfully inscribe my lucubrations—humbly soliciting a patient perusal before final judgment.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *American method of naming Places.*

There are three predominant methods of attaching names to places in the new states of America. The first, and perhaps most common, is to adopt names already appropriated in the older states. An impulse was given to this practice by the events of the revolution, or at least by the desire to perpetuate their memory. Thus the Lexington of Massachusetts propagated its title in Virginia, while Massachusetts, in its turn, received a Princeton from New-Jersey, and Kentucky borrowed both. It may well be questioned, whether the scenes of revolutionary conflict would not have been more truly honored by being left in undisturbed possession of their distinctive names, instead of losing their identity amidst a throng of honorary namesakes. Is it any compliment to Lexington or Princeton, that

the barbarous appendages "N. J." and "Mass." are absolutely needed, to preserve an ordinary letter from miscarriage?

A still more operative cause of this bad practice is the *amor patriæ* of settlers from the east. Springfield, Litchfield, and all the other fields of Massachusetts and Connecticut, are thus made to flourish in immortal youth, and may indulge the hope, that as the tide of emigration rolls towards the Pacific, they shall see their names emblazoned on the map beyond the Rocky Mountains. The only drawback is, that the old yankee towns themselves have stolen names, and must yield the honor to their prototypes in England.

#### CHAP. II.

##### *Another Method.*

The second common mode of giving names, is to select them from the map of the old world. To one who has travelled through New-York, illustration is superfluous. Rome! Syracuse! Ithaca! Jericho! What can be more classical than "Rome, N. Y." These New-York-State Romans, if they ever have occasion to write or speak of the eternal city, are no doubt in the habit of employing the genuine American expression, "Rome, Italy." This is, a mere conjecture; but we know full well that some American writers, when they mention the Tuileries or Garden of Plants, can find it in their hearts to say "Paris, France," for fear of confounding it with "PARIS, KY."! What a commentary this upon the merits of the system! This practice is coeval with the settling of New-England. Almost all the names given by the Puritans to places, were taken from the Bible, or brought over from Great Britain. They had a right to pursue this method. They came hither by compulsion, and were fairly entitled to assimilate their new home to the old one as completely as they could, the rather as they could not then anticipate with certainty the growth of their adopted country, and had therefore no reason to expect any actual inconvenience from this kindly remembrance of the names of the old world. There is no such apology for him who travels westward, of free choice, and with his eyes wide open to the practical effects of this imitative nomenclature. What right has he to rob his native town of her good name, by a sort of theft, which nought enriches him, but makes her poor indeed?

#### CHAP. III.

##### *Another Method.*

The third common method of naming places, is to name them after men. The page of history from which these are selected, depends upon the taste and prepossessions of the namers. The refined conception of immortalizing ancient writers, heroes and philosophers, by giving them a local habitation and a name upon our modern maps, has been confined in a great measure to the Empire State. Setting aside some partial imitations on a very small scale, New-York enjoys a glorious monopoly in this branch of the fine arts. The addition of "N. Y." is scarcely needed to prevent

mistakes, after such names as Ovid, Ulysses, or Camillus. May this proud distinction be perpetual! May no inferior member of the union ever trench upon the New-York patent for naming places by the aid of Ainsworth's Dictionary! A less sublime variety of this same method, is to choose the names of moderns, either foreign or indigenous, especially the latter, and particularly those of revolutionary heroes or distinguished politicians. No one could have quarrelled with this easy method of perpetuating worthy names, if it had been provided by agreement or by law, that no name should be given to a plurality of places. The *City of Washington* strikes foreigners as a noble title, having all the qualities of a good name, sonorous and significant, convenient and invested with sublime associations. But alas! we know better. To us, the name of Washington has lost its virtue—we cannot conjure with it. Instead of being consecrated as a national name, it has been debased by association with a thousand hamlets. How strange that emigrants and settlers should imagine they are doing honor to that memorable name, by adding another to the list of its misapplications! If this however, were the only instance of such inconvenient multiplication of a single name, we might be able to endure it, and to persuade ourselves that it evinced the strength of national attachment to the Father of his Country. But what shall we say of the hundreds upon hundreds of ignoble names, which are not only honored with a place upon the map, but with two, three, half a dozen or a dozen places? In this case, the public inconvenience, arising from a paucity of local names, is not, as in the other case, compensated by the value of the names themselves. We have not even this romantic consolation, when our letters miscarry, or come back to us with half-a-dozen superscriptions, half-a-dozen post-marks, and half-a-dozen postages.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### *Disadvantage of these Methods.*

In enumerating these three methods, incidental mention has been made of some particular objections to which each is liable. The objections to the whole system may be reduced to these two heads: 1. Inconvenience. 2. Disgrace. Its inconvenience needs no proof to any one accustomed to write letters. So strong is the feeling of habitual confusion and dubiety, produced by the endless reproduction of the same names, that before long no man will be satisfied, without ensuring the safe passage of his letters, by specifying counties and townships as well as states. It is exceedingly uncomfortable to be always doubting of the whereabouts of every place you read of. Compare your own sensations when you read or hear of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Columbia, Portsmouth, or any of the many *villes* and *burghs*, which are held as common stock by all the states. Compare the uncertainty, vexation and solicitude, the reference to gazetteers and maps or knowing friends, which all such names occasion—with the pleasant sense of certainty and clearness which accompany names that have been used but once—such as Savannah, Cincinnati, Natchez,



or Chicago. Compare our own condition in this respect, with that of Europe, where a duplicate name can scarcely be detected on the most minute of maps. Here is one great advantage on the side of the old countries; an advantage too, arising from their having had their origin in what we call "dark ages," as distinguished from our age of light. The old Goths and Gauls and Saxons neither knew nor cared about the names of other countries, and this happy ignorance compelled them to invent. Our settlers are just well enough instructed to be imitators, and ignorant enough to overlook the disadvantages of imitation. Some New-England emigrants may even be entitled to the credit of not knowing that the good old yankee names, which they are carting to the west, were not invented by the Pilgrims. If the force of prejudice and habit were once broken, an ordinary pedler from "down east," could manufacture new and striking names for places without stint or limit, every one of them better than an atlas full of *villes*, *burghs* and *tons*, [*Calhouns* and *Bentons*, *Jacksons* and *Marshalls*, *Clintons* and *Websters*, *Harrisons* and *Clays*.]

## CHAP. V.

*Another Disadvantage.*

The other disadvantage of the system ought to operate with power on the sensitive self-love of this vain nation. We may vapor as we will about native talent, American genius, an independent literature, and what not! We may rave till we are tired, of our annuals, and fourth of July speeches, and lyceums—it is still as clear as day that we have not even such a measure of invention as would enable us to name our towns and counties, without stealing from the map of Europe; nor taste enough to steal what is worth stealing; no, nor sense enough to consult our own convenience. If we have invention, taste, and common sense, let us begin to show it in our maps and road-books. This national infirmity has not been overlooked by our benignant neighbors. It has caught the eye both of satirists and sages. Witness the hundred *Warsaws* of Sam Slick, as an example from the first class, and the following extract from a work of Sir John Herschell, as an instance of the other. "Those who attach two senses to one word, or superadd a new meaning to an old one, act as absurdly as colonists who distribute themselves over the world, naming every place they come to by the names of those they have left, till all distinctions of geographical nomenclature are confounded, and till we are unable to decide whether an occurrence stated to have happened at Windsor, took place in Europe, America, or Australia."

This apparent poverty is rendered more disgraceful by its leading us to borrow from the very countries, which we profess to rival or surpass in all the qualities of intellect. If we are so wholly independent of Old England, let us prove it, and at the same time promote our own convenience, by disusing English names.—But this, belonging rather to the next ensuing topic, from which it will be needless to detain the reader, by any enlargement on the evil just exposed, the reality of which must be apparent to the mind, and painful to the feelings of all patriotic yankees.

## CHAP. VI.

*A better Method proposed.*

It is not the object of this little treatise to expose an evil, without proposing remedies. To those who are convinced by the foregoing chapters, that the usual practice is both inconvenient and disgraceful, a method of correcting it will now be most respectfully submitted. The statement of this method will include several distinct propositions, any one of which may be adopted if the others are disliked; while at the same time there is nothing to forbid a simultaneous execution of them all. My first proposition, then, is this: that where there is an Indian name, it be retained, in spite of all absurd and tasteless efforts to convert it into something with a *ville*, or *burgh* annexed. If this rational and easy course had been pursued, we should not be now pestered and disgraced by post-office equivokes and geographical double-entendres. Every body who has been in Europe knows that our Indian names of places are exceedingly admired; not merely for intrinsic beauty, which they sometimes want, but as original and dignified by their associations. Oh if our great commercial city could but wear again its fine old Indian title of nobility, instead of being nicknamed after a decayed, mouldering heap of houses in the north of England, preserved from oblivion, only by its splendid minster! After this place New-York is named, to all intents and purposes; although in historical strictness, it derived its title, not from the *city*, but the *duke* of York. The prefix *new*, is universally disgraceful; a provincial badge which ought to have been knocked off when we gained our independence. The rustic vulgarism, *York*, at which the smart cits laugh, is vastly better; but *Manhattan* would be infinitely, infinitely better. The Canadian York has now a name of its own; ought not our own York to possess one too? It is a matter of congratulation, that in naming our new states, so much good taste and judgment have been exercised. Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Arkansas, are names of which we all have reason to be proud. To the end of the civilized world, every educated person understands them, and admires them. This advantage is owing to the obvious fact, that the naming of a state falls into better hands than the naming of most towns and counties; but it proves, that among those concerned, there is discretion and good taste enough, if they were only used to some good purpose. Let those that have authority in this thing, be persuaded not to make themselves ridiculous, by sacrificing noble aboriginal names for paltry imitations and vile compounds. One great example of this folly has been given—not belonging to our own times except by sufferance. To this may be joined a small one of more recent date—one out of a thousand. A beautiful neighborhood in Pennsylvania, was once called *Nesháminy*: it is now called *Hartsville*! There is no weight in an objection sometimes urged to Indian names, that they are frequently uncouth and dissonant. Not to mention that this often seems so only at the first, and that even then, the most uncouth will bear comparison with many of our own domestic manufacture; there is no reason why an Indian name should not be slightly trimmed and softened, by throwing out a consonant or throwing in a vowel, before it is

ultimately fixed by usage. Such a process has actually taken place in most of our current Indian names. The object is, not to preserve the pure form of the Indian word, but to have an original, distinctive name. With such modifications as are here proposed, a noble list of names might be produced, intrinsically fine, and wholly free from the inconvenience and disgrace of being duplicates. A curious illustration of the difference between the two sorts of nomenclature here referred to, is afforded by the title of the celebrated railroad between New-York and Philadelphia. "Camden and Amboy" is unequivocal enough, when written as a compound. But separate the elements, and speak of Camden—you will instantly be asked, which Camden do you mean? Camden, S. C.? Camden, N. C.? Camden, Geo.? Camden, Del.? Camden, N. J.? Camden, N. Y.? Camden, Maine? or Camden, England? But speak of Amboy, and you will hear no question of the sort, unless a Jerseyman should ask whether you meant Perth Amboy or South Amboy; but these are mere fractions of an integer, on opposite sides of the same river, and do not therefore fall within the scope of this discussion.

#### CHAP. VII.

##### *Another Method proposed.*

The method just proposed can be extensively adopted only in the newly settled regions of the country, and even there, it may be open to objection, in particular cases, which must be provided for. The second proposition, therefore, is, that names be given which are descriptive of some characteristic and distinctive feature of the places named, their site, or their environs. That this corrective may not engender the very evil it is meant to counteract, it is of great importance that the names, formed on this principle, should be drawn either from something wholly peculiar to the place in question, or something not likely to be chosen as the ground of a distinctive name in other places.—*Greenfield*, for example, as a distinctive name, is absolutely worthless. It must not, however, be inferred that, by this rule, no such name could be given, except to places which possess some extraordinary natural distinction, such as *Rockbridge* county in Virginia, so called from the famous natural bridge. A circumstance, not wonderful or striking in itself, may be sufficiently peculiar to suggest a local name. An overhanging cliff of reddish earth or stone, though not at all extraordinary, might be a good reason for calling the village near it *Redcliff*; nor is it at all likely, that, without direct piracy or plagiarism, more than one village would select such a name. In order to afford the widest scope for this suggestion, and reduce the chances of direct interference to the lowest point, it may be well to suggest the derivation of descriptive names, in certain cases, from other languages than English, though the latter should in general be preferred. *Tremont*, (from *tres montes*,) would have been a better name in some respects, than *Threehills* or *Threemountains*, and in all respects better than *Boston*, a name purloined from an old seaport in Lincolnshire; nor can it be imagined that *greenmountain* would have been more convenient

or agreeable than *Vermont* from the French *verd mont* or *verds monts*. It may not be extravagant to add, that, in the west, even Indian names might thus be made "to order;" some descriptive epithet being adopted, even though it had never figured as a proper name.

#### CHAP. VIII.

##### *A third Method proposed.*

As a third expedient, may be recommended the imposition of commemorative names—commemorative either of events or persons. The latter species of commemoration it is true, has been the source of much of the confusion now existing. But why has it had this effect? Because the names selected have been those of persons generally known, and likely therefore to receive this honor from many different quarters at the same time. The evil has arisen from a foolish tendency to overlook local and peculiar circumstances, and give the preference to commonplace generalities. If, instead of desecrating some great names, by depriving them of individuality, and unduly honoring some small names in the same way, it had been the practice to call places by the names of founders, early settlers, local benefactors, or eminent inhabitants of any class, even though they might not be members of congress or heads of departments, our maps and gazetteers would have been more respectable. The reader can easily illustrate this remark by applying it to the place of his own residence, and those adjacent to it. It may be added that, besides the superior convenience of this method, it would be a valuable means of doing honor to a multitude of most deserving men, and of saving from oblivion a whole catalogue of names, far more worthy of remembrance than a moiety of those now scattered, with a niggardly profusion, over our territorial surface. As the object of this work is to suggest, and not to amplify, the only other necessary hint, in this connexion, is, that when the names of men are good enough to be distinguished in the way proposed, they are too good to be spoiled and made ridiculous by any sort of barbarous appendage. Who that has a particle of taste can waver between Jacksonville and Jackson? Even Pittsburgh, allowing for the force of habit and association, is less worthy of the place than the naked, ugly monosyllable, *Pitt*, would have been. But, be this as it may, we have enough of *villes* and *burghs* already for a thousand years. The suffix *town*, is not so bad, except when it is frittered into *ton*; but the best and safest rule is to discard them all, and let the name, whether long or short, stand on its own bottom.

#### CHAP. IX.

##### *A fourth Method proposed.*

As a last resort, where the foregoing methods are for any reason inexpedient, names may be invented. I remember to have seen in print, an ingenious mode of managing this sort of manufacture, so as to secure the two important points of euphony and originality. The plan proposed was to form two sets of tickets, one inscribed with consonants and one with vowels, and



then to draw alternately from the two sets, until a name of the required length is constructed. This plan is highly worthy of attention. If the reader will but take the pains to make a brief experiment, in this way, he will be astonished at the infinite variety of new and comely names, which might be substituted thus for our existing nomenclature. It cannot be denied, however, that the names thus chosen, would generally have an air somewhat exotic. For the sake of those who may prefer a more indigenous and English form, another method of invention may be here suggested. This is nothing more than to combine single syllables of different English words, so as to form a compound not significant. A large proportion of the names of minor places on the map of England, would really seem to have been formed in this way, or if they all were once significant, the changes of the language have destroyed their meaning. In order to exemplify the virtues of this method, I open at random a book lying by me, and selecting syllables from different pages, form the following compounds—*Sweetledge, Divellions, Calsament, Plandity, Oldmass*. I know not what the reader may think, but for my single self, I should prefer the worst of these to almost any of our fashionable names; and if such as these can be obtained by lottery, what admirable ones might be contrived by skill!

## CHAP. X.

## Conclusion.

The four methods which have been proposed, if applied with perseverance and discretion, will ensure a full supply of really distinctive names for all new places in all time to come. But alas, these measures of reform seem scarcely to be worthy of a trial, if the existing practices must also be continued, and for every decent new name, flood the country with a dozen of the old disgraceful sort. As a supplementary suggestion, therefore, it may be added, that the application of the same name to two places, should be rigidly proscribed, if not by law, by public sentiment. It is much to be desired, indeed, that the disuse of duplicate names should arise from an honorable sense of independence and becoming self-reliance, together with a due regard to good taste and the public convenience, than from penal statutes, which I should be loth to see adopted, except in extreme cases. May we not hope that, by the same authority, the use of *ville* and *burgh* will soon be utterly abolished? Nay, may we not go further and anticipate, not only an improvement in the making of new names, but a great retrospective reformation in the old? Is it extravagant to hope that, when the great discoveries developed in this work, have been reduced to practice, their effect upon the public taste will be so great as to disgust all cultivated minds with the abominable system under which most of the names now extant were imposed? May we not expect to see thousands of old Indian names supplanting their supplanters, and innumerable other changes equally delightful, imparting a new aspect to our national geography? This is too bright a prospect—let us drop the veil.

I have purposely abstained from any copious illustration of my different topics. For such illustration,

the materials are abundant, if the public should require a new edition of my treatise, more extended and complete. In the mean time I commend it to their favorable notice.

## JOURNAL

## OF A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS, CAVES AND SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.

By a New-Englander.

TO CHARLES E. SHERMAN, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.

These fragments of a Diary, kept during a tour made in his society, are respectfully and affectionately inscribed, by his friend and fellow-traveller, THE AUTHOR.

—Virginia! Yet I own  
I love thee still, although no son of thine!  
For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—  
And made the wonders of thy vallies mine;  
Finding, from morning's dawn till day's decline,  
Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak, whose throne  
Was loftier,—girt with mist, and crowned with pine:  
Some deep and rugged glen, with copse o'ergrown,—  
The birth of some sweet valley, or the line  
Traced by some silver stream that murmurs lone:  
Or the dark cave, where hidden crystals shine,  
Or the wild arch, across the blue sky thrown.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Wilde.

## CHAPTER III.

The White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier County.—The place described.

White Sulphur, July 23, 1835.

This grand central point of attraction, pre-eminent above all the other localities in the Spring region of Virginia, is a fairy spot lying at the foot of the Alleghanies in a delightful valley; embosomed in shade and surrounded by every charm that lavish nature could bestow upon the most favored retreat. The Spring bubbles up from the earth in the lowest part of this valley, and is covered by a tastefully constructed pavilion, being a dome, supported by twelve Ionic columns, and surmounted by a graceful statue of Hygeia, the patron-saint of healing, holding in her right hand a cup, as filled with water, and in her left a vegetable or herb. This statue was presented to the establishment, by Mr. Henderson, a wealthy planter of Louisiana, who, I believe, went from New England. The pavilion is surrounded by the grateful shade of old oaks, locusts and elms—and hither resort, as to a common focus, the converging radii of the crowd, intent on banishing disease or *ennui*, gaining health or admiration, displaying personal charms, or sacrificing to fashion. The invalid, pale, emaciated and wretched, may be seen there at almost every hour, waiting till the giddy dance of the gay and volatile, who came there merely to gratify "a truant disposition," shall leave the waters free for him to drink and be healed. The fervish flush, the hectic of consumption, the tottering gait of rheumatism, the wasted form of the dyspeptic, may all be observed in

contrast with the ruddy glow of manly health, the free, elastic step of youthful vigor, the gay smile of unpaired hearts, and the loud laugh of mirth that knows not even the check of another's sufferings. At about an hour before dinner, the fashionable lounge at the fountain commences. Then also commences the playing of the musicians in the ball-room, a fine band of performers, who amuse the visitants to the Springs an hour at noon, and divide with the waters, the attention of the promenaders.

The centre or public building of the establishment, containing the dining room, stage office, post office, bar, and other public offices, is of wood, and has a long piazza running its entire length, forming the common lounge or sitting place during the day and evening. This building commands a view of almost the whole place, and makes a large part of an extensive square, ascending amphitheatrically, and bordered by rows of brick and white painted wooden cabins, with piazzas in front, facing inwards towards the centre of the square, at the lower part of which is the fountain, and the walks and alleys and green plats of which are shaded by a profusion of fine old trees, around which are commodious seats for the ease and comfort of visitors. One thousand acres of land are said to be the property of Mr. Calwell, of which the Springs are the centre, and constant improvements are annually making to the establishment, some of which are now in progress. Among these, the erection of a large and elegant brick house, forming the centre body of a block, the wings of which are to consist of several commodious cabins, is the most prominent. This house is to be for the especial occupation of Mr. Henderson, (the munificent patron of the concern, already alluded to,) whenever he is at the Springs. The domicile of the Calwell family is a plain, substantial cottage of wood, embossed by foliage, and surrounded by verdure, situated in the rear of the public offices.

There is the greatest difficulty experienced by visitors in getting in here. Much favoritism is shown by Mr. Anderson, "the man of all work," who is somewhat arbitrary in the disposal of places. A family in a private establishment, with two or four horses and servants, of course has precedence—and an old acquaintance has the advantage of a new one. This is irksome to the inexperienced traveller, who comes a thousand miles, perhaps, at great sacrifice of time, and money, and convenience, for health. Yet it is constantly the case that he must submit his own claims (though the first on the ground,) to the wealthy fashionable, who comes after him with a greater retinue. Quarantine in some of the neighboring taverns within a few miles of the Springs, must first be performed, while at intervals the inexorable Mr. Anderson, the janitor of the Eden that all are striving to enter, must be besieged with entreaties, and propitiated by fair words. A great man is Mr. Anderson.

The breakfast hour is eight—that for dining, two—and that for the evening meal, seven. The intermission between the two first hours is passed in lounging, calling, promenading, and drinking the waters. The afternoon is spent in reading, sleeping, riding, or—lounging. After tea every evening the ball-room is lighted, and thither whoever chooses may resort to join in the mirthful meeting of the young and the gay, from every part of

our common country. The hour for dancing is limited to ten o'clock, and a band of music is provided by the season, for this purpose. They sometimes give concerts, which agreeably vary the amusements of the little community assembled here. And so passes a day at White Sulphur.

No analysis of this water has ever been given to the world. Dr. Rogers of this state has prepared an imperfect one, but it is still in the possession of but few individuals; of course, I am unable to be so particular as I could wish as to its chemical qualities, and must write of its effects, by way of explaining its character. The most skilful physicians advise its use in hepatic, or liver complaints—dyspepsia, or disordered digestion—and all those diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach, or a derangement of the system by injudicious modes of living,—while they reject its use in all pulmonary disorders, or in any affection of the lungs. The rheumatic patient is advised to drink of these waters, preparatory to, or accompanying the use of the hot and warm spring baths,—and the gouty subject, if he be not too far in for it, is recommended to abstain from high living awhile, and try the White Sulphur Water.

July 25.

I have been taking a topographical view of this spot, and append a few statistical remarks, as the result of my observations.

Upon arrival, the traveller stops at the hotel, or public receiving house, where he is disencumbered of his baggage, and obtains permission from the all-powerful manager of the establishment to enter his name on the register as one of its inmates. Then he goes around and views the quarters from which his own are to be selected—for the choice is not left to the guest, but is the grand prerogative of the stern autocrat aforesaid. Proceeding due south from the landing place, you come to a line of beautiful cabins, finely shaded by the venerable trees of the primeval forest, and facing northwest in the direction of the Water Fountain, between which and itself is a verdant lawn, also covered with trees, and laid out in walks and alleys. Happy the favored tenant of one of these tasteful abodes: the only danger in his case is likely to be that of exciting a deal of envy in this little municipality. As you pass to this row of buildings, called *North Carolina Row*, you go by a neat little cabin at the foot of an old oak standing by itself most picturesquely: it is the property of a South Carolinian, and is always tenanted by him, when at the Springs. At other times, it is at the disposal of the proprietor of the estate. This is a common mode of arranging matters here,—several cabins being, in this way, private property. Having gone up *North Carolina Row*, we come to *Paradise*, which runs rectangularly from the upper corner, directly northwest. This is irregularly, but handsomely built, of brick, containing many beautiful cabins, some with and others without piazzas, but all much more finely shaded than the other quarters. On the northern end of this row are, in the course of building, an elegant brick house, with several smaller ones running out like wings from each side. This house has already been alluded to as in the process of building for the use of Mr. Henderson of New Orleans, whose elegant gift of a statue for the pavilion, has also been mentioned. Still further north extends



*Alabama Row*, a quiet, secluded, retired spot, embosomed in foliage, and out of the view of the spectator in any part of the great square. After some short interval, still extending to the north, are buildings appropriated to the worshippers of *Chance*, both as residences and temples for the performance of their secret rites. Then come the Sulphur Baths, the Stables, which are on a very extensive scale, and the Kennel for the hounds, about sixty of which, of all ages and breeds tenant this last of the quarters at White Sulphur. Returning southwesterly, we come to the *The Wolf Row*, where gay young men and convivial parties "most do congregate;" it is pleasantly situated aloof from the main square, on the opposite side of the road leading to the stables, and makes a picturesque appearance from the northeast. Keeping down on the same side of the way, we next come to the negro quarters, and after a long interval, to the private residence of Mr. Calwell, the proprietor of the Springs. Further yet towards the south, is a new row of buildings, called *Baltimore Row*, a fashionable and handsome, though sunny range of cabins, and facing the green lawn of the great square on the other side of the way. Still further south is a large carriage house for the use of the visitors to the Springs. I have not yet mentioned the *Ball-room*, standing midway between the *Hotel and North Carolina Row*,—a two story wooden building, with sleeping rooms above, and a long hall beneath, where the band plays daily and nightly at certain hours,—where religious services are sometimes performed on the Sabbath,—where the ladies and gentlemen are fond of lounging in chilly or in intensely hot days, and where there is a good piano, a constant source of attraction and pleasure to the musically inclined. Behind the hotel, runs a row of buildings, devoted to culinary purposes, connected with a dining hall;—and, extending northwesterly is *Fly Row*, so called, because of the superabundance of that annoying insect, and the constant desire that is ever being expressed by its tenants to *fly* from its annoyances. In this delectable region (otherwise very comfortable) am I lodged. Beneath the dining hall are the post office, the barber's shop, and a tailor's establishment,—and there is the topography of the White Sulphur, "veluti in speculum."

To manage and carry on this extensive concern, there is first, the proprietor, *James Calwell*, a short, stout, gentlemanly man, of cheerful manners, and a dash of the old school in the cut of his dress, his gait, and his white queue. He lives at his ease, and reaps the fruit of his good fortune in being the possessor of this lucrative spot, to the tune of several thousands of dollars per week, during the six spring and summer months. Next comes his prime minister, Mr. *Anderson*, to whose autocratical endowments I have alluded already. You might as well be out of favor with the king as with the keeper of the king's conscience, and the exerciser of all the king's prerogatives. He is the setter and keeper in motion of all the complicated springs and cranks that regulate the clock-work of this extensive concern, and he most ably performs his allotted part, displaying a great development of the organs of order, constructiveness, locality, verbal and individual memory, and in no small degree those of combativeness and secretiveness. Then come the *nine* sons of the proprietor,—each in his way. Some keep the accounts of the concern,—others

do the agreeable to the guests,—others, conduct the deer hunts, and fox chases,—and all live like the heirs apparent to the perennial White Sulphur Spring. There is a caterer for the table, whose sleekness of face, roundness of person, and general air of comfortable well-being, do great honor to the cheer he provides. The servants are numerous,—some of them civil, some saucy, and all accessible to "the soft impeachment" of ready change, by way of spiriting them to an interested discharge of their duties. For all this accommodation, such as it is, you are charged eight dollars per week, or if you stay less than a week, one dollar and fifty cents *per diem*. And *apropos* of this: the other day, on presenting his money to pay his bill, a gentleman was surprised to learn that he was chargeable nine dollars for six days, although he could have remained the seventh, with the deduction of one dollar for the whole time! Who shall talk of Connecticut and her Yankee tricks after this? Yet it "is so nominated in the bond," and "there is no law" at White Sulphur "to alter the decree."

I had been told much to disparage the living, (I mean the *cuisine*,) at this place, and came prepared to find most miserable fare, most wretchedly served up, to the luckless visitant at this monopolizing watering-place. I thought this would not be strange, were it to turn out so;—for a man, who owns a property like this, in the heart of an unsettled country, away from all markets, and fearless of all competition, in catering for the thousands of people who flock yearly to such quarters and such fare as he can spread before them, cannot, methought, be expected to perform miracles, for the gratification of every sense, and the indulgence of every whim of his guests. But I find that rumor has belied our good host, most grossly, in this matter. Considering the prodigious number for whom he provides, his table may be said to be even uncommonly fine: far too good, it strikes me, for invalids, who flock hither to drink mineral waters for health. Venison is a common dish, and the best of mutton, (and very worst of beef,) is daily upon the board, while the pastry cook of the establishment would do honor to the Tremont or Astor.

The lodgings for "single gentlemen without families," are—just such as the casual visitant of a fashionable watering place is willing, (because he can't help himself,) to put up with. Two small beds, in an uncarpeted room, eight feet by ten, present rather a forbidding aspect as the neophyte enters his appointed domicile, after two days waiting for it,—nor is an over-nice examination of the texture of the bed-clothing, or the cleanliness of the bedding, likely to add to his perfect contentedness. But he gets used to it soon,—or grows desperately resigned to it,—and comforts himself with the assurance that he will enjoy the delights of what he is at present deprived of, the better on his return home, from being without them awhile: by suffering them patiently, he is in the fashion, is in the way of being healthy, and is seeing the world!

This property, the White Sulphur Springs, is said to be worth the round sum of six hundred thousand dollars. An act of incorporation, with a charter, has been obtained from the Legislature of Virginia, by a company, who had it in contemplation to purchase it at about that sum, and improve it on a liberal and extended scale.

But nothing was done about it beyond this preliminary step, and it is now held at a higher sum, or else absolutely retained, without the intention of selling, by its present proprietor. It will be a mine of wealth, properly managed, for his children, of whom he has several, and all of whom appear full well to appreciate the value of the property, by living upon it as if it were indeed to be a never failing spring of wealth to all generations. But fashion is a fickle *queen*, though the *queen* of the present high ascendant,—and were fashion to remove her shrine from this favored spot, I much fear that the worshippers of Hygeia would be hardly numerous or important enough to sustain its popularity. But of this there is no immediate prospect. The Springs in this neighborhood, though all valuable, are all without the peculiar properties that render the White Sulphur a necessary resort for the invalid,—and, as the best excuse that can be given by the world for residing half the year at a watering place, is that it is salubrious, there is not much chance that my good friend Calwell's property will depreciate very rapidly.

I could wish, however, that the plan of raising a corporate company to carry on this establishment, as it should be, could have been effectual. Nature has done every thing for the locality, and it is a source of regret that Art had not followed the hints of the elder born sister a little more nearly. There is not that uniformity, that regularity, and neatness of detail, in laying out the place with reference at once to the utility, symmetry, comfort, elegance and *coup d'œil*, which could have been desired. A fine hill on one side the fountain, is marred by being abandoned to the most common and disagreeable uses,—another on the east is covered with houses, whereas it should have been laid out in walks; and the most beautiful part of the grounds are shut out from the view and from the use of the visitants, by being thrown entirely in the rear of the main body of the buildings, consisting of tailors' shops, stores, barbers' establishments, and groceries. There are many unsightly white-washed cabins on the premises, also—coach-stands on the green lawns, and gaming houses near the most frequented parts of the square. All these things, the gradual growth of the place, coming as they have, one after the other, imperceptibly, as the property has increased in value, could be easily remedied now by an enterprising company—while, if left to the proprietors, they can hardly be anticipated to take place.

The woods in this vicinity abound in game—and one of the sons of Mr. Calwell has gained the name of *Nimrod*, and a reputation almost equal to that of Little-John of Sherwood forest, as a huntsman, by the skilful use he makes of a fine pack of hounds, and an unerring rifle, by the aid of which he and his associates are wont to supply the table with good venison. Would that these adjuncts of *Nimrod* were content with this legitimate use of their several powers! But alas! the hounds are baying the livelong night throughout, and murdering the innocent slumbers of those who are "cabined, cribbed, confined" near their quarters,—and the rifle in its turn is the common instrument of slaughter, with which our mutton is prepared for the board. But all pleasures have their drawbacks,—and the mutton is as palatable as the venison.

## THE SUMACH TREE.

I love the rose when I am glad, it seems so gladsome too,—  
With what a glow it meets the sun!—with what a scent the dew!  
It blushes on the brow of youth as mingling in its mirth,  
And decks the bride as though it bloom'd for her alone, on earth.

I love the columbine that grows upon the hill-top, wild,—  
It makes me dream I'm young again—a free, a blessed child;  
But youthful days, and bridal ones, just like the roses flee,  
And chasten'd fancy turns from these toward the sumach tree.

The sumach?—Why?—Its leaves are fair and beautifully green,  
And fringe the brilliant stem that runs—a carmine thread—between;

Its clustering fruit—a velvet cone, of royal crimson hue—  
Peers upward midst the foliage fair, in glorious splendor too.

And yet—and yet—the fancy turns in pensive hour to thee,  
And twin'd with sober, sacred thoughts art thou, proud sumach tree,

A deep-wrought spell of early days:—in melancholy state  
Rank grew a lonely sumach tree beside that grave-yard gate;

Kindred and friends reposed beneath, and oft has childish prayer  
Risen from my heart that I, in death, might slumber with them there.

That prayer, how vain! yet still I love in fancy oft to be  
Ling'ring within that place of graves, beneath the sumach tree.  
Maine. ELIZA.

## THE UTILITY OF LIBERAL STUDIES.

We have before us a masterly discourse on this subject, delivered on a literary anniversary in Rhode Island, last autumn, by Professor Goddard.\* We propose, by the extracts we are going to make, to save ourselves the trouble of inditing aught of our own, in praise of Liberal Studies. Nor need we;—as every reader, who may go through the extracts, will be satisfied that they can hardly be surpassed, in their way. The author's manner of unfolding his views, is striking and forcible. He takes the following impressive mode of showing the inordinate craving for wealth, that possesses the people of America. Many may stare at the assumption, that Germany is so far before our country in civilization, as is here supposed: and others will be equally startled at seeing New England ranked higher, for cultivated intellect, than Virginia and South Carolina. But both suppositions are true.

'Imagine an exile from intellectual Germany, nurtured amid a nation of scholars, and imbued with all the sympathies of a man of letters, to visit these shores, either for the purpose of bettering his fortunes, or of enjoying freedom of political opinion. With what emotions may we suppose him to survey the actual condition of American society; and what would be his cool, philosophical estimate of our predominant national characteristics? Should he chance, first of all, to be thrown amid the vortices of fashion, and politics, and trade, which, in our vast commercial metropolis, seem, to the eye of a stranger, to engulf all better things; how would his sensitive spirit be driven back upon itself! How would it yearn for the inartificial, and pure, and serene delights of Germany; for her ardent and almost universal veneration for Genius, and Taste, and Learning!'

\* 'An Address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode Island, delivered Sept. 7, 1836, by Wm. G. Goddard, Professor of Belles Lettres in Brown University.' pp. 30.



'Penetrating into the far West, would our philosopher find his exile cheered by the voice of a more responsive intelligence? By the majestic physical developments of this region of our country, he would, indeed, often be surprised into admiration; and he would look, with somewhat of poetical enthusiasm, upon lakes, and rivers, and forests, and mountains, which, though all unsung, are unrivalled, for sublimity, in the land from which he had wandered. But, think you, would not his enthusiasm be limited to these mute evidences of Almighty power? Among the adventurous and intrepid inhabitants of the West, would he find either sympathy or companionship? Would the hardy pioneer, who is pushing his way towards the very confines of civilization, care to know aught of the progress of exegesis, or of the achievements of antiquarians? Would the land speculator, intent upon some stupendous scheme of gain, lend a patient ear to our accomplished German, as he discussed some difficult problem in moral philosophy, or applied to a favorite author the principles of philosophical criticism?

'Directing his steps towards the South, he would find not unfrequently, among the children of the Sun, a grateful response to the sympathies by which he is moved; a more deeply reflective spirit; a more cultivated taste for the beautiful; powers of more delicate analysis, and more comprehensive generalization. But, even here, our traveller would perhaps complain that, in some circles, *the talk is of cotton*, and that this region of social urbanity and intellectual splendor no more than adumbrates his forgotten home.

'He next sojourns in New England. Adopting the popular estimate of this favored portion of our country, he anticipates that, here at least, he shall escape the pangs of unparticipated sensibility. He perceives that our territory is studded with schools, and academies, and colleges; and he fondly imagines that, like kindred institutions in Germany, they exert a transforming influence upon the general mind and manners. But, even in New England, he is destined to feel the chill of disappointed hope. He beholds, everywhere, incontestible evidences of enterprise, and industry, and wealth; of rare practical sagacity, and uncompromising moral rectitude. Nay, more: he witnesses many decided proofs of reverence for science, for art, and for letters; and by the whole aspect of society around him, the conviction is impressed upon his mind that, nowhere else in our country is to be found a more enlightened subjection to law, or so general a prevalence of high social refinement. Why, then, it may be asked, does not our traveller feel himself *at home* in New England? It would not, perhaps, be easy so to answer this question as to exempt him from the reproach of fastidiousness. He misses the pervading intellectual spirit of Germany; the enthusiasm, and exhilaration, and simple elegance of her literary circles. It saddens him to recognise, as predominant in many a face, an expression of seated care, or frigid caution, or calculating sagacity. He is repelled by the topics which well nigh engross our ordinary conversation. He is surprised to discover, that our schools, academies, and colleges exert no undivided sway over the public mind. Now, it would be most unreasonable, to insist that the whole order of society in this young and free country—where all is full of enterprise, and change, and progress, should be reversed for the accommodation of a fastidious German scholar. It would be most unreasonable to ask, that the West should intermit her speculations in land, or her emigrations into the far off wilderness; that the South should be less intent upon the production of her great staples; or that the North should force herself away from her ships and her spindles. All this would be impracticable, and, if practicable, it would be full of evil. It may be well, however, to inquire, whether, in the midst of such strong provocations to excess, *the spirit of accumulation is not liable to become extravagant*; whether a more generous culture of a taste for liberal studies would not gratefully temper the elements of our present

social character, and introduce higher and nobler interests into the whole of our social life? Would it not save us from an inordinate admiration of the least enviable distinctions of wealth? *Would it not impart to our manners more of variety, of grace, of dignity, and repose; and to our morals, a more delicate discrimination and a loftier tone?*

How just the following remarks, upon the too prevalent *misdirection* of expenditure among our wealthy people!

'In the selection of those objects of embellishment which it is in the power alone of abundant wealth to command, I am not singular in contending that the decisions of a simpler and better taste ought to be regarded. Is it not a matter of just reproach, that of all the apartments in our mansion houses, *the library is generally the most obscure, and often the most ill furnished*; and that the *fashionable upholsterer is allowed to absorb so much of our surplus revenue*, that hardly any is left for the painter and the statuary? In all this, there is manifested a melancholy disproportion—an imperfect apprehension of some of the best uses to which wealth can be applied. In the spirit of an austere philosophy, it is not required that we should dispense with those costly ornaments which can boast no higher merit than their beauty; but it would be hailed as a most benignant reform, if, in the arrangements of our domestic economy, there could be traced a more distinct recognition of the capacities and destinies of man as an intellectual and moral being—as a being endowed with imagination and taste—with reason and with conscience. How few among us cultivate the fine arts! How few understand the principles on which they are founded—the sensitive part of our nature to which they are addressed! To this remark, the imperfect knowledge of music, which, in obedience to the authority of fashion, is acquired at the boarding school, forms no exception. It may still be affirmed, that we have among us no *class* who delight in music as one of their selectest pleasures; who gaze with untiring admiration upon the miraculous triumphs of painting; who are filled with tranquil enthusiasm by the passionless and unearthly beauty of sculpture. And is not this to be lamented? Do we not thus estrange ourselves from sources of deep and quiet happiness, to which we might often resort for solace, and refreshment, and repose? To these sources of happiness there is nothing in the nature of our political institutions, or of our domestic pursuits, which sternly forbids an approach. We have, it is true, no titled aristocracy; and property does not, as in the land of our forefathers, accumulate in large masses, and descend, undivided, through a long line of expectant proprietors. But there is scarcely a city, a town, or a village in this land, where some could not be found, blessed with every requisite but the disposition, to acquire a genuine relish for the fine arts.

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'Again: To few better purposes can wealth and leisure be devoted, than to the acquisition of those languages of modern Europe which embody some of the profoundest researches of science, and some of the most exquisite forms of thought. And yet, except here and there a painstaking or an enthusiastic scholar, how few comparatively of our countrymen can unlock the treasures of any literature save their own. *To this cause may, in part, be attributed some of our most unworthy national prejudices, and that fondness for self-glorification which is reproachfully signalized by foreigners as one of our national characteristics.* Those, who are familiar with men and manners at home and abroad, soon rid themselves of these unenviable peculiarities; but most obstinately do they cling to those who have found no substitute for foreign travel in a liberal acquaintance with the literature of Continental Europe. When this literature, so rich and characteristic, shall, in this coun-

try, be more generally cultivated, it will be strange, indeed, if we do not form more intelligent estimates of other nations, and more modest estimates of our own; if, emancipating ourselves from the servitude of local and arbitrary opinions, we do not acquire a profounder sympathy with universal man, and a truer reverence for those commanding truths which are the common property of our race.

The mischievous influence of *such* politics as are commonly talked by our country gentlemen and bar-room babblers, is deeply to be deplored. Instead of being a patient and sober inquiry after truth, with a single-hearted wish to judge justly what is right and what wrong; what is for the country's good, and what tends to its hurt;—'talking politics' is commonly nothing more than a senseless wrangle, between partisans whose only thought is to confound each other, even though it be by noise and sophistry: a mere trial of lungs and flippancy, without a care for truth or patriotism. And political aspirants!—how utter, often, is their profligacy! how reckless their abandonment of principle! how servile their obedience to party!—Does not Mr. Goddard offer a remedy—at least a mitigant—well worth trying, for this terrible endemic?

'The value of liberal studies, in counteracting the influence of politics upon the individual and social character of our countrymen, deserves next to be considered. You surely do not require to be told that politics is with us becoming a distinct, though not very reputable trade; that the strife for power is hardly less eager than the strife for gain; that a new code of political ethics has been established, for the accommodation of pliant consciences; and that, almost without an exception, the public men of both parties, and of all parties, tired of waiting for popularity to run after them, are now eager to run after popularity. Who now so intrepid as to dare to take his stand, upon grave and well defined principles? In these days of meek condescension to the will of the people, and of affected reverence for their good sense, how few care to lead public opinion aright! how many pusillanimously follow it, when they know it to be wrong! How few, alas! will forego the vulgar trappings of office for the sustaining consciousness, that by no sacrifice of principle or of dignity, did they ever seek to win them! I would fain believe that the days of the republic are not numbered; but I am not without sad forebodings of her fate, when aspirants for popular favor are such utter strangers to the grace of an erect and manly spirit as to be solicitous rather to appropriate to themselves, at any cost, some transient distinction, than to await, with unfaltering rectitude and unfeigned self-respect, the judgments of coming times; when the man of wealth, and talent, and social consideration, outstrips the radical, in zeal for pestilent doctrines and mischievous projects; in fine, when it is incorporated into the creed of the politician, that the people are always in the right; in other words, that public opinion is not only the standard of taste, but the keeper of conscience!

'To most active spirits, the contentions of party are far from being repulsive; and elevated station seldom fails to captivate the ambitious. Thus multitudes, forsaking the round of common occupation, are seen to dash amid the tumults of the people. Thus, too, many of our most gifted men, relinquishing the pursuits of literature, or the sure rewards and the permanent fame of professional eminence, peril their independence, perchance their honor, in a doubtful controversy for some fascinating political distinction.

'Nor is this all. The agitations of politics communicate to the public mind impulses so despotic that it becomes, on all questions, intolerant of dissent. Hence it often happens, that, in matters entirely unconnected

with the contentions of the day, men are proscribed, because they may be content to doubt where others choose to dogmatize; or, because they may dare to differ when the multitude have determined that all shall agree. If this species of tyranny be not sternly resisted, it will banish from the walks of public and of private life all independence of thought and action; all calm discussion of controverted questions; all intrepid defence of unpopular truths.

If the influence of politics, direct and indirect, be thus injurious, it surely demands counteraction. I am not so visionary as to believe that the wider diffusion of a taste for liberal studies would prove more than a partial corrective of evils, which, deeply rooted in the very nature of our government, may, to a certain extent, be deemed inevitable. I cannot doubt, however, that it would render politics a less absorbing game; that it would banish from political controversy much of its acrimony, and lead to more intelligent views of the true interests of the people. The spirit of literature is essentially conservative. It forms a graceful alliance with whatever is elevated in thought or in action; it abhors violence; it is not rampant for change. It protects the sacred inheritance of individual freedom; 'the free thought of the free soul.' It is congenial to the more retired graces of character; to elegance, to dignity, to repose. Surely, in times like these, when a mighty controversy is maintained with the varied forms of evil; when factious violence every where prevails; when radicalism threatens to tear up the base of all social order, we need to calm our troubled spirits, and to recruit our overtaken energies, amid "the still air of delightful studies."

In the subjoined paragraph, Mr. Goddard well probes, and prescribes for, another disease rife in this Union:

'In such studies may also be found an antagonist to the spirit of ultraism. This spirit, at the present day, seems to pervade all lands, where thought and feeling are free. Our own country has not escaped the epidemic phrenzy. We have ultras in fashion, who deem every one a barbarian who will not adopt their conventional standard of propriety and their elaborate style of enjoyment; who will not sacrifice health, and happiness and virtue upon the shrine of their senseless idolatries. We have ultras in politics, who either propagate wild notions, or infer, from sound principles, dangerous conclusions; who revel amid agitations, and who owe all their consequence to their skill in working mischief. We have ultras in philanthropy, who, in the impetuosity of their zeal, sacrifice to an abstraction the substantial welfare of their fellow men; who make rash applications of admitted truth, and who seem to forget that, in carrying out one principle, however sacred, we must never trample upon other principles which are no less obligatory upon the conscience. And, last of all, we have ultras in religion, who, forgetting the weightier matters of the law, lose themselves in the labyrinths of systematic divinity; and who, impatient of a chastised, evangelical fervor, resort to equivocal expedients to generate an effervescent zeal. The spirit of ultraism I cannot pause fully to characterize. It dwarfs the intellect, and it exasperates the passions. It is ferocious in denunciation; it is enamored of vexed questions; it is recruited by gladiatorial strife. I do not claim for liberal studies the power to operate, directly, as a corrective of this diseased state of the public mind. Some efficacy, however, may be anticipated from their reflex operation. By stimulating the intellect to an exercise of its various powers upon themes of commanding dignity and attractive elegance, they would allay the violence of the passions, and rebuke that unphilosophical spirit which limits itself to a partial reception of speculative truths, and to a partial view of men and manners. They would, moreover, establish among the intellectual faculties that harmony of adjustment and operation,



which is essential to their just procedure, both in matters of speculation and of conduct. They would, in fine, impart to all classes of people, not those feverish impulses which impair intellectual vigor and foster an eccentric zeal; but those healthful interests which are congenial to moderation, to simplicity and to truth.\*

After some reflections on utilitarianism—reflections which we dissent from because we like utilitarianism; and which therefore we shall not copy—Mr. G. has the following just and beautiful passage:

'How pervading is the sense of the beautiful, and how full of beautiful forms is this earth on which we are appointed to dwell! Who can look upon nature in her serene aspects and wonderful transformations, and not own it a glorious privilege to comprehend other than philosophical relations, and to enjoy something beside the demonstrations of exact science? At this season of pathetic loveliness,\* who can look upon the memorials of the dying year, without confessing the power of imagery to wake to an eloquent response the chords of human feeling?

'This peculiar tendency of American society, which I have cursorily considered, would be exempt from the danger of excess, if liberal studies were permitted to exert their full power of counteraction. Without rendering us impatient of dull realities, they sometimes lift us above them; they quicken within us the sensibilities of taste; they transport us into the region of hopes and fears; of the profound and the indefinite; they invite us to the contemplation of whatsoever is lovely in the sympathies of our common nature; splendid in the conquests of intellect, or heroic in the trials of virtue.'

Lawyers, physicians, clergymen,—ought to read and ponder well this paragraph:

'Professional men, sometimes ready to sink under the pressure of unvaried mental effort, find that occasional excursions into the field of elegant literature impart renewed vigor to their exhausted powers. They do not so much require complete exemption from toil, as *counter excitement*; and to men of refined tastes, this species of excitement is abundantly supplied by those treasures of wisdom and of wit, and those captivating forms of expression, which lie without the boundaries of exclusively professional study. Again, from the peculiar nature of their pursuits, and from the almost incessant attention which they demand, such men are liable to become somewhat narrow and perverse in their judgments. They cultivate few of the graceful sensibilities of their nature; they estrange themselves from the regions of taste; they regale their imaginations with no images of beauty. "There is perhaps nothing," says one of the most original thinkers of the age, "which more enlarges or enriches the mind, than to lay it genially open to impressions of pleasure from the exercise of every species of talent." In this disposition, with rare exceptions, professional men are wanting; and it is this disposition which liberal studies are specially fitted to create. What a reproach attaches to the lawyer who feels admiration for no science but his own?† What physician is thoroughly prepared for the practice of his profession, who has not learned

much which it is not the business of masters in medical science to teach? And, think you, should we hear such repeated complaints of the drowsiness and the aridity of the pulpit, if preachers, less ambitious of soaring to the Alpine heights of theology, spoke more frequently the language of cultivated tastes, sympathies and affections; if, full of the momentous verities of the gospel, they were capable of imitating, however inadequately, the varied song of David, the majestic eloquence of Paul, the seraphic fervor of Isaiah?'

And let merchants of all sorts, mechanics, and farmers, pay heedful attention to the following:

'But it is to those who are familiarly styled *men of business*, that liberal studies should be more particularly commended. Parents often withhold, from such of their sons as are intended for active life, an accomplished education, because they believe that success in active life is rather hindered than promoted by the liberal cultivation of the intellect. In accordance with this belief, it is often said that merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics acquire no additional skill for the conduct of their business, by an acquaintance with general literature. And what if they do not? Were they born to be merchants, and manufacturers, and mechanics, and nothing more? Are they not endowed, like other men, with the higher faculties of their being, and should not these faculties be exercised upon their proper objects? They are not, it is true, candidates for literary distinction; but in whatever sphere they may chance to move they are human beings, and why should they not be rational well informed, refined human beings? If their ordinary occupations be somewhat alien from the pursuits of literature, *this, of itself, is a cogent reason why a taste for such pursuits should be the more carefully fostered.* To the imperfect education of this large and valuable class in every community, may be ascribed the otherwise inexplicable mistakes of men who stand strong in the consciousness of rare practical sagacity. What disastrous errors would such men avoid, if they gave more repose to their passions; and if, by employing their minds upon a larger variety of objects, they sharpened their accuracy, and enlarged their comprehension!'

The concluding paragraph is pregnant with truth and power:

'Well might I be deemed an unfaithful advocate of liberal studies, if, in estimating their value, I yielded no tribute of applause to the solid provision which they make for independent individual happiness; for that happiness which is enjoyed, not so much amid the hum and shock of men, as amid the solitude of nature and of thought. Living in a land where "men act in multitudes, think in multitudes, and are free in multitudes," we are constantly tempted to forget the mysterious individuality of our being; to go out of ourselves for materials of enjoyment; to fritter away our sensibilities, and to debilitate our understandings, amid the false and hollow gaieties of the crowd. I contend for no severe estrangement from the joys of a chaste and elegant conviviality; for no exclusive intercourse with forms of inanimate beauty; for no fearful communion with the mysteries of the inner spirit. But I deprecate habits and tastes which are impatient of seclusion; which destroy all true and simple relish for nature; which scorn all quiet pleasures; which abhor alike the composure and the scrutiny of meditation. As means of reforming tastes and habits thus uncongenial to virtue and to happiness, I can hardly exaggerate the importance of liberal studies. I ascribe to them, however, no power to teach rooted sorrow the lesson of submission; to succor virtue amid mighty temptations; to dispel the awful sadness of the inevitable hour. These are the victories of christian faith; the grand, and peculiar, and imperishable evidences of its power.

\* Autumn.—[Ed. Mess.]

† The precepts and the example of the celebrated James Otis deserve to be commended to the attention of every young man who aspires to distinction at the Bar. We are told, by his biographer, that, after leaving College, he devoted eighteen months to the pursuit of various branches of Literature, previously to entering on the study of Jurisprudence. In a letter to his father, he says, "I shall always lament that I did not take a year or two further for more general inquiries in the Arts and Sciences, before I sat down to the laborious study of the laws of my country." He inculcated on his pupils as a maxim, "that a lawyer ought never to be without a volume of natural or public law, or moral philosophy, on his table, or in his pocket."

But I challenge for science and for letters, the noble  
praise of reclaiming us from the dominion of the senses;  
of lightening the burden of care; of stimulating within  
us the undying principles of the moral life.'

## ANTIQUE CAMEOS.

NO. I.

### ANDROMEDA.

*Nisi quidd levis aura capillos  
Moverat; et trepido manarant lumina fletu  
Marmoreum ratus esset opus.*

*Ovid.*

Entranced in woe, fair Cassiope's child,  
The victim of a mother's wanton boast,  
Beheld the rugged crags that reared their wild  
And threatening heads above the stormy coast;  
And as she gazed upon the sea before,  
In mockery through her bosom stole a host  
Of pleasant memories, while with angry roar  
The death-denouncing waves broke on the rocky shore.

The ample treasure of her raven locks  
In darksome beauty streaming on the wind,  
Upon a pedestal of blackened rocks  
Like Parian statue stood the maid, confined  
By chains which marred the tender wrists they bound:  
The thoughts of home came thronging on her mind,—  
Her bosom heaved, her eyes in tears were drowned,  
And grief burst from her lips in sorrow's plaintive sound.

She thought of early childhood's summer hours,  
Of sportive glee beneath the myrtle shade,  
Of garlands wreathed for youthful friends in bowers  
Of myrrhine sweets, through which her feet had strayed—  
Thought of her father's halls—the dance—the lay  
Of minstrel, and the mellow lute of maid—  
Then of her doom; and saw with dread dismay  
The monster of the deep roll on, prepared to slay.

One piercing shriek of anguish wildly rose  
Above the moaning ocean—fear repress  
The hapless cry of agony, and froze  
The fount of life within her virgin breast;  
While from each starting orb, the tear-drops, o'er  
Her snowy bosom showering pearls, confessed  
Her lorn despair, as rushing towards the shore  
The ravenous monster seemed her beauty to explore.

She trembled like an aspen; and the blood  
Was curdling in her veins, as mute she gazed  
Upon his bulk, now stretched upon the flood,  
Now rolled in spires, as o'er the waves he raised  
His towering crest, high gleaming in the air;  
And marked his eyes, which like two meteors blazed  
Upon his burnished front, with their red glare  
Portending darksome death, destruction and despair.

Still onward rolled the portent, till his breath  
Came warm upon her, and his nostrils shed  
The dewy brine; and armed with pointed death  
Appeared the jagged teeth within his dread  
And terrible jaws, expanded to devour;  
When from the upper air flashed on her head  
A sudden light, and, in that fearful hour,  
An unseen arm was raised that broke the monster's power.

E'en as his giant body smote the sand,  
Swift rushing from the foam-engirdled tide,  
With nostrils spread but breathless on the sand  
He lay immense,—with jaws expanded wide—  
And sinews bent—but rigid as the pile  
Of endless crags, that, reared on either side  
With everlasting adamant did tile  
The rocky ramparts of the sea-defying isle.

And as the maiden slowly raised her eyes,  
A form of matchless beauty and of light,  
With waving pinions of a thousand dyes,  
And looks of love, burst on her raptured sight.  
Again life's fear-chilled current freely gushed,  
Her eyes that tears had dimmed again grew bright;  
And like the rosy morning, sweetly blushed  
The blanched and pallid cheek by love's deep hectic flushed.

HESPERUS.

Selection from Blackwood's Magazine for 1818.

### ON THE POETRY OF

### SCOTT, BYRON, AND WORDSWORTH.

The three great master-spirits of our day, in the poetical world, are Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. But there never were minds more unlike to each other than theirs are, either in original conformation or in the course of life. It is great and enduring glory to this age, to have produced three poets,—of perfectly original genius,—unallied to each other,—drinking inspiration from fountains far apart,—who have built up superb structures of the imagination, of distinct orders of architecture,—and who may indeed be said to rule, each by a legitimate sovereignty, over separate and powerful provinces in the kingdom of Mind.

Though greatly inferior in many things to his illustrious brethren, Scott is perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to us to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings, shining through the scenes and events of a half-imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry, as the "mighty earls" of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events, are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age, back into the troubled bosom of semibarbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities. His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colors which only genius can bestow on reality; and when it is recollected, that the times in which his scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked on in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war-poets. His poetry might make a very coward



fearless. In *Marmion*, the battle of Flodden agitates us with all the terror of a fatal overthrow. In the *Lord of the Isles*, we read of the field of Bannockburn with clenched hands and fiery spirits, as if the English were still our enemies, and we were victorious over their invading king. There is not much of all this in any modern poetry but his own; and therefore it is, that, independently of all his other manifold excellences, we glory in him as the great modern National Poet of Scotland,—in whom old times revive,—whose poetry prevents history from becoming that which, in times of excessive refinement, it is often too apt to become—a dead letter,—and keeps the animating and heroic spectacles of the past moving brightly across our every-day world, and flashing out from them a kindling power over the actions and characters of our own age.

Byron is in all respects the very opposite of Scott. He never dreams of wholly giving up his mind to the influence of the actions of men, or the events of history. He lets the world roll on, and eyes its wide-weltering and tumultuous waves—even the calamitous shipwrecks that strew its darkness—with a stern and sometimes even a pitiless misanthropy. He cannot sympathise with the ordinary joys or sorrows of humanity, even though intense and overpowering. They must live and work in intellect and by intellect, before they seem worthy of the sympathy of his impenetrable soul. His idea of man, in the abstract, is boundless and magnificent; but of men, as individuals, he thinks with derision and contempt. Hence he is in one stanza a sublime moralist, elevated by the dignity of human nature; in the next a paltry satirist, sneering at its meanness. Hence he is unwilling to yield love or reverence to any thing that has yet life; for life seems to sink the little that is noble into the degradation of the much that is vile. The dead, and the dead only, are the objects of his reverence or his love; for death separates the dead from all connexion, all intimacy with the living; and the memories of the great or good alone live in the past, which is a world of ashes. Byron looks back to the tombs of those great men “that stand in assured rest;” and gazing, as it were, on the bones of a more gigantic race, his imagination then teems with corresponding births, and he holds converse with the mighty in language worthy to be heard by the spirits of the mighty. It is in this contrast between his august conceptions of man, and his contemptuous opinion of men, that much of the almost incomprehensible charm, and power, and enchantment of his poetry exists. We feel ourselves alternately sunk and elevated, as if the hand of an invisible being had command over us. At one time we are a little lower than the angels; in another, but little higher than the worms. We feel that our elevation and our disgrace are alike the lot of our nature; and hence the poetry of Byron, as we before remarked, is read as a dark, but still a divine revelation.

If Byron be altogether unlike Scott, Wordsworth is yet more unlike Byron. With all the great and essential faculties of the poet, he possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye; he listens with a fine ear “to the still sad music of humanity.” His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery; and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defeats, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life, and man, with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she imbodyes, in words of music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and

experience, gives to all his poetry, a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His poetry is little colored by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the sacred page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and ethereal purity, which breathes over all his pictures of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the poets of the age,—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best critics,—have given up to him the palm in that poetry which commences with the forms, and hues, and odors, and sounds, of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears; he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

### LORD BYRON'S FAULTS.

[The merits of Lord Byron have been sufficiently trumpeted. No penner of choice verses in a lady's album, but has the oft-quoted beauties of *Childe Harold*, *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*, at his fingers' ends. No literary dandy, who draws his morality and his prettinesses of speech from Bulwer, but lisps with equal fondness and familiarity though less knowledge, the euphonious name of ‘Byron.’ It is now time to hear the other side. That our readers may in part do so, we cull from our old Blackwood the following severe letter addressed to his Lordship, by a stern moralist, whose castigation is the more just and effectual, as he evidently holds the powers of the noble poet in the highest esteem.—*Ed. Mess.*]

#### TO THE AUTHOR OF BEPPO.

*My Lord*,—It has for many years been almost impossible that any thing should increase my contempt for the professional critics of this country; otherwise the manner in which these persons have conducted themselves towards your Lordship, would, most certainly, have produced that effect. The hyperboles of their sneaking adulation, in spite of the far-off disdain with which you seem to regard them, have probably reached, long ago, the vanity of the poet, and touched, with a chilling poison, some of the better feelings of the man. I have formed, however, a very mistaken opinion of your character, if, conscious as you still are of the full vigor of youthful genius, you can allow yourself to be permanently satisfied, either with the subjects or the sources of the commendation which has been poured upon you. If you feel not within yourself a strong and tormenting conviction, that as yet you have done little more than exhibit to the world, the melancholy spectacle of a great spirit, self-embittered, self-wasted, and self-degraded,—if, in your solitary moments, there shoot not sometimes across your giddy brain, the lightnings of a self-aborrent and unhypocritical remorse, the progress of the mental paralysis has been more deadly than I had been willing to believe;—but even then, a friend of charity and of virtue may expect a ready pardon for having hoped too much, and for having spoken to you in vain.

To few men, either in ancient or in modern times, has been afforded an opening destiny more fortunate than yours. Sprung from a long line of generous ca-

valiers, and inheriting from them a name to which no English ear could listen without respect,—and, adding to these, the advantages of a graceful person and a powerful genius,—where was that object of worthy ambition which could have appeared to be beyond the wishes or the hopes of Byron? You chose to build your fame upon poetry, and your choice was wise. The names of Marlborough, Nelson, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Burke,—what, after all, are these when compared with those of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton? To add another name to the great trio of English poets, and to share the eternal sovereignty which these majestic spirits exert over the souls of the most free, and the most virtuous of people, this was indeed a high and noble ambition, and the envy of kings might have been due to its gratification. Such were the proud aspirings that a few years ago possessed your mind, and your countrymen were eager to believe and to proclaim the probability of your success. Alas! my Lord, when you reflect upon what you have done, and upon what you are,—when you remember with what wanton hypocrisy you have tortured our feelings, and with what cool contemptuousness you have insulted our principles,—you cannot scruple to confess, that the people of England have been shamefully abused, and are, with justice, disappointed.

I admire the natural splendor of your genius as much as the most violent of your slavish eulogists. I do more—I reverence it; and I sigh with the humility of a worshipper, over the degradation of its divinity. The ideas which you must have of the true greatness of a poet, are, doubtless, very different from those of ordinary mortals. You have climbed far up among the crags and precipices of the sacred hill, and have caught some glimpses of their glory who repose amidst the eternal serenity of its majestic summit. It is not necessary to tell you by what an immeasurable space your loftiest flights have as yet fallen short of the unseen soarings of the illustrious dead. You know and feel your superiority to the herd of men; but the enviable elevation which enables you to look down upon them, convinces you at the same time of your inferiority to those, who sit together in unapproached greatness, the few peerless spirits, alone among men and among poets,—HOMER, DANTE, and the British THREE. Distances and distinctions which are lost to weaker and remoter optics are seen and penetrated by your more favored eye. Beholding, as you do, Alps on Alps rising beyond you, even the gratification of your self-love cannot prevent you from condemning their voice, who would extol you as having already reached the utmost limit of ascension. Nor will this contempt for their foolish judgment be lessened by the consciousness, which I believe you feel, that your progress might have been more worthy of their admiration, had you not clogged your march with needless fetters, and loitered perversely beneath difficulties, which, by a bold effort, you might for ever have overcome.

In spite, then, of the shouts of vulgar approbation, you feel, my Lord, a solitary and unrevealed conviction, that you have not as yet done any thing which can give you a permanent title to being associated with the demigods of poetry. This conviction, to a spirit so haughty as yours, must be bitterness and wormwood. To others it might afford no trivial consolation to know, that although, since poetry began, scarcely one age has passed which did not suppose itself to be in possession of a first-rate poet, the names of those whose claims to that character the world has ratified, may all be written with a single drop of ink. But you, unless you be a greater hypocrite than even I suppose you, have that within which would make you prefer total obscurity to any fame that falls short of the most splendid. By comparing the nature of your own with that of more glorious productions,—above all, by observing the contrast which your own character affords to that of greater poets,—you may perhaps discover somewhat, both of the cause of your failures, and of the probable

method of retrieving them. The compliment which I pay to your genius, in supposing, that, even under any diversity of circumstances, you might have become the rival of those master-spirits with whom you have as yet been so unworthy of comparison, is assuredly a great one. Of all that read my letter, none will understand its weight so well as you: none will so readily confess that it verges upon extravagance, or be so apt to accuse of unconscious flattery the admonisher that has bestowed it.

It is not my purpose (for from me to you such a disquisition would be absurd) to describe, or to attempt to describe, to your Lordship, wherein your productions and your spirit differ from those of the great poets that have preceded you. I am not of the opinion of certain modern sophists, who affect to try every thing in poetry by the rules of logic. I feel, and so does every man of common understanding, that if you were born with the elements of heroic growth within you, your stature has been stunted; and that, when brought into contact with those whom perhaps you *might* have emulated, you are but a pigmy among a band of giants. One great distinction, however, between you and them, as it relates not to your art alone, but to the interests and welfare of those to whom that art addresses itself, a plain man, who makes no pretensions to the character of a poet, but who loves and venerates the nature of which he is partaker, hopes he may notice in a few words, without giving just offence either to you or your admirers. Your predecessors, in one word, my Lord, have been the friends—you are the enemy of your species. You have transferred into the higher departments of poetry (or you have at least endeavored to transfer) that spirit of mockery, misanthropy, and contempt, which the great bards of elder times left to preside over the humbler walk of the satirist and the cynic. The calm respect which these men felt for themselves, inspired them with sympathetic reverence for their brethren. They perceived, indeed, the foibles and the frailties of humanity, and they depicted, at least as well as you have ever done, the madness of the senses and the waywardness of the passions; but they took care to vindicate the original dignity of their nature, and contrasted their representations of the vice and weakness, which they observed in some, with the more cheering spectacle of the strength and the virtue, whose stirrings they felt within themselves, and whose workings they contemplated in others. Conscious of the glorious union of intellectual grandeur and moral purity within, they pitied the errors of other men; but they were not shaken from their reverence for the general character of man. Instead of raving with demoniacal satisfaction about the worthlessness of our motives and the nothingness of our attainments, they strove, by showing us what we might be and what we had been, to make us what we should be. They drew the portraits of wrath, jealousy and hatred, only that we might appreciate more justly the kindly feelings which these fierce passions expel from the rightful possessions of our bosom. They took our nature as it is, but it was for the purpose of improving it: they sung of our miseries and our tumults in noble strains,

"Not wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear and sorrow, and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds."

With the names of SPENSER, SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, we associate the idea of our nature in its earthly perfection,—of love, pure, tender, and ethereal,—of intellect, serene and contemplative,—of virtue, unbending and sublime. As the Venus, the Apollo, and the Theseus, are to our bodies, the memories of these men are to our minds, the symbols and the standards of beauty and of power. The contemplation of them refines and ennobles those who inherit their language. The land that has given birth to such ministers of patriotism and of virtue, fears not that the sacred flame should expire upon her altars. We are proud of England, because



she produced them, and we shrink from degradation, lest their silent manes should reproach us.

Had it been your destiny to live two centuries ago, and in the place of these illustrious spirits, to form the national poetry of England, how miserably different had been, with regard to you and to themselves, the feelings of your countrymen! In all your writings, how little is there whose object it is to make us reverence virtue, or love our country! You never teach us to despise earthly sufferings, in the hope of eternal happiness. With respect to all that is best and greatest in the nature and fate of man, you preserve not merely a sorrowful, but a sullen silence. Your poetry need not have been greatly different from what it is, although you had lived and died in the midst of a generation of heartless, vicious, and unbelieving demons. With you, heroism is lunacy, philosophy folly, virtue a cheat, and religion a bubble. Your man is a stern, cruel, jealous, revengeful, contemptuous, hopeless, solitary savage. Your woman is a blind, devoted, heedless, beautiful minister and victim of lust. The past is a vain record, and the present a fleeting theatre of misery and madness: the future one blank of horrid darkness, whereon your mind floats and fluctuates in a cheerless uncertainty, between annihilation and despair.

The interest which you have found means to excite for the dismal creations of your poetry, is proof abundant of the vigor of your genius, but should afford small consolation to your conscience-stricken mind. You are a skilful swordsman; but you have made use of poisoned weapons, and the deadliness of your wound gives no addition to your valor. You have done what greater and better men despised to do. You have brought yourself down to the level of that part of our erring and corrupted nature, which it was their pride and privilege to banish from the recollection and the sympathy of those to whom they spake. In the great struggle between the good and the evil principle, you have taken the wrong side, and you enjoy the worthless popularity of a daring rebel. But hope not that the calm judgment of posterity will ratify the hasty honors which you have extorted from the passions of your contemporaries. Believe me, men are not upon the whole quite so unprincipled,—nor women quite so foolish,—nor virtue so useless,—nor religion so absurd,—nor deception so lasting,—nor hypocrisy so triumphant,—as your Lordship has been pleased to fancy. A day of terrible retribution will arrive, and the punishment inflicted may not improbably consist of things the most unwelcome to a poet's view—the scorn of many, and the neglect of all. Even now, among the serious and reflective part of the men and the women of England, your poetry is read, indeed, and admired, but you yourself are never talked of except with mingled emotions of anger and pity. With what pain do the high spirits of your virtuous and heroic ancestors contemplate the degradation of their descendant. Alas! that the genius which might have ennobled any name, should have only assisted you to stamp a more lasting stain upon the pure, the generous, the patriotic, the English name of Byron.

Any other poet might complain with justice, should he see remarks of a personal nature mixed up with a criticism upon his writings. You, my Lord, can scarcely flatter yourself that you have any right to expect such forbearance. If the scrutiny of the world be disagreeable to you, either in its operation or in its effects, you need blame no one but yourself. We were well enough disposed to treat you with distant respect, but you have courted and demanded our gaze. You have bared your bosom when no man entreated you; it is your own fault if we have seen there not the scars of honorable wounds, but the festering blackness of a loathsome disease. You have been the vainest and the most egotistical of poets. You have made yourself your only theme; shall we not dare to dissect the hero, because, forsooth, he and his poet are the same? You have debased your nobility by strutting upon the stage; shall we still be expected to talk of you as of a private

and unobtrusive individual? You must share the fate of your brethren, and abide the judgment of the spectators. Having assumed for our amusement, these gaudy trappings, you must not hope to screen your blunders from our castigation, by a sudden and prudish retreat into a less glittering costume. You have made your election.—The simile which I have employed may appear inept to many; of these, I well know your Lordship is not one.

You made your debut in the utmost dignity and sadness of the Cothurnus. You were the most lugubrious of mortals; it was the main ambition of your vanity to attract to your matchless sorrows the overflowing sympathies of the world. We gave you credit for being sincere in your affliction. We looked upon you as the victim of more than human misery, and sympathized with the extravagance of your public and uncontrollable lamentations. It is true that no one knew whence your sorrow had sprung, but we were generous in our compassion, and asked few questions. In time, however, we have become less credulous and more inquisitive; the farce was so often renewed, that we became weary of its wonders; we have come to suspect at last, that whatever sorrows you may have, they are all of your own creating; and that, whence-soever they may be, they are at least neither of so uniform nor of so majestic a character as you would fain have had us to suppose.

There was indeed something not a little affecting in the spectacle of youth, nobility, and genius, doomed to a perpetual sighing over the treachery of earthly hopes, and the vanity of earthly enjoyments. Admitting, as we did to its full extent, the depth of your woes, it is no wonder that we were lenient critics of the works of such a peerless sufferer. We revered your mournful muse; we were willing to believe that, if such was her power in the midst of tears, a brighter fortune would have made it unrivalled and irresistible. The forlornness of your bosom gained you the forbearance of the most unrelenting judges. Every thing was pardoned to the chosen victim of destiny. We regarded you as the very masterpiece and symbol of affliction, and looked up to you the more that your glory had been withered—

“As when Heaven's fire  
Had scathed the forest oak, or mountain pine,  
With singed top his stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath.”

Although, however, we at the time believed what you told us, and opened all the stores of our pity to your moving tale, we have not been able to abstain, in the sequel, from considering somewhat more calmly the items of its horror. The first thing which made us suspect that we had been played upon, was the vehemence of your outcries. If your account of yourself were a true one, your heart was broken. You decked yourself in the sable trappings of a Hamlet, and, like him, you were free to confess that “the earth seemed to you only a sterile promontory, and the goodly canopy of heaven a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. You had no pleasure in man, no! nor, for all our smiling, in woman neither.” You stood like another Niobe, a cold and marble statue, frozen by despair amidst the ruin of your hopes. Had your sorrow been so deep, my Lord, its echoes had been lower. The dignified sufferer needs no circle of listeners to fan, by their responding breath, the expiring embers of misery. Poetry was born within you, and you must have made it the companion of your afflictions; but your lyre, like that of the bereaved hero of old, would have uttered lonely and unobtrusive notes, had your fingers, like his, been touched with the real tremblings of agony. A truly glorious spirit, sunk in sorrow such as you assumed, might have well deserved the silent veneration of its more lowly and more happy contemplators. But it would neither have courted their notice, nor enjoyed their sympathy. Alone, in its gigantic wretchedness, it would have scorned to lay its troubles open to the

gaze of common men. Your delicacy was less exquisite, or your grief was less sincere. You howled by day upon the house-top; you called upon all the world to admire your song of lamentation, and to join their voices in its doleful chorus.

Under pretence of making us partakers in a fictitious or exaggerated grief, you have striven to make us sympathise with all the sickly whims and phantasies of a self-dissatisfied and self-accusing spirit. That you were, as you have yourself told us, a dissipated, a sceptical, and therefore, for there was no other cause, a wretched man, was no reason why you should wish to make your readers devoid of religion, virtue, and happiness. You had no right to taint the pure atmosphere of the English mind with the infectious phrenzies of the fever of debauch. Your misery was the punishment of your folly and your wickedness; why did you come to rack the eyes of the wise, the good, and the tranquil, with the loathsome spectacle of your merited torments? Could genius, a thousand times more splendid than yours, entitle the poor, giddy, restless victim of remorse, to make his art the instrument of evil,—to abuse the gifts of his God, by rendering them the engines of corruption and ruin among his fellow men? For shame! my Lord, for shame upon your manhood! If you had acted as became the dignity, either of your person or of your genius, you would have hidden yourself from the public gaze, until you had expiated, in the solitude of some congenial dungeon, the sins that had embittered your conscience, and degraded your muse. You had offended the eternal laws of virtue, and yielded up your self-condemning soul to be the play-thing—the *αἰσιον κινῦμα*—of doubt, and of derision. But although you felt within yourself the hell of conscience, why should you have assumed at once the malevolence of a demon? Alas! you have not even attained to the generosity of “the superior fiend.” While the abject instruments of his rebellious rage found comfort in the companionship of many, the Satan of Milton preserved a nobler sentiment in the midst of his calamity. He scorned the vulgar consolation, and would have wished to have been alone in his sufferings, as he had been unequalled in his fault.

“His form had not yet lost  
All his original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined.

His face  
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek.

Cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung,  
For his revolt.”

I have a singular pleasure, I know not how, in quoting to your Lordship the lines of Milton. You cannot listen to their high and melancholy music, without reflecting with repentant humiliation on your own perverted and dishonored genius. To his pure ear, the inspirations of the muse came placid and solemn, with awful and majestic cadences. She ruffled not, but smoothed and cherished the wings of his contemplation. She breathed the calm of a holier harmony into his unspotted bosom. Reason and imagination went hand in hand with virtue. He never forgot that his poetry was given him, only to be the ornament and instrument of a patriot and a saint. Beside your pillow the “nightly visitant” respires the contaminating air of its pollution. The foul exhalations of disorder and sensuality poison her virgin breath, and dim the celestial lustre of her eye. In despair of ennobling you, she becomes herself degraded, and lends her vigor to be the weapon of that violence, which, had its phrenzy been less incurable, her ministrations might have soothed and tempered. Milton is to you as his own cherub was to the apostate.

“That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee.”

His very name is to your unwilling ears “a grave rebuke;” and you feel, when you reflect upon the beauty of his purity, as the revolted demon did in “the place inviolable.”

“Abashed the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her own shape more lovely; saw, and pined  
His loss: but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visibly impaired.”

I give you credit for a real anguish, when you turn from the contemplation of this happy spirit, to that of your own “faded splendor wan.”

Visible, however, as was your apostacy, and mean your vengeance, there was still something about you to create respect, even in those who comprehended the best your vices and your errors. If you were an immoral and an unchristian, you were at least a serious, poet. Your pictures of depravity were sketched with such a sombre magnificence, that the eye of vulgar observers could gain little from surveying their lineaments. The harp of the mighty was still in your hands; and when you dashed your fingers over its loosened strings, faded as was the harmony, and harsh the execution, the notes were still made for their listening who had loved the solemn music of the departed.

The last lingering talisman which secured to you the pity, and almost the pardon, even of those that abhorred your guilt,—with the giddiness of a lunatic, or the resolution of a suicide,—you have tossed away. You have lost the mournful and melancholy harp which lent a protecting charm even to the accents of pollution; and bought, in its stead, a gaudy viol, fit for the fingers of eunuchs, and the ears of courtizans. You have parted

“With what permissive glory, since that fall,  
Was left.”

You have flung off the last remains of the “regal port;” you are no longer one of “the great seraphic lords,” that sat even in Pandemonium, “in their own dimensions like themselves.” You have grown weary of your fallen grandeur, and dwarfed your stature, that you might gain easier access, and work paltrier mischief. You may resume, if you will, your giant-height, but we shall not fail to recognise, in spite of all your elevation, the swollen features of the same pigmy imp whom we have once learned—a lasting lesson—not to abhor merely, and execrate, but to *despise*. You may wish, as heretofore, to haunt our imaginations in the shadowy semblance of Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Manfred: you may retain their vice, and their unbelief, and their restlessness; but you have parted irretrievably with the majesty of their despair. We see you in a shape less sentimental and mysterious. We look below the disguise which has once been lifted, and claim acquaintance, not with the sadness of the princely masque, but with the scoffing and sardonic merriment of the ill-dissembling reveller beneath it. In evil hour did you step from your vantage-ground, and teach us that Harold, Byron, and the Count of Beppo are the same.

I remain, my Lord, with much pity, and  
not entirely without hope, your Lordship's  
most obedient, most humble servant,  
PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS.

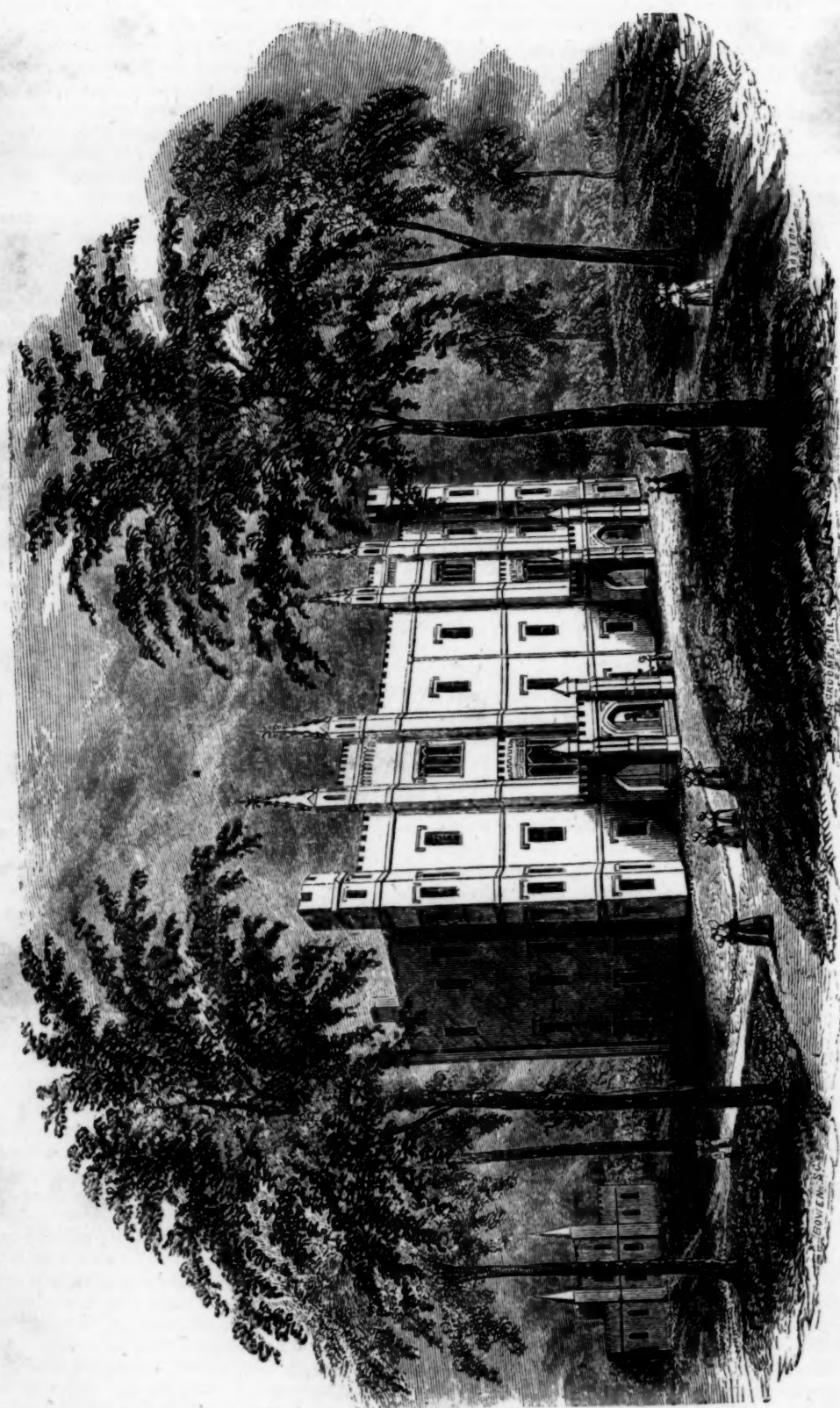
### CHARLATANERIE DES SAVANS.

In an old French work, called ‘La Charlatanerie des Savans,’ is the following note. “D’autres ont proposé et résolu en même temps des questions ridicules—par exemple celle-ci. Devroit-on faire souffrir une seconde fois le même genre de mort à un criminel qui après avoir eu la tête coupée, viendrait à résusciter?”

—“Others have proposed and at the same time answered ridiculous questions—for example the following. Can a criminal be made to suffer a second time the same kind of death, who after having been beheaded, should come to life again?”







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